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THE ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW

Napoleon Bonaparte

From a drawing by Baron D'Isabey in the collection of Lord Ribblesdale.

Swan Electric Engraving Co

AN ON

A QUARTERLY

EDITED BY

LADY RANDOLPH SPENCER CHURCH.

VOL. III. DECEMBER 1899

JOHN LANE

LONDON AND NEW YORK

1899

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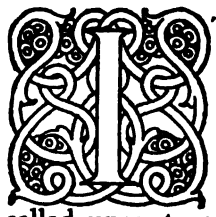
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE



IT is characteristic of a master mind, when called upon to direct the destinies of a nation, to look forward rather than behind, and to feel that the Future, no matter how far distant it may seem, should absorb as much thought and attention as the more obvious and actual events which it is called upon to guide.

Few mortals have been endowed with such a master mind as Napoleon Bonaparte. When still on the threshold of his astounding career, when not yet thirty years of age, Napoleon's mind had roamed beyond the confines of the Old World and had conceived for itself the idea of a great French Empire in the East. Europe he had already tested, and, England alone excepted, there seemed no serious obstacle to the fulfilment of his dreams. England too, though a more difficult task than the rest, must surely yield in its turn.

In the meantime Napoleon Bonaparte, the young Corsican ex-lieutenant of artillery, had perceived, alone of living men, that the key to the East was Egypt. Deferring for a time the conquest and humiliation of England, Napoleon, in July 1798, made himself master of Egypt and the Nile. This was no mere military occupation. Napoleon's mind embraced Egypt as a whole, past, present, and future. Recognising the immense value of the lore and learning of ancient Egypt, and the lessons to be learnt therefrom, Napoleon brought out from France an army of architects, artists, and other learned men, who, at his command and in an incredibly short time, produced complete and comprehensive surveys of the arts, monuments, and geography of Egypt. The direction of this vast undertaking was entrusted to Baron Dominique Vivant Denon, a well-known artist and courtier, afterwards distinguished as the Director of the Imperial Galleries of Art. It was carried out with the completest success, and the publication edited by Denon remains as one of the principal monuments to Napoleon's genius. It was at this time that Denon drew the interesting portrait of Napoleon Bonaparte, reproduced as the Frontispiece to this volume.

An Englishman shattered Napoleon's dreams of an Eastern Empire for France. Nelson's victory in Aboukir Bay determined the history of the world. Throughout the rest of Napoleon's life there glimmered on the horizon of his mind the long line of white cliffs, descried dimly from the camp at Boulogne, the unscaled and inviolate cliffs of England.

In Egypt Napoleon's heritage has passed into the hands of his lifelong foe. An Englishman sits on the throne of the Pharaohs, while another Englishman, like Napoleon

> Standing apart
> Upon the forehead of the age to come,

has been daily bringing nearer to Egypt that empire of which Napoleon dreamed.

Though the nineteenth century has been prolific of great men in every walk of life, no name in its annals is written greater than that of Napoleon Bonaparte. Honour to England to have had so great an enemy!

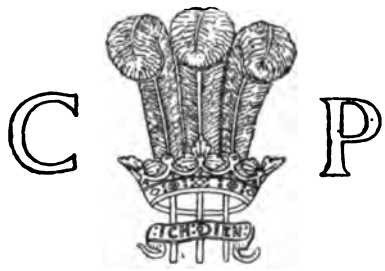
LIONEL CUST.

ON THE BINDING OF THIS VOLUME BY CYRIL DAVENPORT

THE books bound for Charles I. while he was yet Prince are very similar to those made for his brother Prince Henry, and largely decorated with the same stamps, used by the same binder, having usually as a chief ornament either the royal coat-of-arms with the distinguishing silver label of the eldest son, or the ostrich plume.

The emblem most used by such of our Royal Princes as have had a love for bindings made specially for themselves, is certainly the triple ostrich plume within a princely coronet and bearing the motto 'Ich dien.' This badge is usually associated with the dignity of 'Prince of Wales,' but it had not originally this limitation. For instance, it is often found on books that belonged to Prince Edward, afterwards Edward VI., who never was Prince of Wales. Indeed, the badge itself seems to have been used by all the sons of Edward III. and their descendants, by virtue of their descent from Philippa of Hainault, the feathers being the cognizance of the Province of Ostrevant, a district situated between Artois and Hainault, which was the appanage of the eldest sons of that House. Burke says that the motto 'Ich dien' was, however, really the motto of the King of Bohemia, to whom the badge itself is popularly referred.

The ostrich plume, with the motto, has been used on bookbindings by all our subsequent Princes of Wales as well as by Prince Edward; Henry Prince of Wales alone had the plume always stamped in silver, the others always used it in gold; Prince Henry also sometimes used the plume as an ornament for the corners of his books; the other Princes never used it except as a centre-piece. Prince Charles usually added the initials C. P. to his brother's stamp as a distinguishing mark, but instances exist where this has not been done.



One of the small books bound for Prince Charles, in which he often wrote his name, is covered in vellum and has a curious centre ornament composed of four small stamps of the triple ostrich plume arranged so as to form a kind of star. Both as Prince and as King, Charles liked small thin vellum books, a style which had also been favoured by Queen Elizabeth and James I. These books are usually in wonderfully good condition, and the gilding on them remarkable for its brilliancy. The taste for white and gold binding was, however, not new, as several were made for Henry VIII. by Thomas

Berthelet, the Royal binder, but I believe these are in either kid or deerskin, not vellum. On Charles' vellum books, besides the ostrich plume or the Royal coat-of-arms, are found small stamps of flaming hearts, ermine points, arabesques, and small arabesque corner-pieces, one of which embodies a human mask.

The design which appears to have found most favour with Prince Charles, as concerns books bound in morocco, is a very decorative arrangement of the triple plume enclosed within a garter, itself sometimes surmounted by a princely coronet. Examples of this design are mostly to be found in the Royal Library at Windsor.

After Charles' accession to the throne of England he used at first, on his bindings, only the stamps left by his father, often with the distinguishing letters C.R. flanking the Royal coat-of-arms, in a similar manner to that which he had previously followed with his brother's stamps. The most usual design found on the earlier bindings, which are often extremely rich in appearance, is the Royal coat-of-arms in the centre, with heavy corner-pieces at, or near, each of the corners of the boards, or inner panels; the ground being decorated with a powdering of small stamps, lions, tridents, roses, thistles, and fleurs-de-lys being the commonest, sometimes used alone and sometimes in combinations. The ground is rarely left plain, the rich corners being still retained, and conversely, the corners are rarely left out, the ground still richly ornamented with a symmetrical powdering of small stamps.

The decoration of the ground, or field, of a binding by means of repetition all over it of impressions from small stamps occurs first in English work during the sixteenth century. It consists originally of small clusters of three dots, then small roses, both of these forms having been used for Queen Elizabeth; the dots are found on calf bindings, inlaid with white leather, which were most likely bound for her by John Day. It is generally said that the semis was invented in France, but I do not think it is at all certain.

Although the Jacobean designs held full sway during a considerable part of Charles' reign, they had not an undisputed pre-eminence, as modifications presently appeared and became grafted on to them. The new departure consisted chiefly of the introduction of lighter stamps, curves and borders designed somewhat in the manner of Le Gascon, but not always *pointillé*. The bindings which possess much of this smaller work have not, to my thinking, anything of the dignity of the more simple English style; the small stamps are not used with much skill, neither are they always good in themselves; at the same time it must be admitted that these composite bindings have received a considerable amount of praise. This is, I think, partly due to the curious tendency, which has been always so prevalent among English critics of bookbinding, of endeavouring to search out foreign ideas, and invariably praising

them when found. I feel that a really unbiased judgment will frequently recognise native English book ornamentation to be characteristically large and dignified, whereas foreign motives, especially French, are comparatively small and frittered.

The great French binder Le Gascon has undoubtedly had a more widespread influence on book decoration than any other master, but his example has rather affected treatment of detail than general arrangement of design, and it has unquestionably had a good effect on most of our schools of binding during and after the seventeenth century. The marvellous delicacy of Le Gascon's tooling will always be a model for such work; indeed it may be conceded that, however much we may have borrowed ideas of detail from our neighbours, we have never yet approached them in the technical perfection of their execution.

Several very remarkable bindings were made for Charles I. and his sons at Little Gidding, in Huntingdonshire, by the so-called 'nuns' in Nicolas Ferrar's well-known establishment there. One, at least, of these was bound in leather for Charles I. by Mary Collet, a large 'Harmony of the Gospels,' dated 1635, in black morocco richly tooled in gold, but without any Royal emblems. It is recorded and described in Peckard's 'Memoirs of the Life of Mr. Nicolas Ferrar,' and is a well-known and universally admired piece of work. The design of the ornamentation is a circular centre with quarter-circles at the corners, filled in with innumerable small stamps. There is, also in the British Museum, a 'History of the Israelites, collected out of the Bookes of Kings and Chronicles,' made at the King's express desire, bound in black morocco, and curiously tooled in gold with a nest of parallel rectangular panels having small fleurons at the angles, and a centre ornament. There is in the Royal Library at Windsor a small copy of 'The Gate of Tongues Unlocked,' printed at London in 1631, by John Anchoran, bound in black morocco for Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., which I believe is also Little Gidding work. It has the ostrich plume in the centre.

But more curious than the leather bindings are those in stamped velvet which were made at Little Gidding. Peckard mentions a book described by John Ferrar as having been bound for the King in crimson velvet, a 'Harmony of the Gospels.' This volume has not been identified in a satisfactory manner, some authorities asserting that it is no other than the 1635 Harmony just described, in leather, but that it originally had a loose velvet cover, which is now lost. I do not think this is likely, as the front edges of the boards have a projecting strip of loose leather which would have made it very difficult for such a cover to fit properly.

Most of the velvet bindings made at Little Gidding are very large, some of them being over two feet long, while the smallest runs

to a length of about a foot. Charles I. visited Little Gidding more than once, and Peckard has recorded some of the remarks made by his Majesty concerning the most curious books produced there. About a Concordance, which had been made for him, and was given into his hands by Archbishop Laud, Charles said: 'The curious workmanship . . . and the exquisite art expressed in the binding are, I really think, not to be equalled.' A little later, on receiving a 'Harmony of the Kings and Chronicles,' bound in purple velvet and richly tooled in gold, the King rather happily said: 'It is a fit mirror for a King's daily inspection. . . . I have a second time gained a great treasure. What I said of the first book I may justly say of this.'

Among the books of the old Royal Library in the British Museum there is to be found a copy of 'Mercator's Atlas,' printed at Amsterdam in 1613, which was most likely bound for Charles I. at Little Gidding. It is covered in crimson velvet, richly tooled in gold and silver in broad rectangular lines augmented with several small ornamental stamps, and in the centre appears the Royal coat-of-arms, cut out of stamped leather and affixed to the velvet. In this interesting volume the edges of the leaves are curiously stamped and painted.

Although the old Royal Library of England was presented to the nation by George II. in a presumably complete state, it does not necessarily follow that all old Royal books were included in it; indeed, such volumes, though undoubtedly rare, are sometimes found in private collections. Major E. Montagu-Stuart-Wortley is the fortunate possessor of a beautiful book concerning which he tells me there is a family tradition to the effect that it belonged to Charles I. It is a fine copy of the Bible, printed at Cambridge in 1629, bound in green velvet, and richly tooled in gold after the general design of circular-centre and quarter-circle corners, traced out in well-known Little Gidding stamps, with the addition of one, hitherto unknown to me, of a skull and a winged hour-glass; the edges are stamped and painted in a very similar manner to those of 'Mercator's Atlas' already mentioned.

Charles had stamped velvet books made at Little Gidding for both his sons Charles and James, as well as for himself. That made for Prince Charles is a 'Harmony of the Four Gospels,' and was given to him by Nicolas Ferrar, the younger, at Richmond in 1640. It is a magnificent volume, bound in green velvet stamped in gold, with a design of laurel sprays, circles, and fleurs-de-lys. It now belongs to the Earl of Normanton and is in the library at Somerley. That made for Prince James is a 'Concordance of the Four Evangelists'; it is bound in purple velvet and simply stamped in gold with a circular centre and quarter-circle corners outlined by a series of small circular stamps and fleurs-de-lys, with the addition of an

acorn spray here and there; it has also a border of parallel lines marked by small stamps, and was probably made about 1640. There is a volume belonging to Lord Salisbury in the library at Hatfield which agrees with the descriptions of Prince James' 'Concordance' in all respects, and although the continuity of its record is not complete, there is little doubt that it is the actual book.

The portrait of Charles I. appears more frequently on bookbindings than that of any other person except Martin Luther, but while the great Reformer only adorns leather, the beautiful face of our 'White King' is also found wrought in silver and delicately worked in embroidery. Few other of our sovereigns have been figured on bindings. There is one finely painted miniature of Elizabeth on a large Bible that belonged to her which is now in the British Museum; and a bust of Charles II. in royal robes is painted on the front edges of the leaves of each of the three volumes of a copy of Foxe's 'Acts and Monuments,' printed in London in 1641, which was Royal property. This curious painting, probably the first of its kind, is signed 'Fletcher,' and is only visible when held in a certain position. I hope to describe it more fully when I have to say something about the bindings made for Charles II. Besides these few, no portraits of English sovereigns exist on bookbindings, as far as I know.

The bindings made for Charles I. are either in brown calf or morocco; the colours used in the latter are dark blue, dark olive, which often is faded to a pale brown, and rarely red.

The Εἰκὼν Βασιλική, which has been shown by Mr. Almack to be largely if not entirely the work of Charles himself, was first published in 1648, immediately after the King's death, and most of the original bindings bear stamps having reference to the peculiar circumstances of its issue. The most usual of these stamps are the initials C. R., a skull, a crown, roses, an hour-glass or a thistle, variously combined, and many of the volumes are in black leather, the edges of the leaves also being black. On some of the earliest copies is an oval stamp with a portrait of the King in Royal robes, with the Garter, and a skull, enclosed within a border of twisted thorn, surmounted with a martyr's crown, and on a calf-bound copy, now in the Royal Library at Windsor, the King's portrait is wrought in silver *repoussé*, while another has small profile portraits on its two silver clasps.

The date of the printing of a book is always an uncertain evidence of the age of the binding, but usually it may be presumed that the binding is later than the date on the title-page. If the binding is of

earlier date than the printing, it means that it has been transferred from another book, and to a practical binder this would almost invariably be betrayed by some technical peculiarity. With bindings so similar as those of James I. and Charles I. no doubt the printed date of the book is of great and undoubted value as an evidence of original ownership, as at that time there would have been no reason to transfer the bindings, so it may be safely assumed that the binding of Raderus' 'Bavaria Pia,' printed at Munich in 1628, which has been chosen as a model for the binding of this number of the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW, was bound for Charles I., although it bears none of his special stamps.

In the centre is the Royal coat-of-arms of England, first and fourth France and England quarterly, second Scotland, and third Ireland, within the Garter, and having a very graceful scroll border which was used before by James I. The escutcheon is surmounted by a Royal crown, showing the arches wrongly; the English Royal crown has two arches only, but it is shown on Stuart bindings as if it had more.

The coat-of-arms is contained within a large rectangular panel with elaborate corner-pieces, floral arabesques, with a butterfly seated on one of the scrolls, the ground being thickly studded with small stamps of roses, thistles, and fleurs-de-lys. The panel is enclosed by a broad ornamental border, handsomely decorated with a wavy line of bold reversed curves, each ending in a conventional flower; the remaining spaces are filled with small stamps, tendrils, leaves, roses, caterpillars, and spangles, this last design having been doubtless suggested by the actual spangles sewn on embroidered books.

The embroidered bindings which were largely made in England during the reign of Charles I. are, to some extent, analogous to the velvet bindings of Little Gidding.

These curious specimens of needlework had been made on velvet in considerable numbers during the period of our Tudor sovereigns, but with the advent of the Stuarts velvet became rarer, and white satin was very generally used. Many such bindings are said to have been made by Mary Collet and her ladies at Little Gidding, but there is really no ground for the supposition.

Fuller, indeed, does say that the ladies of Little Gidding 'employed their needles to bind books,' and very likely this remark has been to some extent responsible for the very general idea that embroidered books were made there. In fact, I expect that Fuller only alludes to the sewing of the book on to the bands of the back—a very essential part of the binding, which is done with a needle and thread. This sewing was done in a rather unusual way in the case of the 'Harmonies' bound at Little Gidding, and it may possibly have been considered at the time to be worthy of especial

note. Instead of using four or five bands as would be done now, the ladies at Nicholas Ferrar's establishment used fifteen or sixteen, giving themselves much sewing to do, but making their books so strong that they seem, indeed, to be intended to last for ever.

Very small books were highly appreciated in England during the first half of the seventeenth century, whether they were produced in this country or abroad. These appear to have been frequently made into sets of about the same size and bound in some way to suit the taste of their owners. Fragments of one most interesting set of this kind exist in the British Museum as part of the old Royal Library of England. Twenty little volumes, mostly classics, each measuring about 3 inches by 2½ inches, are all bound alike in olive morocco, they bear upon their sides the monogram of Henry, Prince of Wales, and their backs have a spray of laurel upon them. It may be hoped that more of these little volumes are still unrecognised upon the shelves of our immense national library.

In the same library is also a perfect example of a small set of books of the seventeenth century. This is the travelling library of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in 1614, and it is all contained in a box charmingly finished with gold tooled leather, as a binding, in the style of the time of Charles I. There are 44 little books, the smallest measuring 2¾ inches by 2 inches, and the largest not much more, arranged in subjects, bound in white vellum and distinctively stamped in gold. Theology is marked on the sides of each volume by an angel bearing a scroll, History by a crowned lion rampant, and Poetry by a double olive branch. The tie ribbons also are differently coloured: the theological works have blue ribbons, the historical red, and the poetical green. Inside the lid is an elaborately illuminated list of the contained works, and coats-of-arms and devices of the owner all emblazoned in proper colours and inserted in an architectural framework.

WAR MEMORIES
BY STEPHEN CRANE

'BUT to get the real thing!' cried Vernall, the war correspondent. 'It seems impossible! It is because war is neither magnificent nor squalid; it is simply life, and an expression of life can always evade us. We can never tell life, one to another, although sometimes we think we can.'

When I climbed aboard the despatch boat at Key West the mate told me irritably that, as soon as we crossed the bar, we would find ourselves monkey-climbing over heavy seas. It wasn't my fault, but he seemed to insinuate that it was all a result of my incapacity. There were four correspondents in the party. The leader of us came aboard with a huge bunch of bananas, which he hung like a chandelier in the centre of the tiny cabin. We made acquaintance over, around, and under this bunch of bananas, which really occupied the cabin as a soldier occupies a sentry box. But the bunch did not become really aggressive until we were well at sea. Then it began to spar. With the first roll of the ship, it launched its bulk at McCurdy and knocked him wildly through the door to the deck-rail, where he hung cursing hysterically. Without a moment's pause, it made for me. I flung myself head-first into my bunk and watched the demon sweep Brownlow into a corner and wedge his knee behind a sea-chest. Kary gave a shrill cry and fled. The bunch of bananas swung to and fro, silent, determined, ferocious, looking for more men. It had cleared a space for itself. My comrades looked in at the door, calling upon me to grab the thing and hold it. I pointed out to them the security and comfort of my position. They were angry. Finally the mate came and lashed the thing so that it could not prowl about the cabin and assault innocent war correspondents. You see? War! A bunch of bananas rampant because the ship rolled.

In that early period of the war we were forced to continue our dreams. And we were all dreamers, envisioning the sea with death grapples, ship and ship. Even the navy grew cynical. Officers on the bridge lifted their megaphones and told you in resigned voices that they were out of ice, onions, and eggs. At other times they would shoot quite casually at us with six-pounders. This industry usually progressed in the night, but it sometimes happened in the day. There was never any resentment on our side, although at moments there was some nervousness. They were impressively quick with their lanyards; our means of replying to signals were correspondingly slow. They gave you opportunity to say, 'Heaven guard me!' Then they shot. But we recognised the propriety of it. Everything was correct save the war, which lagged and lagged and lagged. It did not play; it was not a gory giant; it was a bunch of bananas swung in the middle of the cabin.

I was dining once on board the flag-ship, the *New York*, armoured cruiser. It was the junior officers' mess, and when the coffee came, a young ensign went to the piano and began to bang out a popular tune. It was a cheerful scene and it resembled only a cheerful scene. Suddenly we heard the whistle of the bos'n's mate, and directly above us, it seemed, a voice, hoarse as that of a sea-lion, bellowed a command: 'Man the port battery.' In a moment the table was vacant; the popular tune ceased in a jangle. On the quarter-deck assembled a group of officers—spectators. The quiet evening sea, lit with faint red lights, went peacefully to the feet of a verdant shore. One could hear the far-away measured tumbling of surf upon a reef. Only this sound pulsed in the air. The great grey cruiser was as still as the earth, the sea, and the sky. Then they let off a four-inch gun directly under my feet. I thought it turned me a back-somersault. That was the effect upon my mind. But it appears I did not move. The shell went carousing off to the Cuban shore, and from the vegetation there spirted a cloud of dust. Some of the officers on the quarter-deck laughed. Through their glasses they had seen a Spanish column of cavalry much agitated by the appearance of this shell among them. As far as I was concerned, there was nothing but the spirt of dust from the side of a long-suffering island. When I returned to my coffee I found that most of the young officers had also returned. Japanese boys were bringing liquors. The piano's clattering of the popular air was often interrupted by the boom of a four-inch gun. A bunch of bananas!

One day, our despatch boat found the shores of Guantanamo Bay flowing past on either side. It was at nightfall, and on the eastward point a small village was burning, and it happened that a fiery light was thrown upon some palm-trees so that it made them into enormous crimson feathers. The water was the colour of blue steel; the Cuban woods were sombre; high shivered the gory feathers. The last boatloads of the marine battalion were pulling for the beach. The marine officers gave me generous hospitality to the camp on the hill. That night there was an alarm, and, amid a stern calling of orders and a rushing of men, I wandered in search of some other man who had no occupation. It turned out to be the young assistant-surgeon, Gibbs. We foregathered in the centre of a square of six companies of marines. There was no firing. We thought it rather comic. The next night there was an alarm; there was some firing; we lay on our bellies; it was no longer comic. On the third night the alarm came early; I went in search of Gibbs, but I soon gave over an active search for the more congenial occupation of lying flat and feeling the hot hiss of the bullets trying to cut my hair. For the moment I was no longer a cynic. I was a child who, in a fit of ignorance, had jumped into the vat of war. I

heard somebody dying near me. He was dying hard. Hard. It took him a long time to die. He breathed as all noble machinery breathes when it is making its gallant strife against breaking, breaking. But he was going to break. He was going to break. It seemed to me, this breathing, the noise of a heroic pump which strives to subdue a mud which comes upon it in tons. The darkness was impenetrable. The man was lying in some depression within seven feet of me. Every wave, vibration, of his anguish beat upon my senses. He was long past groaning. There was only the bitter strife for air which pulsed out into the night in a clear penetrating whistle, with intervals of terrible silence in which I held my own breath in the common unconscious aspiration to help. I thought this man would never die. I wanted him to die. Ultimately he died. At the moment, the adjutant came bustling along erect amid the spitting bullets. I knew him by his voice. 'Where's the doctor? There's some wounded men over there. Where's the doctor?' A man answered briskly: 'Just died this minute, sir.' It was as if he had said: 'Just gone around the corner this minute, sir.' Despite the horror of this night's business, the man's mind was somehow influenced by the coincidence of the adjutant's calling aloud for the doctor within a few seconds of the doctor's death. It—what shall I say?—It interested him, this coincidence.

The day broke by inches, with an obvious and maddening reluctance. From some unfathomable source I procured an opinion that my friend was not dead at all—the wild and quivering darkness had caused me to misinterpret a few shouted words. At length, the land brightened in a violet atmosphere, the perfect dawning of a tropic day, and in this light I saw a clump of men near me. At first I thought they were all dead. Then I thought they were all asleep. The truth was that a group of wan-faced exhausted men had gone to sleep about Gibbs' body so closely and in such abandoned attitudes that one's eye could not pick the living from the dead until one saw that a certain head had beneath it a great dark pool.

In the afternoon a lot of the men went bathing, and in the midst of this festivity firing was resumed. It was funny to see the men come scampering out of the water, grab at their rifles, and go into action attired in nought but their cartridge belts. The attack of the Spaniards had interrupted in some degree the services over the graves of Gibbs and some others. I remember Paine came ashore with a bottle of whisky which I took from him violently. My faithful shooting boots began to hurt me, and I went to the beach and poulticed my feet in wet clay, sitting on the little rickety pier near where the corrugated iron cable-station showed how the shells slivered through it. Some marines, desirous of mementoes, were poking with sticks in the smoking ruins of the hamlet. Down in the shallow

water crabs were meandering among the weeds, and little fishes moved slowly in shoals.

The next day we went shooting. It was exactly like quail shooting. I'll tell you. These guerillas who so cursed our lives had a well some five miles away, and it was the only water supply within about twelve miles of the marine camp. It was decided that it would be correct to go forth and destroy the well. Captain Elliott of C company was to take his men with Captain Spicer's company, D, out to the well, beat the enemy away and destroy everything. He was to start at the next daybreak. He asked me if I cared to go, and, of course, I accepted with glee; but all that night I was afraid. Bitterly afraid. The moon was very bright, shedding a magnificent radiance upon the trenches. I watched the men of C and D companies lying so tranquilly—some snoring, confound them—whereas I was certain that I could never sleep with the weight of a coming battle upon my mind, a battle in which the poor life of a war correspondent might easily be taken by a careless enemy. But if I was frightened I was also very cold. It was a chill night, and I wanted a heavy top-coat almost as much as I wanted a certificate of immunity from rifle bullets. These two feelings were of equal importance to my mind. They were twins. Elliott came and flung a tent-fly over Lieutenant Bannon and me as we lay on the ground back of the men. Then I was no longer cold, but I was still afraid, for tent-flys cannot mend a fear. In the morning I wished for some mild attack of disease, something that would incapacitate me for the business of going out gratuitously to be bombarded. But I was in an awkwardly healthy state, and so I must needs smile and look pleased with my prospects. We were to be guided by fifty Cubans, and I gave up all dreams of a postponement when I saw them shambling off in single file through the cactus. We followed presently. 'Where you people goin' to?' 'Don't know, Jim.' 'Well, good luck to you, boys.' This was the world's lazy inquiry and conventional God-speed. Then the mysterious wilderness swallowed us.

The men were silent because they were ordered to be silent, but whatever faces I could observe were market with a look of serious meditation. As they trudged slowly in single file they were reflecting upon—what? I don't know. But at length we came to ground more open. The sea appeared on our right, and we saw the gunboat *Dolphin* steaming along in a line parallel to ours. I was as glad to see her as if she had called out my name. The trail wound about the bases of some high bare spurs. If the Spaniards had occupied them I don't see how we could have gone farther. But upon them were only the dove-voiced guerilla scouts calling back into the hills the news of our approach. The effect of sound is of course relative. I am sure I have never heard such a horrible sound as the beautiful

cooing of the wood-dove when I was certain that it came from the yellow throat of a guerilla. Elliott sent Lieutenant Lucas with his platoon to ascend the hills and cover our advance by the trail. We halted and watched them climb, a long black streak of men in the vivid sunshine of the hillside. We did not know how tall were these hills until we saw Lucas and his men on top, and these were no larger than specks. We marched on until, at last, we heard—it seemed in the sky—the sputter of firing. This devil's dance was begun. The proper strategic movement to cover the crisis seemed to me to be to run away home and swear I had never started on this expedition. But Elliott yelled: 'Now, men: straight up this hill.' The men charged up against the cactus, and, because I cared for the opinion of others, I found myself tagging along close at Elliott's heels. I don't know how I got up that hill, but I think it was because I was afraid to be left behind. The immediate rear did not look safe. The crowd of strong young marines afforded the only spectacle of provisional security. So I tagged along at Elliott's heels. The hill was as steep as a Swiss roof. From it sprang out great pillars of cactus, and the human instinct was to assist one's self in the ascent by grasping cactus with one's hands. I remember the watch I had to keep upon this human instinct even when the sound of the bullets were attracting my nervous attention. However, the great thing to my sense at the time was the fact that every man of the marines was also climbing away like mad. It was one thing for Elliott, Spicer, Neville, Shaw, and Bannon; it was another thing for me; but—what in the devil was it to the men? Not the same thing, surely. It was perfectly easy for any marine to get overcome by the burning heat and, lying down, bequeath the work and the danger to his comrades. The fine thing about 'the men' is that you can't explain them. I mean when you take them collectively. They do a thing, and afterwards you find that they have done it because they have done it. However, when Elliott arrived at the top of the ridge, myself and many other men were with him. But there was no battle scene. Off on another ridge we could see Lucas' men and the Cubans peppering away into a valley. The bullets about our ears were really intended to lodge in them. We went over there.

I walked along the firing line and looked at the men. I kept somewhat on what I shall call the *lee* side of the ridge. Why? Because I was afraid of being shot. No other reason. Most of the men as they lay flat, shooting, looked contented, almost happy. They were pleased, these men, at the situation. I don't know. I cannot imagine. But they were pleased, at any rate. I wasn't pleased. I was picturing defeat. I was saying to myself: 'Now if they, the enemy, should suddenly do so-and-so, or so-and-so, why—what would become of me?' During these first few moments I did not see the Spanish position because—I was afraid to look at it.

Bullets were hissing and spitting over the crest of the ridge in such showers as to make observation to be a task for a brave man. No, now, look here, why the deuce should I have stuck my head up, eh? Why? Well, at any rate, I didn't until it seemed to be a far less thing than most of the men were doing as if they liked it. Then I saw—nothing. At least it was only the bottom of a small valley. In this valley there was a thicket—a big thicket—and this thicket seemed to be crowded with a mysterious class of persons who were evidently trying to kill us. Our enemies? Yes—perhaps—I suppose so. Leave that to the people in the streets at home. They know and cry against the public enemy, but when men go into actual battle not one in a thousand concerns himself with an animus against the men who face him. The great desire is to beat them, beat them whoever they are, as a matter, first, of personal safety; second, of personal glory. It is always safest to make the other chap quickly run away. And as he runs away, one feels, as one tries to hit him in the back and knock him sprawling, that he must be a very good and sensible fellow. But these people apparently did not mean to run away. They clung to their thicket, and amid the roar of the firing one could sometimes hear their wild yells of insult and defiance. They were actually the most obstinate, headstrong, mulish people that you could ever imagine. The *Dolphin* was throwing shells into their immediate vicinity, and the fire from the marines and Cubans was very rapid and heavy, but still those incomprehensible mortals remained in their thicket. The scene on the top of the ridge was very wild, but there was only one truly romantic figure. This was a Cuban officer who held in one hand a great glittering machete and in the other a cocked revolver. He posed like a statue of victory. Afterwards he confessed to me that he alone had been responsible for the winning of the fight. But outside of this splendid person it was simply a picture of men at work, men terribly hard at work, red-faced, sweating, gasping toilers. A Cuban negro soldier was shot through the heart, and one man took the body on his back and another took it by its feet and trundled away toward the rear looking precisely like a wheel-barrow. A man in C company was shot through the ankle, and he sat behind the line nursing his wound. Apparently he was pleased with it. It seemed to suit him. I don't know why. But beside him sat a comrade with a face drawn, solemn and responsible, like that of a New England spinster at the bedside of a sick child.

The fight banged away with a roar like a forest fire. Suddenly a marine wriggled out of the firing line and came frantically to me. 'Say, young feller, I'll give you five dollars for a drink of whisky.' He tried to force into my hand a gold piece. 'Go to the devil,' said I, deeply scandalised. 'Besides, I haven't got any whisky.' 'No, but look here,' he beseeched me. 'If I don't get a drink I'll die.

And I'll give you five dollars for it. Honest, I will.' I finally tried to escape from him by walking away, but he followed at my heels, importuning me with all the exasperating persistence of a professional beggar and trying to force this ghastly gold piece into my hand. I could not shake him off, and amid that clatter of furious fighting I found myself intensely embarrassed, and glancing fearfully this way and that way to make sure that people did not see me, the villain and his gold. In vain I assured him that if I had any whisky I should place it at his disposal. He could not be turned away. I thought of the European expedient in such a crisis—to jump in a cab. But unfortunately—— In the meantime I had given up my occupation of tagging at Captain Elliott's heels, because his business required that he should go into places of great danger. But from time to time I was under his attention. Once he turned to me and said: 'Mr. Vernall, will you go and satisfy yourself who those people are?' Some men had appeared on a hill about six hundred yards from our left flank. 'Yes, sir,' cried I with, I assure you, the finest alacrity and cheerfulness, and my tone proved to me that I had inherited histrionic abilities. This tone was of course a black lie, but I went off briskly and was as jaunty as a real soldier, while all the time my heart was in my boots and I was cursing the day that saw me landed on the shores of the tragic isle. If the men on the distant hill had been guerillas, my future might have been seriously jeopardised, but I had not gone far toward them when I was able to recognise the uniforms of the Marine Corps. Whereupon I scampered back to the firing line and with the same alacrity and cheerfulness reported my information. I mention to you that I was afraid because there were about me that day many men who did not seem to be afraid at all, men with quiet, composed faces, who went about this business as if they proceeded from a sense of habit. They were not old soldiers; they were mainly recruits, but many of them betrayed all the emotion and merely the emotion that one sees in the face of a man earnestly at work.

I don't know how long the action lasted. I remember deciding in my own mind that the Spaniards stood forty minutes. This was a mere arbitrary decision based on nothing. But at any rate we finally arrived at the satisfactory moment when the enemy began to run away. I shall never forget how my courage increased. And then began the great bird shooting. From the far side of the thicket arose an easy slope coveted with plum-coloured bush. The Spaniards broke in coveys of from six to fifteen men—or birds—and swarmed up this slope. The marines on our ridge then had some fine open field shooting. No charge could be made because the shells from the *Dolphin* were helping the Spaniards to evacuate the thicket, so the marines had to be content with this extraordinary paraphrase of a kind of sport. It was strangely like the original. The shells

from the *Dolphin* were the dogs; dogs who went in and stirred out the game. The marines were suddenly gentlemen in leggings, alive with the sharp instinct which marks the hunter. The Spaniards were the birds. Yes, they were the birds, but I doubt if they would sympathise with my metaphors.

We destroyed their camp, and when the tiled roof of a burning house fell with a crash, it was so like the crash of a strong volley of musketry that we all turned with a start, fearing that we would have to fight again on that same day. And this struck me at least as being an impossible thing. They gave us water from the *Dolphin* and we filled our canteens. None of the men were particularly jubilant. They did not altogether appreciate their victory. They were occupied in being glad that the fight was over. I discovered to my amazement that we were on the summit of a hill so high that our released eyes seemed to sweep over half the world. The vast stretch of sea, shimmering like fragile blue silk in the breeze, lost itself ultimately in an indefinite pink haze, while in the other direction, ridge after ridge, ridge and ridge, rolled brown and arid into the north. The battle had been fought high in air, where rain-clouds might have been. That is why everybody's face was the colour of beetroot, and men lay on the ground and only swore feebly when the cactus spurs sank into them.

Finally we started for camp, leaving our wounded, our cactus pin-cushions, and our heat-prostrated men on board the *Dolphin*. I did not see that the men were elate or even grinning with satisfaction. They seemed only anxious to get to food and rest. And yet it was plain that Elliott and his men had performed a service that would prove invaluable to the security and comfort of the entire battalion. They had driven the guerillas to take a road along which they would have to proceed for fifteen miles before they could get as much water as would wet the point of a pin. And by the destruction of a well at the scene of the fight Elliott made an arid zone almost twenty miles wide between the enemy and the base camp. In Cuba this is the best of protection. However, a cup of coffee! Time enough to think of a brilliant success after one had had a cup of coffee. The long line plodded wearily through the dusky jungle, which was never again to be alive with ambushes.

It was dark when we stumbled into camp, and I was sad with an ungovernable sadness because I was too tired to remember where I had left my kit. But some of my colleagues were waiting on the beach, and they put me on a despatch-boat to take my news to a Jamaica cable-station. The appearance of this despatch-boat struck me with wonder. It was reminiscent of something with which I had been familiar in early years. I looked with dull surprise at three men of the engine-room force who sat aft on some bags of coal smoking their pipes and talking as if there had never been any

battles fought anywhere. The sudden clang of the gong made me start and listen eagerly, as if I would be asking, 'What was that?' The chunking of the screw affected me also, but I seemed to relate it to a former and pleasing experience. One of the correspondents on board immediately began to tell me of the chief engineer, who, he said, was a comic old character. I was taken to see this marvel, which presented itself as a grey-bearded man with an oil can, who had the cynical, malicious, egotistic eye of proclaimed and admired ignorance. I looked dazedly at the venerable impostor. What had he to do with battles—the humming click of the locks, the odour of burnt cotton, the bullets, the firing? My friend told the scoundrel that I was just returned from the afternoon's action. He said, 'That so?' and looked at me with a smile, faintly, faintly derisive. You see? I had just come out of my life's most fiery time, and that old devil looked at me with that smile. What colossal conceit! The four-times-damned, doddering old head-mechanic of a derelict junk-shop! The whole trouble lay in the fact that I had not shouted out with mingled awe and joy as he stood there in his wisdom and experience with all his ancient saws and home-made epigrams ready to fire.

My friend took me to the cabin. What a squalid hole! My heart sank. The reward after the labour should have been a great airy chamber, a gigantic four-poster, iced melons, grilled birds, wine, and the delighted attendance of my friends. When I had finished my cablegram I retired to a little shelf of a berth, which reeked of oil, while the blankets had soaked recently with sea-water. The vessel heeled to leeward in spasmodic attempts to hurl me out, and I resisted with the last of my strength. The infamous pettiness of it all! I thought the night would never end. 'But, never mind,' I said to myself at last, 'to-morrow in Port Antonio I shall have a great bath and fine raiment, and I shall dine grandly, and there will be lager beer on ice. And there will be attendants to run when I touch a bell, and I shall catch every interested romantist in the town and spin him the story of the fight at Cusco.' We reached Port Antonio, and I fled from the cable office to the hotel. I procured the bath, and, as I donned whatever fine raiment I had foraged, I called the boy and pompously told him of a dinner—a Real Dinner, with furbelows and complications and yet with a basis of sincerity. He looked at me calf-like for a moment and then he went away. After a long interval the manager himself appeared and asked me some questions, which led me to see that he thought I had attempted to undermine and disintegrate the intellect of the boy by the elocution of Arabic incantations. Well, never mind! In the end the manager of the hotel elicited from me that great cry, that cry which during the war rang piteously from thousands of throats, that last grand cry of anguish and despair: '*Well, then, in the name of God, can I have a cold bottle of beer?*'

Well, you see to what war brings men? War is death, and a plague of the lack of small things, and toil. Nor did I catch my sentimentalists and pour forth my tale to them, and thrill, appal, and fascinate them. However, they did feel an interest in me, for I heard a lady at the hotel ask, 'Who *is* that chap in the very dirty jack-boots?' So you see that, whereas you can be very much frightened upon going into action, you can also be greatly annoyed after you have come out.

Later, I fell into the hands of one of my closest friends, and he mercilessly outlined a scheme for landing to the west of Santiago and getting through the Spanish lines to some place from which we could view the Spanish squadron lying in the harbour. There was rumour that the *Viscaya* had escaped, he said, and it would be very nice to make sure of the truth. So we steamed to a point opposite a Cuban camp which my friend knew, and flung two crop-tailed Jamaica polo-ponies into the sea. We followed in a small boat and were met on the beach by a small Cuban detachment, who immediately caught our ponies and saddled them for us. I suppose we felt rather godlike. We were almost the first Americans they had seen, and they looked at us with eyes of grateful affection. I don't suppose many men have the experience of being looked at with eyes of grateful affection. They guided us to a Cuban camp where, in a little palm-bark hut, a black-faced lieutenant-colonel was lolling in a hammock. I couldn't understand what was said, but, at any rate, he must have ordered his half-naked orderly to make coffee, for it was done. It was a dark syrup in smoky tin cups, but it was better than the cold bottle of beer which I did not drink in Jamaica.

The Cuban camp was an expeditious affair of saplings and palm-bark tied with creepers. It could be burned to the ground in fifteen minutes, and in ten reduplicated. The soldiers were in appearance an absolutely good-natured set of half-starved ragamuffins. Their breeches hung in shreds about their black legs, and their shirts were as nothing. They looked like a collection of real tropic savages at whom some philanthropist had flung a bundle of rags, and some of the rags had stuck here and there. But their condition was now a habit. I doubt if they knew they were half-naked. Anyhow, they didn't care. No more they should; the weather was warm. This lieutenant-colonel gave us an escort of five or six men, and we went up into the mountains, lying flat on our Jamaica ponies while they went like rats up and down extraordinary trails. In the evening we reached the camp of a major who commanded the outposts. It was high, high in the hills. The stars were as big as cocoanuts. We lay in borrowed hammocks and watched the firelight gleam blood-red on the trees. I remember an utterly naked negro squatting, crimson, by the fire and cleaning an iron pot. Some voices were singing an

Afric wail of forsaken love and death. And at dawn we were to try to steal through the Spanish lines! I was very, very sorry.

In the cold dawn, the situation was the same but somehow courage seemed to be in the breaking day. I went off with the others quite cheerfully. We came to where the pickets stood behind bulwarks of stone in frameworks of saplings. They were peering across a narrow cloud-steeped gulch at a dull fire marking a Spanish post. There was some palaver and then, with fifteen men, we descended the side of this mountain, going down into the chill blue-and-grey clouds. We had left our horses with the Cuban pickets. We proceeded stealthily, for we were already within range of the Spanish pickets. At the bottom of the cañon it was still night. A brook, a regular salmon-stream, brawled over the rocks. There were grassy banks and most delightful trees. The whole valley was a sylvan fragrance. But—the guide waved his arm and scowled warningly and in a moment we were off, threading thickets, climbing hills, crawling through fields on our hands and knees, sometimes sweeping like seventeen phantoms across a Spanish road. I was in a dream, but I kept my eye on the guide and halted to listen when he halted to listen and ambled onward when he ambled onward. Sometimes he turned and pantomimed as ably and fiercely as a man being stung by a thousand hornets. Then we knew that the situation was extremely delicate. We were now, of course, well inside the Spanish lines, and we ascended a great hill which overlooked the harbour of Santiago. There, tranquilly at anchor, lay the *Oquendo*, the *Maria Theresa*, the *Christobal Colon*, the *Viscaya*, the *Pluton*, the *Furor*. The bay was white in the sun, and the great blacked-hull armoured cruisers were impressive in a dignity massive yet graceful. We did not know that they were all doomed ships, soon to go out to a swift death. My friend drew maps and things, while I devoted myself to complete rest, blinking lazily at the Spanish squadron. We did not know that we were the last Americans to view them alive, and unhurt, and at peace. Then we retraced our way, at the same noiseless canter. I did not understand my condition until I considered that we were well through the Spanish lines and practically out of danger. Then I discovered that I was a dead man. The nervous force having evaporated I was a mere corpse. My limbs were of dough and my spinal cord burned within me as if it were a red-hot wire. But just at this time we were discovered by a Spanish patrol, and I ascertained that I was not dead at all. We ultimately reached the foot of the mother-mountain on whose shoulders were the Cuban pickets, and here I was so sure of safety that I could not resist the temptation to die again. I think I passed into eleven distinct stupors during the ascent of that mountain while the escort stood leaning on their Remingtons. We had

done twenty-five miles at a sort of a man-gallop, never once using a beaten track, but always going promiscuously through the jungle and over the rocks. And many of the miles stood straight on end, so that it was as hard to come down as it was to go up. But during my stupors, the escort *stood*, mind you, and chatted in low voices. For all the signs they showed, we might have been starting. And they had had nothing to eat but mangoes for over eight days. Previous to the eight days, they had been living on mangoes and the carcass of a small lean pony. They were, in fact, of the stuff of Fenimore Cooper's Indians, only they made no preposterous orations. At the major's camp my friend and I agreed that if our worthy escort would send down a representative with us to the coast, we would send back to them whatever we could spare from the stores of our despatch-boat. With one voice the escort answered that they themselves would go the additional four leagues, as in these starving times they did not care to trust a representative, thank you. 'They can't do it; they'll peg out; there must be a limit,' I said. 'No,' answered my friend. 'They're all right; they'd run three times around the whole island for a mouthful of beef.' So we saddled up and put off with our fifteen Cuban infantrymen wagging tirelessly behind us.

Sometimes, at foot of a precipitous hill a man asked permission to cling to my horse's tail, and then the Jamaica pony would snake him to the summit so swiftly that only his toes seemed to touch the rocks. And for this assistance the man was grateful. When we crowned the last great ridge we saw our squadron to the eastward spread in its patient semicircle about the mouth of the harbour. But as we wound towards the beach we saw a more dramatic thing —our own despatch-boat leaving the rendezvous and putting off to sea. Evidently we were late. Behind me were fifteen stomachs—empty. It was a frightful situation. My friend and I charged for the beach and those fifteen fools began to *run*.

It was no use. The despatch-boat went gaily away, trailing black smoke behind her. We turned in distress, wondering what we could say to that abused escort. If they massacred us I felt that it would be merely a virtuous reply to fate and they should in no ways be blamed. There are some things which a man's feelings will not allow him to endure after a diet of mangoes and pony. However, we perceived to our amazement that they were not indignant at all. They simply smiled and made a gesture which expressed an habitual pessimism. It was a philosophy which denied the existence of everything but mangoes and pony. It was the Americans who refused to be comforted. I made a deep vow with myself that I would come as soon as possible and play a regular Santa Claus to that splendid escort. But we put to sea in a dugout, with two black boys. The escort waved us a hearty good-bye

from the shore and I never saw them again. I hope they are all in the police force in the new Santiago.

In time we were rescued from the dug-out by our despatch-boat, and we relieved our feelings by over-rewarding the two black boys. In fact they reaped a harvest because of our emotion over our failure to fill the gallant stomachs of the escort. They were two rascals. We steamed to the flagship and were given permission to board her. Admiral Sampson is to me the most interesting personality of the war. I would not know how to sketch him for you even if I could pretend to sufficient material. Anyhow, imagine, first of all, a marble block of impassivity out of which is carved the figure of an old man. Endow this with life, and you've just begun. Then you must discard all your pictures of bluff, red-faced old gentlemen who roar against the gale, and understand that the quiet old man is a sailor and an admiral. This will be difficult; if I told you he was anything else it would be easy. He resembles other types; it is his distinction not to resemble the preconceived type of his standing. When first I met him I was impressed that he was immensely bored by the war and with the command of the North Atlantic Squadron. I perceived a manner where I thought I perceived a mood, a point of view. Later, he seemed so indifferent to small things which bore upon large things that I bowed to his apathy as a thing unprecedented, marvellous. Still I mistook a manner for a mood. Still I could not understand that this was the way of the man. I am not to blame, for my communication was slight and depended upon sufferance—upon, in fact, the traditional courtesy of the navy. But finally I saw that it was all manner, that hidden in his indifferent, even apathetic, manner, there was the alert, sure, fine mind of the best sea-captain that America has produced since—since Farragut? I don't know. I think—since Hull.

Men follow heartily when they are well led. They baulk at trifles when a blockhead cries 'Go on.' For my part, an impressive thing of the war is the absolute devotion to Admiral Sampson's person—no, to his judgment and wisdom—which was paid by his ship commanders—Evans of the *Iowa*, Taylor of the *Oregon*, Higginson of the *Massachusetts*, Phillips of the *Texas*, and all the other captains—barring one. Once, afterward, they called upon him to avenge himself upon a rival—they were there and they would have to say—but he said no-o-o, he guessed it—wouldn't do—any—g-o-oo-o-d—to the—service.

Men feared him, but he never made threats; men tumbled heels over head to obey him, but he never gave a sharp order; men loved him, but he had said no word, kindly or unkindly; men cheered for him and he said: 'Who are they yelling for?' Men behaved badly to him and he said nothing. Men thought of glory and he considered the management of ships. All without a sound. A

noiseless campaign on his part. No bunting, no arches, no fireworks; nothing but the perfect management of a big fleet. That is a record for you. No trumpets, no cheers of the populace. Just plain, pure, unsauced accomplishment. But ultimately he will reap his reward in—in what? In text-books on sea campaigns. No more. The people choose their own and they choose the kind they like. Who has a better right? Anyhow he is a great man. And when you are once started you can continue to be a great man without the help of bouquets and banquets. He don't need them —bless your heart!

The flagship's battle-hatches were down, and between decks it was insufferable, despite the electric fans. I made my way somewhat forwards, past the smart orderly, past the companion, on to the den of the junior mess. Even there they were playing cards in somebody's cabin. 'Hello, old man. Been ashore? How'd it look? It's your deal, Chick.' There was nothing but steamy wet heat and the decent suppression of the consequent ill-tempers. The junior officers' quarters were no more comfortable than the admiral's cabin. I had expected it to be so because of my remembrance of their gay spirits. But they were not gay. They were sweltering. Hello, old man, had I been ashore? I fled to the deck, where other officers not on duty were smoking quiet cigars. The hospitality of the officers of the flagship is another charming memory of the war.

I rolled into my berth on the despatch-boat that night feeling a perfect wonder of the day. Was the figure that leaned over the card game on the flagship the figure with a whisky-and-soda in its hand and a cigar in its teeth; was it identical with the figure scrambling, afraid of its life, through Cuban jungle? Was it the figure of the situation of the fifteen pathetic hungry men? It was the same, and it went to sleep, hard sleep. I don't know where we voyaged. I think it was Jamaica. But, at any rate, upon the morning of our return to the Cuban coast, we found the sea alive with transports—United States transports from Tampa, containing the Fifth Army Corps under Major-General Shafter. The rigging and the decks of these ships were black with men, and everybody wanted to land first. I landed, ultimately, and immediately began to look for an acquaintance. The boats were banged by the waves against a little flimsy dock. I fell ashore somehow, but I did not at once find an acquaintance. I talked to a private in the 2nd Massachusetts Volunteers, who told me that he was going to write war correspondence for a Boston newspaper. This statement did not surprise me.

There was a straggly village, but I followed the troops, who at this time seemed to be moving out by companies. I found three other correspondents, and it was luncheon time. Somebody had two bottles of Bass, but it was so warm that it squirted out in foam.

There was no firing, no noise of any kind. An old shed was full of soldiers, loafing pleasantly in the shade. It was a hot, dusty, sleepy afternoon ; bees hummed. We saw Major-General Lawton standing with his staff under a tree. He was smiling as if he would say : 'Well, this will be better than chasing Apaches.' His division had the advance, and so he had a right to be happy. A tall man with a grey moustache, lithe but very strong, an ideal cavalryman. He appealed to one all the more because of the vague rumours that his superiors—some of them—were going to take mighty good care that he shouldn't get much to do. It was rather sickening to hear such talk, but later we knew that most of it must have been mere lies.

Down by the landing-place a band of correspondents were making a sort of permanent camp. They worked like Trojans, carrying wall-tents, cots, and boxes of provisions. They asked me to join them, but I looked shrewdly at the sweat on their faces and backed away. The next day the army left this permanent camp eight miles to the rear. The day became tedious. I was glad when evening came. I sat by a camp-fire and listened to a soldier of the 8th Infantry, who told me he was the first enlisted man to land. I lay pretending to appreciate him, but in fact I considered him a great shameless liar. Less than a month ago, I learned that every word he said was gospel truth. I was much surprised. We went for breakfast to the camp of the 20th Infantry, where Captain Greene and his subaltern, Exton, gave us tomatoes stewed with hard bread, and coffee. Later, I discovered Greene and Exton down at the beach good-naturedly dodging the waves, which seemed to be trying to prevent them from washing the breakfast dishes. I felt tremendously ashamed because my cup and my plate were there, you know, and—Fate provides some men greased opportunities for making dizzy jackasses of themselves, and I fell a victim to my flurry on this occasion. I *was* a blockhead. I walked away, blushing. What? The battles? Yes, I saw something of all of them. I made up my mind that the next time I met Greene and Exton, I'd say : 'Look here ; why didn't you tell me you had to wash your own dishes that morning, so that I could have helped ? I felt beastly when I saw you scrubbing there. And me walking around idly.' But I never saw Captain Greene again. I think he is in the Philippines now, fighting the Tagals. The next time I saw Exton—what ? Yes, La Guasimas. That was the 'rough-rider fight.' However, the next time I saw Exton I—what do you think ? I forgot to speak about it. But if ever I meet Greene or Exton again—even if it should be twenty years—I am going to say, first thing : 'Why'—What? Yes. Roosevelt's regiment and the First and Tenth Regular Cavalry. I'll say, first thing : 'Say, why didn't you tell me you had to wash your own dishes, that morning, so that I could

have helped?' My stupidity will be on my conscience until I die, if, before that, I do not meet either Greene or Exton. Oh yes, you are howling for blood, but I tell you it is more emphatic that I lost my tooth-brush. Did I tell you that? Well, I lost it, you see, and I thought of it for ten hours at a stretch. Oh yes—he? He was shot through the heart. But, look here, I contend that the French cable company buncoed us throughout the war. What? Him? My tooth-brush I never found, but he died of his wound in time. Most of the regular soldiers carried their tooth-brushes stuck in the bands of their hats. It made a quaint military decoration. I have had a line of a thousand men pass me in the jungle and not a hat lacking the simple emblem.

The first of July. All right. My Jamaica polo-pony was not present. He was still in the hills to the westward of Santiago, but the Cubans had promised to fetch him to me. But my kit was easy to carry. It had nothing superfluous in it but a pair of spurs which made me indignant every time I looked at them. Oh, but I must tell you about a man I met directly after the La Guasimas fight. Edward Marshall, a correspondent whom I had known with a degree of intimacy for seven years, was terribly hit in that fight and asked me if I wouldn't go to Siboney—the base—and convey the news to his colleagues of the *New York Journal* and round-up some assistance. I went to Siboney, and there was not a *Journal* man to be seen, although usually you judged from appearances that the *Journal* staff was about as large as the army. Presently I met two correspondents, strangers to me, but I questioned them, saying that Marshall was badly shot and wished for such succour as *Journal* men could bring from their despatch-boat. And one of these correspondents replied. He is the man I wanted to describe. I love him as a brother. He said: 'Marshall? Marshall? Why, Marshall isn't in Cuba at all. He left for New York just before the expedition sailed from Tampa.' I said: 'Beg pardon, but I remarked that Marshall was shot in the fight this morning, and have you seen any *Journal* people?' After a pause, he said: 'I am sure Marshall is not down here at all. He's in New York.' I said: 'Pardon me, but I remarked that Marshall was shot in the fight this morning, and have you seen any *Journal* people?' He said: 'No; now look here, you must have gotten two chaps mixed somehow. Marshall isn't in Cuba at all. How could he be shot?' I said: 'Pardon me, but I remarked that Marshall was shot in the fight this morning, and have you seen any *Journal* people?' He said: 'But it can't really be Marshall, you know, for the simple reason that he's not down here.' I clasped my hands to my temples, gave one piercing cry to heaven and fled from his presence. I couldn't go on with him. He excelled me at all points. I have faced death by bullet, fire, water, and disease, but to die thus—to wilfully batter myself

against the ironclad opinion of this mummy—no, no, not that. In the meantime, it was admitted that a correspondent was shot, be his name Marshall, Bismarck, or Louis XIV. Now, supposing the name of this wounded correspondent had been Bishop Potter? Or Jane Austen? Or Bernhardt? Or Henri Georges Stephane Adolphe Opper de Blowitz? What effect—never mind.

We will proceed to July 1. On that morning I marched with my kit—having everything essential save a tooth-brush—the entire army put me to shame, since there must have been at least fifteen thousand tooth-brushes in the invading force—I marched with my kit on the road to Santiago. It was a fine morning and everybody—the doomed and the immunes—how could we tell one from the other—everybody was in the highest spirits. We were enveloped in forest, but we could hear, from ahead, everybody peppering away at everybody. It was like the roll of many drums. This was Lawton over at El Caney. I reflected with complacency that Lawton's division did not concern me in a professional way. That was the affair of another man. My business was with Kent's division and Wheeler's division. We came to El Poso—a hill at nice artillery range from the Spanish defences. Here Grimes's battery was shooting a duel with one of the enemy's batteries. Scovel had established a little camp in the rear of the guns and a servant had made coffee. I invited Whigham to have coffee, and the servant added some hard biscuit and tinned tongue. I noted that Whigham was staring fixedly over my shoulder, and that he waved away the tinned tongue with some bitterness. It was a horse, a dead horse. Then a mule, which had been shot through the nose, wandered up and looked at Whigham. We ran away.

On top of the hill one had a fine view of the Spanish lines. We stared across almost a mile of jungle to ash-coloured trenches on the military crest of a ridge. A goodly distance back of this position were white buildings, all flying great red-cross flags. The jungle beneath us rattled with firing and the Spanish trenches crackled out regular volleys, but all this time there was nothing to indicate a tangible enemy. In truth, there was a man in a Panama hat strolling to and fro behind one of the Spanish trenches, gesticulating at times with a walking-stick. A man in a Panama hat, walking with a stick! That was the strangest sight of my life—that symbol, that quaint figure of Mars. The battle, the thunderous row, was his possession. He was the master. He mystified us all with his infernal Panama hat and his wretched walking-stick. From near his feet came volleys and from near his side came roaring shells, but he stood there alone, visible, the one tangible thing. He was a Colossus and he was half as high as a pin, this being. Always somebody would be saying: 'Who *can* that fellow be?'

Later, the American guns shelled the trenches and a block-house

near them, and Mars vanished. It could not have been death. One cannot kill Mars. But there was one other figure, which rose to symbolic dignity. The balloon of our signal corps had swung over the tops of the jungle's trees toward the Spanish trenches. Whereat the balloon and the man in the Panama hat and with a walking-stick —whereat these two waged tremendous battle.

Suddenly the conflict became a human thing. A little group of blue figures appeared on the green of the terrible hillside. It was some of our infantry. The *attaché* of a great empire was at my shoulder, and he turned to me and spoke with incredulity and scorn. 'Why, they're trying to take the position,' he cried, and I admitted meekly that I thought they were. 'But they can't do it, you know,' he protested vehemently. 'It's impossible.' And—good fellow that he was—he began to grieve and wail over a useless sacrifice of gallant men. 'It's plucky, you know! By Gawd, it's plucky! But *they can't do it.*' He was profoundly moved; his voice was quite broken. 'It will simply be a hell of a slaughter with no good coming out of it.'

The trail was already crowded with stretcher-bearers and with wounded men who could walk. One had to stem a tide of mute agony. But I don't know that it was mute agony. I only know that it was mute. It was something in which the silence or, more likely, the reticence was an appalling and inexplicable fact. One's sense seemed to demand that these men should cry out. But you could really find wounded men who exhibited all the signs of a pleased and contented mood. When thinking of it now it seems strange beyond words. But at the time—I don't know—it did not attract one's wonder. A man with a hole in his arm or his shoulder, or even in the leg below the knee, was often whimsical, comic. 'Well, this ain't exactly what I enlisted for, boys. If I'd been told about this in Tampa, I'd have resigned from th' army. Oh yes, you can get the same thing if you keep on going. But I think the Spaniards may run out of ammunition in the course of a week or ten days.' Then suddenly one would be confronted by the awful majesty of a man shot in the face. Particularly I remember one. He had a great dragoon moustache, and the blood streamed down his face to meet this moustache even as a torrent goes to meet the jammed log, and then swarmed out to the tips and fell in big slow drops. He looked steadily into my eyes; I was ashamed to return his glance. You understand? It is very curious—all that.

The two lines of battle were royally whacking away at each other, and there was no rest or peace in all that region. The modern bullet is a far-flying bird. It rakes the air with its hot spitting song at distances which, as a usual thing, place the whole landscape in the danger zone. There was no direction from which they did not come. A chart of their courses over one's head would

have resembled a spider's web. My friend Jimmie, the photographer, mounted to the firing-line with me, and we gallivanted as much as we dared. The 'sense of the meeting' was curious. Most of the men seemed to have no idea of a grand historic performance, but they were grimly satisfied with themselves. 'Well, begawd, we done it.' Then they wanted to know about other parts of the line. 'How are things looking, old man? Everything all right?' 'Yes, everything is all right if you can hold this ridge.' 'Aw, hell,' said the men, 'we'll hold the ridge. Don't you worry about that, son.'

It was Jimmie's first action, and, as we cautiously were making our way to the right of our lines, the crash of the Spanish fire became uproarious, and the air simply whistled. I heard a quavering voice near my shoulder, and, turning, I beheld Jimmie—Jimmie—with a face bloodless, white as paper. He looked at me with eyes opened extremely wide. 'Say,' he said, 'this is pretty hot, ain't it?' I was delighted. I knew exactly what he meant. He wanted to have the situation defined. If I had told him that this was the occasion of some mere idle desultory firing and recommended that he wait until the real battle began, I think he would have gone in a bee-line for the rear. But I told him truth. 'Yes, Jimmie,' I replied earnestly, 'you can take it from me that this is patent, double-extra what-for.' And immediately he nodded. 'All right.' If this was a big action, then he was willing to pay in his fright as a rational price for the privilege of being present. But if this was only a penny affray he considered the price exorbitant, and he would go away. He accepted my assurance with simple faith, and deported himself with kindly dignity as one moving amid great things. His face was still pale as paper, but that counted for nothing. The main point was his perfect willingness to be frightened for reasons. I wonder where is Jimmie? I lent him the Jamaica polo-pony one day and it ran away with him and flung him off in the middle of a ford. He appeared to me afterward and made bitter speech concerning this horse, which I had assured him was a gentle and pious animal. Then I never saw Jimmie again.

Then came the night of the first of July. A group of correspondents limped back to El Poso. It had been a day so long that the morning seemed as remote as a morning in a previous year. But I have forgotten to tell you about Reuben McNab. Many years ago I went to school at a place called Claverack in New York State, where there was a semi-military institution. Contemporaneous with me as a student was Reuben McNab, a long, lank boy, freckled, sandy-haired—an extraordinary boy in no way, and yet, I wager, a boy clearly marked in every recollection. Perhaps there is a good deal in that name. Reuben McNab. You can't fling that name carelessly over your shoulder and lose it. It follows you like the haunting memory of a sin. At any rate, Reuben McNab was

identified intimately in my thought with the sunny irresponsible days at Claverack, when all the earth was a green field and all the sky was a rainless blue. Then I looked down into a miserable huddle at Bloody Bend, a huddle of hurt men, dying men, dead men. And there I saw Reuben McNab, a corporal in the 71st New York Volunteers, and with a hole through his lung. Also several holes through his clothing. 'Well, they got me,' he said in greeting. Usually they said that. There were no long speeches. 'Well, they got me.' That was sufficient. The duty of the upright, unhurt man is then difficult. I doubt if many of us learned how to speak to our own wounded. In the first place one had to play that the wound was nothing; oh, a mere nothing; a casual interference with movement, perhaps, but nothing more; oh, really nothing more. In the second place, one had to show a comrade's appreciation of this sad plight. As a result I think most of us bungled and stammered in the presence of our wounded friends. That's curious, eh? 'Well, they got me,' said Reuben McNab. I had looked upon five hundred wounded men with stolidity, or with a conscious indifference which filled me with amazement. But the apparition of Reuben McNab, the schoolmate lying there in the mud with a hole through his lung, awed me into stutterings, set me trembling with a sense of terrible intimacy with this war which theretofore I could have believed was a dream—almost. Twenty shot men rolled their eyes and looked at me. Only one man paid no heed. He was dying; he had no time. The bullets hummed low over them all. Death, having already struck, still insisted upon raising a venomous crest. 'If you're goin' by the hospital, step in and see me,' said Reuben McNab. That was all.

At the correspondents' camp at El Poso there was hot coffee. It was very good. I have a vague sense of being very selfish over my blanket and rubber-coat; I have a vague sense of spasmodic firing during my sleep; it rained, and then I awoke to hear that steady drumming of an infantry fire—something which was never to cease, it seemed. They were at it again. The trail from El Poso to the positions along San Juan ridge had become an exciting thoroughfare. Shots from large-bore rifles dropped in from almost every side. At this time the safest place was the extreme front. I remember in particular the one outcry I heard. A private in the 71st, without his rifle, had gone to a stream for some water and was returning, being but a little in rear of me. Suddenly I heard this cry—'Oh, my God, come quick'—and I was conscious then to having heard the hateful zip of a close shot. He lay on the ground, wriggling. He was hit in the hip. Two men came quickly. Presently everybody seemed to be getting knocked down. They went over like men of wet felt, quietly, calmly, with no more complaint than so many automatons. It was only that lad—'Oh, my

God, come quick.' Otherwise men seemed to consider that their hurts were not worthy of particular attention. A number of people got killed very courteously, tacitly absolving the rest of us from any care in the matter. A man fell; he turned blue; his face took on an expression of deep sorrow; and then his immediate friends worried about him, if he had friends. This was July 1. I crave the permission to leap back again to that date.

On the morning of July 2, I sat on San Juan hill and watched Lawton's division come up. I was absolutely sheltered, but still where I could look into the faces of men who were trotting up under fire. There wasn't a high heroic face among them. They were all men intent on business. That was all. It may seem to you that I am trying to make everything a squalor. That would be wrong. I feel that things were often sublime. But they were *differently* sublime. They were not of our shallow and preposterous fictions. They stood out in a simple, majestic commonplace. It was the behaviour of men on the street. It was the behaviour of men. In one way, each man was just pegging along at the heels of the man before him, who was pegging along at the heels of still another man who— It was that in the flat and obvious way. In another way it was pageantry, the pageantry of the accomplishment of naked duty. One cannot speak of it—the spectacle of the common man serenely doing his work, his appointed work. It is the one thing in the universe which makes one fling expression to the winds and be satisfied to simply feel. Thus they moved at San Juan—the soldiers of the United States Regular Army. One pays them the tribute of the toast of silence.

Lying near one of the enemy's trenches was a red-headed Spanish corpse. I wonder how many hundreds were cognisant of this red-headed Spanish corpse? It arose to the dignity of a landmark. There were many corpses, but only one with a red head. This red head. He was always there. Each time I approached that part of the field I prayed that I might find that he had been buried. But he was always there—red headed. His strong simple countenance was a malignant sneer at the system which was for ever killing the credulous peasants in a sort of black night of politic, where the peasants merely followed whatever somebody had told them was lofty and good. But nevertheless, the red-headed Spaniard was dead. He was irrevocably dead. And to what purpose? The honour of Spain? Surely the honour of Spain could have existed without the violent death of this poor red-headed peasant? Ah well, he was buried when the heavy firing ceased and men had time for such small things as funerals. The trench was turned over on top of him. It was a fine honourable soldierly fate—to be buried in a trench, the trench of the fight and the death. Sleep well, red-headed peasant. You came to another hemisphere to fight because

—because you were told to, I suppose. Well, there you are, buried in your trench on San Juan Hill. That is the end of it. Your life has been taken—that is a flat, frank fact. And foreigners buried you expeditiously while speaking a strange tongue. Sleep well, red-headed mystery.

On the day before the destruction of Cervera's fleet, I steamed past our own squadron, doggedly lying in its usual semicircle, every nose pointing at the mouth of the harbour. I went to Jamaica, and on the placid evening of the next day I was again steaming past our own squadron, doggedly lying in its usual semicircle, every nose pointing at the mouth of the harbour. A megaphone hail from the bridge of one of the yacht-gunboats came casually over the water. 'Hello! hear the news?' 'No; what was it?' 'The Spanish fleet came out this morning.' 'Oh, of course it did.' 'Honest, I mean.' 'Yes, I know; well, where are they now?' 'Sunk.' Was there ever such a preposterous statement? I was humiliated that my friend, the lieutenant on the yacht-gunboat, should have measured me as one likely to swallow this bad joke.

But it was all true; every word. I glanced back at our squadron, lying in its usual semicircle, every nose pointing at the mouth of the harbour. It would have been absurd to think that anything had happened. The squadron hadn't changed a button. There it sat without even a smile on the face of the tiger. And it had eaten four armoured cruisers and two torpedo-boat destroyers while my back was turned for a moment. Courteously, but clearly, we announced across the waters that until despatch-boats came to be manned from the ranks of the celebrated horse-marines, the lieutenant's statement would probably remain unappreciated. He made a gesture, abandoning us to our scepticism. It infuriates an honourable and serious man to be taken for a liar or a joker at a time when he is supremely honourable and serious. However, when we went ashore, we found Siboney ringing with the news. It was true, then; that mishandled collection of sick ships had come out and taken the deadly thrashing which was rightfully the due of —I don't know—somebody in Spain—or perhaps nobody anywhere. One likes to wallop incapacity, but one has mingled emotions over the incapacity which is not so much personal as it is the development of centuries. This kind of incapacity cannot be centralised. You cannot hit the head which contains it all. This is the idea, I imagine, which moved the officers and men of our fleet. Almost immediately they began to speak of the Spanish admiral as 'poor old boy,' with a lucid suggestion in their tones that his fate appealed to them as being undue hard, undue cruel. And yet the Spanish guns hit nothing. If a man shoots, he should hit something occasionally, and men say that from the time the Spanish ships broke clear of the harbour entrance until they were one by one over-

powered, they were each a band of flame. Well, one can only mumble out that when a man shoots he should be required to hit something occasionally.

In truth, the greatest fact of the whole campaign on land and sea seems to be the fact that the Spaniards could only hit by chance, by a fluke. If he had been an able marksman, no man of our two unsupported divisions would have set foot on San Juan Hill on July 1. They should have been blown to smithereens. The Spaniards had no immediate lack of ammunition, for they fired enough to kill the population of four big cities. I admit neither Velasquez nor Cervantes into this discussion, although they have appeared by authority as reasons for something which I do not clearly understand. Well, anyhow they couldn't hit anything. Velasquez? Yes. Cervantes? Yes. But the Spanish troops seemed only to try to make a very rapid fire. Thus we lost many men. We lost them because of the simple fury of the fire; never because the fire was well-directed, intelligent. But the Americans were called upon to be whipped because of Cervantes and Velasquez. It was impossible.

Out on the slope of San Juan the dog-tents shone white. Some kind of negotiations were going forward, and men sat on their trousers and waited. It is all rather a blur of talks with officers, and a craving for good food and good water. Once Leighton and I decided to ride over to El Caney, into which town the civilian refugees from Santiago were pouring. The road from the beleaguered city to the outlying village was a spectacle to make one moan. There were delicate gentle families on foot, the silly French boots of the girls twisting and turning in a sort of absolute paper futility; there were sons and grandsons carrying the venerable patriarch in his own armchair; there were exhausted mothers with babes who wailed; there were young dandies with their toilets in decay; there were puzzled, guideless women who didn't know what had happened. The first sentence one heard was the murmurous 'What a damn shame!' We saw a godless young trooper of the Second Cavalry sharply halt a waggon. 'Hold on a minute. You must carry this woman. She's fainted twice already.' The virtuous driver of the United States army waggon mildly answered: 'But I'm full-up now.' 'You can make room for her,' said the private of the Second Cavalry, a young, young man with a straight mouth. It was merely a plain bit of nothing—at—all but, thank God, thank God, he seemed to have not the slightest sense of excellence. He said: 'If you've got any man in there who can walk at all, you put him out and let this woman get in.' 'But,' answered the teamster, 'I'm filled up with a lot of cripples and grandmothers.' Thereupon they discussed the point fairly, and ultimately the woman was lifted into the waggon.

The vivid thing was that these people did not visibly suffer. Somehow they were numb. There was not a tear. There was rarely a countenance which was not wondrously casual. There was no sign of fatalistic theory. It was simply that what was happening to-day had happened yesterday, as near as one could judge. I could fancy that these people had been thrown out of their homes every day. It was utterly, utterly casual. And they accepted the ministrations of our men in the same fashion. Everything was a matter of course. I had a filled canteen. I was frightfully conscious of this fact because a filled canteen was a pearl of price; it was a great thing. It was an enormous accident which led one to offer praises that he was luckier than ten thousand better men.

As Leighton and I rode along we came to a tree under which a refugee family had halted. They were a man, his wife, two handsome daughters and a pimply son. It was plain that they were superior people, because the girls had dressed for the exodus and wore corsets which captivated their forms with a steel-ribbed vehemence only proper for wear on a sun-blistered road to a distant town. They asked us for water. Water was the gold of the moment. Leighton was almost maudlin in his generosity. I remember being angry with him. He lavished upon them his whole canteen and he received in return, not even a glance of—what? Acknowledgment? No, they didn't even *admit* anything. Leighton wasn't a human being; he was some sort of a mountain spring. They accepted him on a basis of pure natural phenomena. His canteen was purely an occurrence. In the meantime the pimple face approached me. He asked for water and held out a pint cup. My response was immediate. I tilted my canteen and poured into his cup almost a pint of my treasure. He glanced into the cup and apparently he beheld there some innocent sediment for which he alone or his people were responsible. In the American camps the men were accustomed to a sediment. Well, he glanced at my poor cupful and then negligently poured it out on the ground and held up his cup for more. I gave him more; I gave him his cup full again, but there was something within me which made me swear him out completely. But he didn't understand a word. Afterward I watched if they were capable of being moved to help on their less able fellows on this miserable journey. Not they! Nor yet anybody else. Nobody cared for anybody, save my young friend of the Second Cavalry, who rode seriously to and fro doing his best for people, who took him as a result of a strange upheaval.

The fight at El Caney had been furious. General Vara del Rey with somewhat less than 1000 men—the Spanish accounts say 520—had there made such a stand that only about 80 battered soldiers ever emerged from it. The attack cost Lawton about 400 men. The magazine rifle! But the town was now a vast parrot-cage of

chattering refugees. If, on the road, they were silent, stolid and serene, in the town they found their tongues, and set up such a cackle as one may seldom hear. Notably the women ; it is they who invariably confuse the definition of situations, and one could wonder in amaze if this crowd of irresponsible, gabbling hens had already forgotten that this town was the deathbed, so to speak, of scores of gallant men whose blood was not yet dry ; whose hands, of the hue of pale amber, stuck from the soil of the hasty burial. On the way to El Caney I had conjured a picture of the women of Santiago, proud in their pain, their despair, dealing glances of defiance, contempt, hatred at the invader ; fiery ferocious ladies, so true to their vanquished and to their dead that they spurned the very existence of the low-bred churls who lacked both Velasquez and Cervantes. And instead, there was this mere noise, which reminded one alternately of a tea-party in Ireland, a village *fête* in the South of France, and the vacuous morning screech of a swarm of sea-gulls. 'Good ! There is Donna Maria. This will lower her high head. This will teach her better manners to her neighbours. She wasn't too grand to send her rascal of a servant to borrow a trifle of coffee of me in the morning, and then when I met her on the calle—por Dios, she was too blind to see me. But we are all equal here. No ? Little Juan has a sore toe. Yes, Donna Maria ; many thanks, many thanks. Juan, do me the favour to be quiet while Donna Maria is asking about your toe. Oh, Donna Maria, we were always poor, always. But you. My heart bleeds when I see how hard this is for you. The old cat ! She gives me a head-shake.'

Pushing through the throng in the plaza we came in sight of the door of the church, and here was a strange scene. The church had been turned into a hospital for Spanish wounded who had fallen into American hands. The interior of the church was too cavelike in its gloom for the eyes of the operating surgeons, so they had had the altar-table carried to the doorway, where there was a bright light. Framed then in the black archway was the altar-table with the figure of a man upon it. He was naked save for a breech-clout, and so close, so clear was the ecclesiastic suggestion, that one's mind leaped to a fantasy that this thin pale figure had just been torn down from a cross. The flash of the impression was like light, and for this instant it illumined all the dark recesses of one's remotest idea of sacrilege, ghastly and wanton. I bring this to you merely as an effect—an effect of mental light and shade, if you like ; something done in thought similar to that which the French Impressionists do in colour ; something meaningless and at the same time overwhelming, crushing, monstrous. 'Poor devil ; I wonder if he'll pull through ?' said Leighton. An American surgeon and his assistants were intent over the prone figure. They wore white aprons. Something small and silvery flashed in the surgeon's hand. An assistant

held the merciful sponge close to the man's nostrils, but he was writhing and moaning in some horrible dream of this artificial sleep. As the surgeon's instrument played, I fancied that the man dreamed that he was being gored by a bull. In his pleading, delirious babble occurred constantly the name of the Virgin, the Holy Mother. 'Good morning,' said the surgeon. He changed his knife to his left hand and gave me a wet palm. The tips of his fingers were wrinkled, shrunken, like those of a boy who has been in swimming too long. Now, in front of the door, there were three American sentries, and it was their business to—to do what? To keep this Spanish crowd from swarming over the operating-table! It was perforce a public clinic. They would not be denied. The weaker women and the children jostled according to their might in the rear, while the stronger people, gaping in the front rank, cried out impatiently when the pushing disturbed their long stares. One burned with a sudden gift of public oratory. One wanted to say: 'Oh, go away, go away, go away. Leave the man decently alone with his pain, you gogglers! This is not the national sport.'

But within the church there was an audience of another kind. This was of the other wounded men awaiting their turn. They lay on their brown blankets in rows along the stone floor. Their eyes, too, were fastened upon the operating-table, but—that was different. Meek-eyed little yellow men lying on the floor awaiting their turns.

I was on San Juan Hill when Lieutenant Hobson and the men of the *Merrimac* were exchanged and brought into the American lines. Many of us knew that the exchange was about to be made, and gathered to see the famous party. Some of our Staff officers rode out with three Spanish officers—prisoners—these latter being blindfolded before they were taken through the American position. The army was majestically minding its business in the long line of trenches when its eye caught sight of this little procession. 'What's that? What they goin' to do?' 'They're goin' to exchange Hobson.' Wherefore every man who was foot-free staked out a claim where he could get a good view of the liberated heroes, and two bands prepared to collaborate on 'The Star Spangled Banner.' There was a very long wait through the sunshiny afternoon. In our impatience we imagined them—the Americans and Spaniards—dickering away out there under the big tree like so many peddlers. Once the massed bands, misled by a rumour, stiffened themselves into that dramatic and breathless moment when each man is ready to blow. But the rumour was exploded in the nick of time. We made ill jokes, saying one to another that the negotiators had found diplomacy to be a failure, and were playing freeze-out poker for the whole batch of prisoners.

But suddenly the moment came. Along the cut roadway, toward the crowded soldiers, rode three men, and it could be seen that the

central one wore the undress uniform of an officer of the United States navy. Most of the soldiers were sprawled out on the grass, bored and wearied in the sunshine. However, they aroused at the old circus-parade, torchlight-procession cry, 'Here they come.' Then the men of the regular army did a thing. They arose *en masse* and came to 'Attention.' Then the men of the regular army did another thing. They slowly lifted every weather-beaten hat and drooped it until it touched the knee. Then there was a magnificent silence, broken only by the measured hoof-beats of the little company's horses as they rode through the gap. It was solemn, funereal, this splendid silent welcome of a brave man by men who stood on a hill which they had earned out of blood and death—simply, honestly, with no sense of excellence, earned out of blood and death.

Then suddenly the whole scene went to rubbish. Before he reached the bottom of the hill, Hobson was bowing to right and left like another Boulanger, and, above the thunder of the massed bands, one could hear the venerable outbreak, 'Mr. Hobson, I'd like to shake the hand of the man who——' But the real welcome was that welcome of silence. However, one could thrill again when the tail of the procession appeared—an army waggon containing the blue-jackets of the *Merrimac* adventure. I remember grinning heads stuck out from under the canvas cover of the waggon. And the army spoke to the navy. 'Well, Jackie, how does it feel?' And the navy up and answered: 'Great! Much obliged to you fellers for comin' here.' 'Say, Jackie, what did they arrest ye fer, anyhow? Stealin' a dawg?' The navy still grinned. Here was no rubbish. Here was the mere exchange of language between men.

Some of us fell in behind this small but royal procession and followed it to General Shafter's headquarters, some miles on the road to Siboney. I have a vague impression that I watched the meeting between Shafter and Hobson, but the impression ends there. However, I remember hearing a talk between them as to Hobson's men, and then the blue-jackets were called up to hear the congratulatory remarks of the general in command of the Fifth Army Corps. It was a scene in the fine shade of thickly-leaved trees. The general sat in his chair, his belly sticking ridiculously out before him as if he had adopted some form of artificial inflation. He looked like a joss. If the seamen had suddenly begun to burn a few sticks, most of the spectators would have exhibited no surprise. But the words he spoke were proper, clear, quiet, soldierly, the words of one man to others. The Jackies were comic. At the bidding of their officer they aligned themselves before the general, grinned with embarrassment one to the other, made funny attempts to correct the alignment, and—looked sheepish. They looked sheepish. They looked like bad little boys flagrantly caught. They had no sense of excellence. Here was no rubbish.

Very soon after this the end of the campaign came for me. I caught a fever. I am not sure to this day what kind of a fever it was. It was defined variously. I know, at any rate, that I first developed a languorous indifference to everything in the world. Then I developed a tendency to ride a horse even as a man lies on a cot. Then I—I am not sure—I think I grovelled and groaned about Siboney for several days. My colleagues, Scovel and George Rhea, found me and gave me of their best, but I didn't know whether London Bridge was falling down or whether there was a war with Spain. It was all the same. What of it? Nothing of it. Everything had happened, perhaps. But I cared not a jot. Life, death, dishonour—all were nothing to me. All I cared for was pickles. *Pickles* at any price! *Pickles!!*

If I had been the father of a hundred suffering daughters, I should have waved them all aside and remarked that they could be damned for all I cared. It was not a mood. One can defeat a mood. It was a physical situation. Sometimes one cannot defeat a physical situation. I heard the talk of Siboney and sometimes I answered, but I was as indifferent as the starfish flung to die on the sands. The only fact in the universe was that my veins burned and boiled. Rhea finally staggered me down to the army-surgeon who had charge of the proceedings, and the army-surgeon looked me over with a keen healthy eye. Then he gave a permit that I should be sent home. The manipulation from the shore to the transport was something which was Rhea's affair. I am not sure whether we went in a boat or a balloon. I think it was a boat. Rhea pushed me on board and I swayed meekly and unsteadily toward the captain of the ship, a corpulent, well-conditioned, impickled person pacing noisily on the spar-deck. 'Ahem, yes; well; all right. Have you got your own food? I hope, for Christ's sake, you don't expect us to feed you, do you?' Whereupon I went to the rail and weakly yelled at Rhea, but he was already afar. The captain was, meantime, remarking in bellows that, for Christ's sake, I couldn't expect him to feed me. I didn't expect to be fed. I didn't care to be fed. I wished for nothing on earth but some form of painless pause, oblivion. The insults of this old pie-stuffed scoundrel did not affect me then; they affect me now. I—in fact I hate him—it is all wrong—I lose whatever ethics I possessed—but—I hate him. Oh well, never mind. I was crawling along the deck when somebody pounced violently upon me and thundered, 'Who in hell are you, sir?' I said I was a correspondent. He asked me did I know that I had yellow fever. I said No. He yelled, 'Well, by Gawd, you isolate yourself, sir.' I said, 'Where?' At this question he almost frothed at the mouth. I thought he was going to strike me. 'Where?' he roared; 'how in hell do I know, sir? I know as much about

this ship as you do, sir. But you isolate yourself, sir.' My clouded brain tried to comprehend these orders. This man was a doctor in the regular army, and it was necessary to obey him, so I bestirred myself to learn what he meant by these gorilla outcries. 'All right, doctor; I'll isolate myself, but I wish you'd tell me where to go.' And then he passed into such volcanic humour that I clung to the rail and gasped. 'Isolate yourself, sir! Isolate yourself! That's all I've got to say, sir. I don't give a God damn where you go, but when you get there, stay there, sir.' So I wandered away and ended up on the deck aft, with my head against the flagstaff and my limp body stretched on a little rug. I was not at all sorry for myself. I didn't care a tent-peg. And yet, as I look back upon it now, the situation was fairly exciting—a voyage of four or five days before me—no food—no friends—above all else, no friends—isolated on deck, and rather ill.

When I returned to the United States I was able to move my feminine friends to tears by an account of this voyage; but, after all, it wasn't so bad. They kept me on my small reservation aft, but plenty of kindness loomed soon enough. At mess-time they slid me a tin plate of something, usually stewed tomatoes and bread. Men are always good men. And, at any rate, most of the people were in worse condition than I—poor bandaged chaps looking sadly down at the waves. In a way I knew the kind. First lieutenants at forty years of age, captains at fifty, majors at 102, lieutenant-colonels at 620, full colonels at 1000, and brigadiers at 9,768,295 plus. A man had to live two billion years to gain eminent rank in the regular army at that time. And, of course, they all had trembling wives at remote Western posts waiting to hear the worst, the best, or the middle. Ultimately we arrived. We landed at Old Point Comfort —saintly name!

The episode was closed. And you can depend upon it that I have told you nothing at all, nothing at all, nothing at all.

SPAIN: HER FINANCIAL AND POLITICAL CONDITION. BY SEÑOR MORET Y PRENDERGAST

THE great transformation recently undergone by Spain, in spite of herself, through the loss of her eastern and western colonies, has awakened in the minds of European compilers of statistics the desire to know more of the circumstances of a country which has been, and still continues to be, a factor in European politics. What is she, and what will she be in the future?

The question thus put has two distinct sides—the financial, and the international. The first is the necessary preliminary, and indisputable antecedent, of the second; but they require a separate examination.

Spanish Finance.

European opinion was divided on the question of the solvency of Spain, and Spanish finances before the first sitting of the Cortes after the war with America. It was disdainfully asserted by some that Spain would never be able to keep her engagements,[1] while others were equally sure that without any great effort she could tide over the grave situation in which the war had placed her.[2] Most people, carried away by the arguments of writers with a reputation for talent and accuracy, inclined to the first opinion.[3] I hesitate to say so, but it must be remembered that those who believed most firmly in the future of Spain were precisely those who had mastered her political responsibilities and financial situation.[4]

However, any doubt on the question was put an end to by the Minister of Finance on June 17, when he presented to Parliament, in a speech remarkable for its clearness and brevity, the liquidation of the war Budget. The essential point in this report, the point on which there had been discussion, was brought out with admirable ability; and if Japan deserved universal praise for the lucidity of her accounts after the war with China, which ended in 1895, even more praise is due to a country which was able, ten months after the ending of the campaign against the United States, to determine with mathe-

[1] *The Statist*, April 1, 1899. *L'Économiste Français.*

[2] *L'Économiste Européen*, March 1899.

[3] M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu in particular.

[4] M. Edmond Thery, Editor of the *European Economist*, and author of 'A Study on the Economical and Financial Situation of Spain,' March 1899. He came to Spain with instructions from his Government to study the situation of the country, and passed several weeks in Madrid, where he collected trustworthy facts and learnt the opinions of the most competent and influential men in the country.

matical precision its total expenses and the importance of the various engagements contracted.

To all those who take an interest in the financial future of Spain, either because they possess Spanish Bonds, or because they consider Spain as an indispensable element in any European combination, or, again, because they are desirous of investing capital which in other countries would command a lower rate of interest than in Spain, the means selected by the Government for liquidating the debt, and the form in which it was presented, constitute a scheme of as much importance as wisdom.

The obligations contracted by the Spanish Treasury amount to a capital of 2,914,000,000 pesetas (£116,000,000 sterling). These figures imply an annual payment of 259,000,000 pesetas as interest, that is £10,360, or about 9 per cent. of the capital. To this first sum weighing on the Spanish Budget must be added the deficit from preceding Budgets, which, added to the former sum, makes a total of 300,000,000 pesetas, or £12,000,000. This is the sum that the country must raise annually, the Budget of 800,000,000 pesetas having risen to 1,100,000,000 pesetas (£44,000,000). The magnitude of this sum comes home to us very forcibly, the more especially as before the war the incomings at the Spanish Treasury fluctuated between 750,000,000 and 800,000,000. This one fact explains in some degree the pessimism of the above-mentioned authors, their general disposition to be sceptical, and their want of confidence in the financial future of Spain.

This bad impression tends to disappear as soon as an examination is made, on the one hand, of the nature of, and conditions attaching to, the debt, and on the other of the natural advantages enjoyed by the Spanish people.

First, it must not be ignored that the yearly income of £10,360,000 sterling required for the payment of interest, and for redeeming the debt contracted during the war, amounts to 9 per cent. The obvious deduction is that an intelligent administration ought without difficulty to reduce the sum of 5 per cent., which is the present interest on the Spanish National Debt, to 3 per cent. This was the course resorted to by the Northern States of America after the War of Secession. During the war they contracted loans at any percentage at which they could get money, and as soon as peace was made and this percentage lowered they took advantage of the difference to convert and almost abolish the public debt.

The position of Spain is very similar. She has contracted loans at a higher percentage than 9 per cent. To-day she can get money at 5 per cent. The lowering of this percentage gives her a just and rational means of lightening her heavy burden to the advantage of her creditors. This has already been put into practice by the

Minister of Finance, Parliament having unanimously adopted his scheme, which consists in the suppression of the sinking fund in the first place and the creation of a fresh loan at the rate of 5 per cent. in the second; the loan being designed to cancel past debts and bring about the conversion of fresh ones.

It is needless to say how impossible was a sinking fund. To pay debts with an unbalanced Budget is to contract loans at a higher rate than the debt sunk. This system, though it has sometimes been practised, is opposed both to common sense and financial honesty.

The difficulty of the scheme consists in converting a redeemable debt into an irredeemable one without wounding or wronging the shareholders. The Minister of Finance has conquered this difficulty with great tact and energy, and has mathematically capitalised the sinking fund, giving to each shareholder a compensation of interest equal in value to the suppressed sinking fund.[1]

This first conversion of the debt meant an economy of 95,000,000 pesetas or £3,800,000.

For the success and equity of these operations Spain can vouch with such irrefutable guarantees as the unanimous vote of Parliament and the acquiescence of the creditors in the scheme without protest or murmur. This result gives the country time, and shows that the Spanish Treasury, acting on a policy which tends to the improvement of their credit, will also profit on the issue of their loan of liquidation and lower still further the rate of interest on the debt. If it is borne in mind that all over the world interest is at 3 per cent., and that Spain can without difficulty carry hers to 4 per cent., those most sceptical of her financial future must acknowlege that her Treasury will soon be in a condition to convert the whole of the debt, which means that it would be reduced by one-fifth, that is, to £4,000,000, the interest on the debt remaining after the conversion of the sinking fund.[2]

The essential condition, however, on which this transformation depends, assumes that Spanish credit is founded on such a solid basis that no one can cast a doubt upon her solvency, and a balanced Budget can alone obtain this security. What has been done is good, but more remains. The next thing, without question, is to endow the Budget with sufficient resources to allow of a perfect balance of revenue and expenses. This is primarily the business of Parliament, for when the Government presented a level Budget, the Opposition which had commended the straightforward policy of liquidation, and the tact with which the conversion of the debt had been carried out,

[1] This is equivalent to 13 per cent. for the Peninsular debt, and 23 per cent. for the Colonial debt.

[2] Although the sum total mentioned in the Blue Book of the Budget for the obligation of the debt is only equal to £17,000,000, this sum, after payments for past liquidation have been made and military and civil pensions converted, will rise to 500,000,000 pesetas, or £20,000,000.

considered the figures of the Budget too optimistic. To summarily increase the sources of revenue to 200 million pesetas, which meant to 25 per cent. on the amount of preceding Budgets, was an enterprise which needed an immense effort, and, in the judgment of politicians, meant a retrenchment in expenses equivalent to the half of this sum; that is, 100 million pesetas (£4,000,000). If this were obtained, the Budget would be reduced to 900 million pesetas or £36,000,000, an amount which could be easily covered by the taxes proposed by the Government. Optimism in this matter is the more justified because the incomings of 1897–98 were 873,000,000 pesetas (£34,920,000), and from 1898–99, 921,000,000 pesetas (£36,840,000). But further guarantees are required to consolidate the future welfare of Spanish credit. The Budget must not only be equitably balanced, but it is essential that it should be conducted with loyalty and good sense and that its total amount should not be altered by the Executive. The disappearance of the 'extraordinary' Budget, and of supplementary credits, are guarantees which the Opposition does right to claim, and the justice of which the Government has admitted.

If this transformation, known to the public as the 'financial regeneration,' be carried through on the above-mentioned basis, and if the result of the next meeting of Parliament be to maintain it within the limits already prescribed, the future of Spanish finance will not only be tranquil but worthy of respect. It is a known fact that the debt will absorb half of the total Budget expenses, but it is also certain that this sum can be reduced *at once* to one-quarter, and later on to two-fifths of this amount by a series of conversions founded on the consolidation of the public credit and at the usual rate of European interest.

This great enterprise is not yet finished—it would be absurd to say that it is—and what has yet to be accomplished may, if any error be committed, make the whole scheme null and void.

Great are the obstacles which confront the Minister of Finance on his road to success. Reform of the public services, especially the Navy and Army, meets with great resistance in the Cabinet itself, and some of the new taxes proposed by the Government are crushed by selfishness and the powerful private interests favoured for so many years by different Governments.

The difficulty in the way of financial reform is above all evident in what concerns the Custom House duties. The unjust and exorbitant rate of taxation imposed on foreign commodities has reduced the total amount of these duties to the half of what it should be in a country of 17,000,000 inhabitants; and with the exportation of the raw material that Spain possesses, one can hardly believe that the yearly income of the Custom Houses at the present time is only £5,200,000.

Will public opinion have perseverance enough to force itself on those who favour the disproportionate expenses and the vices of the Spanish administration? Will the Minister of Finance be able to overcome the resistance of his colleagues? Will the Opposition have sufficient tact not to hinder the triumph of what is the truest aspiration and most worthy desire of the whole country?

The next meeting of the Cortes will give us answers to these questions. If it does not, or if the answers are negative, it will mean the ruin of Spanish credit and probably a revolution.

A most important point in Spain's financial problem is that of the situation of the Spanish Bank and its relations with the Treasury. The rapid increase in the issue of paper money made by the Bank during the war in the name of the Treasury caused alarm in all foreign countries. The circulation of notes has increased in three years from £36,000,000 to £60,000,000, causing the suppression of gold. Paper, however, has maintained its value, and the Bank's credit has survived this trial for two reasons: first, because of the confidence inspired by the management; secondly, because paper has penetrated into the smallest villages, where it is preferred to silver.

That this state of affairs requires prompt attention there is no doubt. The country has a just claim to it, and the Government has taken the initiative by making a reduction of £20,000,000, the Bank limit of issue; by reimbursing it for a part of its advances, and by announcing that part of the product of the new loan will be employed in paying off its debt to the Bank.

If this is done the fiduciary circulation will reduce itself to the economical necessities of the country, and by the consequent rise in the value of gold it will become possible to re-establish the normal metallic circulation that Spain had before the war, when its gold had all over Europe the same value as French gold.

Spain and her Political Future.

If the financial problem of Spain is clear, and if it can be affirmed that Spanish statisticians have definite and precise notions concerning it, the same cannot be said about international politics.

During long years, abstention from and indifference to all European evolutions has been universally favoured in Spain. Canovas del Castillo is entirely responsible for this policy, and consequently for the isolation in which Spain has been placed. For a short time she abandoned this policy under the direction of Sagasta, whose international policy received a magnificent testimony in the visit of the European fleets to Barcelona in honour of the Queen Regent's presence at the inauguration of the Exhibition of 1888. The existence of this policy was proved by the interest and anxiety shown by all Europe in the affair of Melilla when the

Powers stood by Spain until she had obtained complete and honourable reparation. Contrariwise, the policy of isolation soon after reverted to has received its most damning criticism in the indifference shown by European Cabinets at the time of the aggression of the United States and in the encouragement given by some of them to the Government at Washington.

Will the country benefit by the lesson, and understand that, as Señor Silvela said, to live apart from the general European movement is a step towards an inevitable national catastrophe. Some one has said, in reference to the late war, that for the famous cry of *Væ victis* should be substituted the one of *Væ soli.* Spain has learnt this to her cost. However, all those who know anything about such matters cannot help admitting that a country which contains Gibraltar cannot remain indifferent to European complications which will some day find a solution in the Mediterranean. If Gibraltar is the key of the Strait, the country in which it is situated will eventually decide the fate of its Port and of any squadron that may take refuge therein. Therefore the attitude of Spain, when the day comes for a call to arms to solve the problem, is a thing of the utmost importance. It will be decisive. This is the reason why I stated at the beginning of this article that Spain has been, and must still be, a factor in European politics, and now I may add that the sooner the country recognises and understands these facts the less grave and disastrous will be the consequence of its former ignorance.

The Spain of to-day, freed as she now is from colonial preoccupations, although still sore from a burden which had become unbearable, is beginning to busy herself about her future, and out of this study must necessarily grow the germ of an international policy.

What will this be? The answer must be given by the country itself when it acquires a clearer perception of its interests and responsibilities in a matter of such importance.

George Canning,
Aged 17

From the painting by T. Gainsborough R.A. in the collection of the Marquess of Clanricarde.

In an Electro Engraving &c

SOME LETTERS OF GEORGE CANNING (MOSTLY UNPUBLISHED). EDITED BY REV. J. J. RAVEN, D.D.

A MAN'S character is the result of accumulated forces acting upon him from within and from without, from above and from below. A man's history is an imperfect record of the transmission of these various forms through himself upon others, as well as of the effect produced upon himself.

To understand a great man at different periods of his life, the special forces of those periods must be constantly taken into account. Inconsistency very often is another name for changed direction and intensity of forces; and the *vis inertiæ* of formed opinion, differing not only in different men, but in the same man at different times, has often to give way before the imperative resultant brought to bear upon it, in a manner which really denotes consistency though it may seem otherwise.

These considerations may prove a not unfit introduction to the packet of letters here presented to the reader, written as they were by one who had to endure that bitterness of reproach for inconsistency which is credited with his untimely death, the Right Honourable George Canning.

Of Henry John Richman, to whom these letters were addressed, more will be learned as we pass from letter to letter. After his tragic death, in 1824, they remained for many years in the possession of his only nephew, John Henry Richman, my mother's brother. When he went to Adelaide more than fifty years ago he took them with him; and when he died, his eldest daughter, Lady Hughes, was their custodian, and from her they came to me.

Shortly afterwards it happened that the late Mr. Charles Knight was publishing a Second Series of 'Half-hours with the Best Letter-writers and Autobiographers.' His son-in-law, my friend the late Rev. Canon Tarver, to whom these letters had been shown, thought that a selection from them would for many reasons prove an attractive addition to the volume, in the fourteenth chapter whereof they may be read. But here is the whole collection.

George Canning's father, also named George, was the eldest son of a country gentleman of Garvagh, Co. Londonderry. This son, whose opinions were entirely at variance with those of his father, was a pleasant companion, but too versatile to stick long to any occupation, and constantly in debt; and after resigning his interest in the paternal estate, he completed his financial ruin by marrying in 1768 a penniless girl of eighteen, Mary Anne Costello, of Wigmore Street. She was well connected. Her maternal grandfather, Colonel Guidickens, had held diplomatic appointments at European Courts, and her uncle was gentleman usher of the privy chamber in the house-

SOME LETTERS OF GEORGE CANNING (MOSTLY UNPUBLISHED). EDITED BY REV. J. J. RAVEN, D.D.

A MAN'S character is the result of accumulated forces acting upon him from within and from without, from above and from below. A man's history is an imperfect record of the transmission of these various forms through himself upon others, as well as of the effect produced upon himself.

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hold of Queen Charlotte. It was a 'love and a cottage' match, *minus* the cottage, in spite of the social position on both sides.

Their first child, a baby daughter, died; and on April 11, 1770, in a burst of popular excitement, about the time when John Wilkes was leaving the King's Bench Prison, a son was born to them, named after his father, George.

A year passed away, and on the child's first birthday the father died, a victim to imprudence, disappointment, and anxiety, leaving his widow and baby destitute. Mrs. Canning returned to the stage and entered into a second marriage with a miscreant named Reddish, who for some time was manager of the Bristol Theatre.

The character of this man may be inferred from a clause in the will of Weston, the comedian:

Item.—I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty: 'tis indeed a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

Meanwhile the grandfather settled a small property on the boy, and his uncle Stratford, a London merchant, arranged matters for his education. He was sent first of all to a celebrated old flogging master, Richards, of Hyde Abbey School, Winchester, legends of whom yet linger in the talk of the older clergy and country gentlemen of the Western counties. From his very childhood he began to show signs of unusual talent, as we may fairly gather from the following letter, addressed to him by his fond unhappy mother:

'EXETER, *March* 10*th*, 1782.

'On Wednesday last I received my sweet boy's *last* proof of a heart unchanged, and breathing that filial duty and affection which does equally honour to *his* heart, and delighted pride and hopes of future comfort to mine. I feel a sort of impression that it has not reached me as soon as it should have done; but as my love forgot to *date* it, I cannot ascertain the truth of my conjecture. How shall I find words to convey to thee, my precious child, the gratification of a mother's best expectations? How tell thee what raptures even thy anxious *wish* to see me can bestow? Doubt not, my Life, we shall meet; that Power whose gift alone such filial virtues are; that God, who gave thee at first to my fond maternal bosom, will one day restore thee to its throbbing wishes, its often repeated prayers! *When* it will please His divine mercy and wisdom to permit me to be so blest, He only knows; but I feel a full and perfect confidence in the fact, and wait *His* time with resignation! Meantime be assured of any daily remembrance, my daily prayers; and fail not to feed my anxious hopes in thee with frequent repetitions of those sweet feelings towards me which blunt the sharpest arrows of adversity, and rob hard, hard fate of its power to render entirely wretched. I have watched for an opportunity of sending to thee some books a long time, and hope a little more will give it me; I have got a set

of your honoured father's poems, and a Prayer-book with his name written by himself in the first page; those I mean to send thee, with such others as my judgment shall assist me in choosing, whenever they come in my way. The first moment you can send me your verses fail not to gratify my pride, and bless my fond expectations; and upon all such occasions, as they occur, remember that in executing you have two points in view—your own fame and the power to bless an ever fond and affectionate mother! Adieu, my dear child! the grateful love of my little ones and my heart's fond blessings await thee!

'M. A. REDDISH.

'P.S.—Direct to me as your last.'

[Envelope.]
'Master GEORGE CANNING,
'At the Rev. Mr. Richards's,
'Winchester.'

At Hyde Abbey School there was a delicate boy, sent there because he was not thought strong enough for Harrow. Longevity was, however, in store for him, and many will remember the aged Dean of Winchester, Thomas Garnier, who died in his ninety-eighth year in 1873. His elder brother George, born in 1769, was at Harrow. Intellectual affinities brought Canning into intimacy with these boys, and probably to their father's house at Rooksbury, near Wykeham, evidently a centre for wits and scholars, where among others he met a kind of Dominie Sampson, one of those men who seem never to have been boys.

The name of his newly acquired friend was the Henry John Richman already alluded to, at that time Curate of Wyke, always rather a quaint character, a great scholar and bookworm, something of a versifier, and, though childless, exceedingly fond of young company all through his life.

George Canning left Hyde Abbey for Eton at twelve, and it shows great precocity that he should have formed at that early period of his life an intimate friendship with Mr. Richman, a friendship as lasting as it was intimate. Of his earlier days at Eton I have but little to say. His bosom friends were John Hookham Frere, the old squire of Roydon, whom some of our fathers may remember; Robert Smith, brother of the celebrated Sydney Smith, and endued with a share of the fraternal wit; one John Smith, of which special branch of that great family I know not; and other bright boys. A smallish hook-nosed boy, probably dull and moody over his lessons, but brisk with his fists out of school, entered Eton, I think, after Canning, though about a year older than he. It is Arthur Wesley as he was then called, the fifth son of the second Earl of Mornington—the Hero of Waterloo, the 'Iron Duke,' the

tower of strength
That stood four square to all the winds that blew.

The two letters which follow, written within a month of each other, show a mixture of shrewdness, good sense, warm-heartedness, and modesty, fully justifying the maternal anticipations expressed four years previously.

The lad of sixteen clearly has higher aspirations than even a Fellowship can satisfy. Fox and Sheridan, in spite of their supposed democratic tendencies, quite understand the 'great difference of behaviour and respect paid' to the 'Oppidant,' as the boy spells the word, in preference to the Colleger, and uncle Stratford yields. From this letter it is clear that a brisk correspondence, now lost, had once been going on between Mr. Richman and his boy friend. The difference of opinion between uncle and nephew on the relative advantages of a Colleger and an Oppidan had ended in the uncle's conversion. The nephew's reasoning is well put, but there were not wanting other motives.

Very likely reports of the 'Long Chamber' at Eton and its horrors had reached the boy. Washing apparatus there was none, except a few basins on a sloppy shelf appropriated to the Sixth Form. Sometimes there were not enough bedsteads, and boys lay on the floor. A 'Gray' parody of 1798, which might have been written by Canning himself, thus describes the dormitory:

> Yet ah! why should they wash their face,
> Or why despise their happy case?
> If cleanliness such joy denies,
> Soap might destroy their Paradise—
> No more: when beastliness is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be nice.

'My dear Sir,—After having kept so long a silence, I scarce know how to begin to address you again, as I fear you must be and are justly offended with me; but do not, I beg of you, ascribe my silence to any want of affection and gratitude to you, which, believe me, my dearest Sir, I do and ever shall entertain for you in the highest degree. To what then, you will say, can it be ascribed but indolence? Not to that only indeed: that *that* must have been the primary cause, I cannot deny; but when once I had delayed writing to you for a month a sort of shame withheld me, and the sense of my fault kept me from making the only reparation for it. Many times have I resolved to write, and as often, by recollecting how long I had neglected it, I was deterred and knew not how to set about it. I am now resolved to write to beg your forgiveness for my past remissness, and most faithfully to assure you I will in future be regular and punctual in my correspondence: that I may not, however, turn my whole letter into an apology, I will change the subject and speak to you as if my pardon were already sealed. I am now, my dear Sir, at the top of Eton School—I am the first of the Oppidants (Commoners you call them)—I was to have been put

on the foundation; but I did so much dislike the idea, and so evidently saw the great difference of behaviour and respect paid to the one situation in preference to the other, that I prevailed on my uncle (being aided by the advice of Mr. Fox and Mr. Sheridan, who gave their opinions in my favour) to give up the idea. Hear some of my reasons, and judge. A Colleger stays at Eton till nineteen; then, if a vacancy falls out at King's College, Cambridge, while he is first in the school, he is translated thither, and enjoys an advantage of upon an average from first to last of about £50 per annum till he dies or marries. When a man goes into the Church the advantage is greater, as he may chance by very good luck to get a living. These are the advantages. The contrary is—a Colleger rises much slower in the school, and is consequently much later at the top. He stays till nineteen—an Oppidant till seventeen: two years, or a year even, to a man whose line is the Bar, is surely an object. A Colleger may, after all, not go to King's if a vacancy does not fall. Where *then* is the advantage? A Colleger, among the boys even, is not looked upon in near so respectable a light as an Oppidant. This was one of my principal reasons for my dislike. I gained my point, and have been for some time in the sixth (the head) form. We have many speeches here; I have spoken—"Cicero in Catalinam"—"Video P. C. in me omnium ora atque oculos," &c.—a very fine part in my opinion—"Darius ad exercitum," beginning "Terrarum quas Oceanus hinc alluit," &c.—"Quint. Curt."—in which there are some very *oratorical* parts: I mean (though my expression does not, I believe, convey my meaning) parts very pleasant to speak, as being very fine turns, &c.; and at election—the time when the greatest exhibition is, and when there is a vast deal of company—I spoke "Satan to the Sun." Shall I own to you, my dear Sir, I have not, I fear, been for this last twelve months or more so diligent as I might have been. I have not employed my leisure time to the best advantage; but I have another year before me ere I leave Eton—I will apply myself diligently to the study of the classics—the Greek as well as Latin. Do not think this the foolish resolution of a moment; I see the necessity of it, if I mean ever to be master of the classics, which I thoroughly purpose. Write to me, my dearest Sir, and give me a list of those which you wish me more immediately to study—chalk out a line of study—believe me I will diligently pursue it. You see, Sir, I make bold to ask of you as of a friend. Such I have ever found you, my dear Sir; and for your many kindnesses shown to me, believe me, I entertain the greatest gratitude, and am most affectionately and gratefully yours,

'G. CANNING.

'ETON, *September* 27, 1786.

'My direction is at Mr. Hannington's.

'I have, since I have been in the sixth form, had the following exercises particularly taken notice of and sent up for the perusal of the Provost and Fellows—as it is customary for some præpostor's exercise to go up for a holyday every week when there is one to be asked for.

'One Hexameter: On the peculiar Providence of God.

'One Hex. and Pent. Didactic on Electioneering Bribery.

'One Hexameter: Satire on Modern Conversation; and one Alcaic on Fortunæ Viæ—which I shall take the liberty of sending to you for your inspection.'

Very naturally Mr. Richman thought that the world hardly presented a finer opening than a College Fellowship, but his young friend's reply shows a set purpose:

'MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you, as well for your early attention to my letter, as for the kindness with which you receive my apology for a negligence I had almost feared unpardonable: be assured that it shall be the last omission I will ever have to accuse myself of with regard to you. With regard to my going into College, I think I see all the arguments you meant to urge to me on that head—the force of them I see, but no advantage that could accrue to me from it would to me counterbalance the sorrow it would have given me, and the insurmountable dislike I had to the foundation. This you will call, no doubt, a groundless and unjustifiable prejudice. Be it founded on what grounds it will, I am convinced it was so rooted in my mind as not to be conquered, however unavoidable necessity might have repressed it, if I had gone on the foundation. I am, however, very happy that it is far, far too late now to think anything about it; and I could not now go into College if I would, as to neglect and act contrary to any advice that came from you would be to me extremely disagreeable. This task will not now be mine. Jolliffe I knew but little at Eton—I mean merely as a casual acquaintance: of those qualities, therefore, which you say he possesses, I can form no judgment. You do not mention to me what I have by chance heard from Mr. Kirby (who has been here to get subscribers for a couple of prints of his—did you see them? they are drawings of his own of the "Deserted Village," and, as far as my judgment goes, extremely pretty), namely, that you have taken some pupils to live with you and be educated by you, and are going to *settle*. I hope the intelligence is well founded; for if any one is qualified for the task of instruction, do not think I flatter when I say it is yourself; and to you, my dear Sir, what obligations I owe for the pains you have bestowed upon me, I shall ever be proud to acknowledge, and call myself,

'Most sincerely and affectionately yours,

'ETON, *October* 24, '86. 'G. CANNING.

'Will you call me tasteless if I own I think the Ἱκέτιδες but dull and uninteresting?—but the ΜΗΔΕΙΑ glorious. I am now reading "Demosthenes." Pray let me hear when you have leisure.'

With regard to the Ἱκέτιδες, or *Supplices*, of Æschylus, the fact that there are but three characters, of whom one is a herald, precludes much dramatic action, but the spirited speech of the Argive king when he refuses to give up the suppliant daughters of Danaus ought to have found a good reception from Canning. We cannot be surprised at his admiration for Medea's stormy passions.

The three letters which are now given carry on Canning's history beyond his school days. With regard to the question whether he should be entered at Christ Church as a Gentleman Commoner or a Commoner, it is pleasant to see good sense winning the day, and the young man acquiescing in the more reasonable scheme approved by Mr. Leigh.

'LONDON, *Sept. Sixth*, 1787.

'MY DEAR SIR,—There has been so long a cessation of correspondence between us, that I believe it would be vain to endeavour to look back on the last letters that have passed from one of us to the other. It gave me very sincere pleasure to see your handwriting again, so unexpectedly in a letter of Hare's, as I had been for a long time in a state of very disagreeable uncertainty about your present situation and place of abode;[1] in short, about everything concerning you.

'That I have now taken my farewell of Eton, you are, I suppose, already informed by Hare; as also probably that my destination is Christ Church College, Oxford, whither I am to go in October next, and (by the particular advice of Lord Macartney) as a Gent. Commoner. My intimacy with Lord M. arises from a very close friendship which subsisted between him and my father, many years ago, when they were fellow-students both at Dublin College and at the Middle Temple. On his return from India he expressed a desire to see me, and has ever since taken so warm an interest in all my concerns, as cannot but be very flattering to me, and has determined me in every point, that I can, to follow his advice. I do not think that a line has passed between you and me, my dear Sir, since the death of my grandmother,[2] which happened in November last at Bath, whither she had removed in vain from Dublin to try the efficacy of its waters. By her death I came into possession of the fortune left me by my grandfather, about 400*l.* per annum. With

[1] Mr. Richman had removed to Poole, Dorset.

[2] Letitia, widow of Stratford Canning, of Garvagh, daughter and heiress of Obadiah Newburgh, of Ballyhaise, Co. Cavan.

this I shall, thank God, be amply enabled to prosecute my studies, both academical and professional, as a gentleman; and, in short, to answer every wish, except one, that of providing for my poor mother; but even this will, I trust, be in my power some years hence. Meantime, to lift her some little way above actual want and to alleviate in some measure the hardships of her situation, I obtained the consent of my uncle, and since his death, of my guardian, to allow fifty pounds a year. The death of my uncle (under whose guardianship I was)—an event to me as unexpected as it was melancholy—took place in May last. I was at Brighton with my poor aunt and her children, when I received your postscript. She is indeed, all things considered, I think, pretty well. She has a strong sense of religion; a resource from which she draws every consolation her unfortunate condition is capable of. The care of her rising family occupied almost the whole of her attention; and they are all, I trust in God, in a fair way amply to fulfil her warmest wishes for their future welfare and prosperity. But I find I have run out my paper before I was aware of it. I must defer till another post what more I have to say to you; and hasten to conclude with desiring my respects to Mrs. Richman, and assuring you, that I am, my dear Sir, 'Ever most sincerely yours,

'G. C.'

'London, *Sept.* 13*th*, 1787.

'My dear Sir,—In my last letter to you I doubt whether I mentioned any direction by which an answer to it would reach me. Most probably I shall leave town before any letter from Poole can come after your receipt of this; but as it will at any rate follow me, you will be so good as to direct me at W. Borrowes's, Esq., Clement's Lane, London. Mr. Borrowes was in partnership with my uncle; and still carries on the business for the benefit of his family. He is now my guardian; and since the melancholy event of my uncle's death, has behaved with respect to his family, in the manner the most generous and affectionate. Mr. Sheridan, too, has proved himself, both to the family and to myself in particular, a most kind friend. His advice and assistance will, doubtless, be to me of every advantage, and will be always open to me. I need not tell you, my dear Sir, that the law is my road; and that I look forward to it with all eagerness and expectation; and perhaps, at some future day, to the House of Commons,—a field, open indeed, not so much for *solid pudding* as empty praise. Beside logic and mathematics, is there anything else the acquisition of which is to be sought at the University? Civil Law? Do not think that I mean to forget the classics. Greek especially will consume much of my attention. You will, perhaps, think these all empty professions; but I will seriously combat all inclinations to idleness, and exert myself

earnestly to do everything I ought to do. After the University, do not you think a year abroad in France and Italy would be serviceable, to learn the languages and to see Rome—which who does not wish to see and to contemplate?

'I have given you just a rough sketch, and I hope to have it sanctioned with your approbation. Now I must, with fear and trembling, ask you—Have you seen and read the "Microcosm"? I intend sending one to you, whenever I can find any opportunity of so doing. I long much to hear your opinion, and deprecate the severity of criticism. To publish was indeed a bold attempt. We succeed, however, far beyond our expectations. I lament very much that it will not be in my power to accept your very kind invitation for Christmas. About that time I probably shall go over to Ireland; but whenever an opportunity offers of seeing you, I shall seize it immediately with the greatest pleasures. Pray let me hear from you as soon as you can write with any convenience; and believe me, my dear Sir, to be 'Most sincerely, ever yours, 'G. C.'

Without much risk we may suppose that Mr. Richman highly appreciated the humorous solemnity which actually tempted the mature Capel Lofft to add a serious defence of Addison to the wild wit of a little lot of lads in their teens.

'NORWICH, *October ye 11th*, 1787.

'MY DEAR SIR,—Since I last wrote to you, I have been involved a great deal of unpleasant perplexity with regard to my Oxford affairs. I told you then that in compliance with Lord Macartney's advice I proposed entering as a Gentleman Commoner. That plan is now altered. Mr. Leigh (whom I believe I mentioned to you as being my Uncle and thro' whose acquaintance with the Bishop of Norwich[1] I had hopes of being introduced to the Dean of Christ Church[2] at that place) had always been warm in his preference of the situation of Commoner to that of Gent. Commoner. When, therefore, I informed [him] by letter of Lord Macartney's advice, and my consequent determination to follow the plan he had prescribed; Mr. Leigh previous to my coming to Norwich wrote a letter to Lord M. in which he stated his objections to the situation he wished me to appear in, and his arguments in favour of the other.

'The consequence was that Lord M. returned an answer agreeing to accede to Mr. L.'s sentiments on the subject. It is now determined therefore that I am to go as a Commoner. I unluckily came a day too late to see the Dean, who sat for Oxford before I could be introduced to him.

'Christ Church is so full at present that he expressed much doubt about the possibility of my gaining admission this term or perhaps

[1] Dr. Lewis Bagot. [2] Dr. Cyril Jackson.

even the next. One term I would willingly wait rather than not become a member of Christ Church, but two would be too serious a loss. In this state of uncertainty I at present remain; in expectation however every day of a final answer from the Dean.

'From the kind and affectionate letter, which I received from you the other day I derived the sincerest pleasure. Your esteem, my dear Sir, I shall always be proud if I can deserve, and happy to possess, and your advice I shall ever receive as the kindest testimony of it. I am much pleased at the idea of being in your neighbourhood, and shall, you may assure yourself, seize the earliest opportunity of profiting by so fortunate a circumstance. Has George Garnier left College? your having mentioned his father's name in your letter put me in mind to ask the question.

'I do not know whether I mentioned to you before that with Mr. Hare—who is, I find, nearly related to the family of the Jolliffes—I have the happiness to be on a footing of intimacy, very flattering to me, and which may prove very serviceable in coming into the world. Adieu, my dear Sir, till I am able to give you some more clear and satisfactory account of my present arrangements.—Ever yours most affectionately,

'G. C.

'To the Rev. H. J. Richman,
'Poole, Dorsetshire.'

I learn through the kindness of the present Dean of Christ Church, Dr. Paget, that the difficulty about entry was solved by Canning's admission as a Commoner on November 17, 1787, thus just saving the October Term.

George Garnier, alluded to in the letter, was admitted a Commoner on October 14, 1786. He was an elder brother of the old Dean of Winchester, who died in 1873 in the ninety-eighth year of his age, and his early education was at Harrow. After leaving Oxford he entered the 53rd Regiment as an Ensign, and among his fellow-subalterns were those who were afterwards known as Sir Ronald Ferguson and Lord Hill. Being the son of a friend of two such men as Bishop Butler and David Garrick—namely, George Garnier, of Rooksbury, Hants—he must have had literature in his very marrow, which accounts for the evidently high position which he held in the affections of Canning and Richman. His military career was brief. He served under the Duke of York in the Low Countries, and became Colonel of the 82nd Regiment, also holding the command of a negro battalion at S. Domingo, at the Governorship of Port-au-Prince; and died in 1795 of yellow fever at the age of twenty-five, a fate shared by his youngest brother Henry at the same time.[1]

[1] These particulars were kindly given to me by the Rev. Canon T. P. Garnier, of Banham Rectory, Norfolk, George Garnier's great-nephew.

LUCRETIUS ON LIFE AND DEATH IN THE METRE OF OMAR KHAYYAM WITH PREPARATORY NOTE BY W. H. MALLOCK

CHOLARS have often observed—and it was observed by Fitzgerald himself—that both the poetry and philosophy of the Persian, Omar Khayyam, find a parallel in the poetry and philosophy of the Roman poet, Lucretius. Having been much struck by this parallelism myself, it occurred to me to try the experiment of reproducing parts of Lucretius in the same metre as that which the genius of Fitzgerald has so successfully borrowed from his original, and employed in his celebrated translation: for it seemed to me that both the likeness and the difference between the two poets would be best shown by reducing them to a common literary denominator. Lucretius is an author little read even by scholars. To the general public he is hardly known at all. It may be well, therefore, to mention, for the benefit of the non-classical reader, that Lucretius, though a great poet, was, in his own estimation, before all things a man of science ; and his object in writing his poem, 'Concerning the Nature of Things,' which he addressed to his friend Memmius, was to show that science was absolutely destructive of theology, and, by destroying it, liberated men from the greatest misery of their lives. The central doctrine of theology, as Lucretius understood it, bore a curious resemblance to the central doctrine of Calvinism. It was the doctrine that men had been created under the wrath of God or of the gods ; and that after death they would be tormented for ever in hell. Science, according to him, shows conclusively that men have no souls that can possibly survive their bodies ; and that consequently, after death, there would be nothing for God to torment, even supposing that any god who took cognisance of mankind, existed. Lucretius throughout his poems speaks of himself as the disciple of Epicurus, whose messenger and exponent he is. The science of Epicurus may be briefly described as being that of the more advanced school of modern evolutionists, anticipated in a vague and essentially conjectural manner. So far as man is concerned, the upshot of it is precisely the same—namely, that the whole race of man, and the individual life in particular, is merely a fleeting phenomenon in a universe which is without limit, without end, and without beginning. I have ventured in the following verses to employ a few Biblical phrases, in order to emphasise the curious contrast between the kind of peace offered to mankind by the Roman poet, and that which began to be offered not very long afterwards by the Gospel. The poem of Lucretius is a long work, in six books, the larger part of which is made up of scientific, or

quasi-scientific, arguments. The portions I have attempted to reproduce are taken mainly from the third book, but not entirely. The opening quatrains are taken from the second; and other parts of the poem have been also laid under contribution.

I

1

'Tis sweet, when storms are whitening on the seas,
To watch the sailor's toil, ourselves at ease:
  Because the sense, not that such pains are his,
But that they are not ours, must always please.

2

Sweet too for one who from some mountain seat
Watches the plains below where legions meet,
  To await the moment when the walls of war
Thunder and clash together. But more sweet,

3

Sweeter by far on Wisdom's rampired height
To pace serene the porches of the light,
  And thence look down upon the ignorant herd
Seeking and never finding in the night

4

The road to peace—the peace that all might hold,
But yet is missed by young men and by old,
  Lost in the strife for palaces and powers,
The axes, and the lictors, and the gold.

5

Oh sightless eyes! Oh hands that toil in vain!
Not such your needs. Your nature's needs are twain,
  And only twain: and these are to be free,
Your minds from terror, and your bones from pain.

6

Unailing limbs, a calm unanxious breast—
Grant Nature these, and she will do the rest.
  Nature will bring you, be you rich or poor,
Perhaps not much—at all events her best.

7

What though no statued youths from wall and wall
Cast light along your midnight festival,
  With golden hands, and beams from Lebanon
Keep the lyre's languor lingering through the hall,

8

Yours is the table 'neath the high-whispering trees ;
Yours is the lyre of leaf and stream and breeze.
  The golden flagon, and the echoing dome—
Lapped in the Spring, what care you then for these ?

9

Sleep is no sweeter on the ivory bed
Than yours on moss ; and fever's shafts are sped
  As clean through silks damasked for dreaming kings,
As through the hood that wraps the poor man's head.

10

What then, if all the prince's glittering store
Yields to his body not one sense the more,
  Nor any ache or fever of them all
Is barred out by bronze gates or janitor,

11

What shall the palace, what the proud domain
Do for the mind—vain splendours of the vain ?
  How shall these minister to a mind diseased,
Or raze one written trouble from the brain ?

12

Unless you think that conscience with its stings
And misery, fears the outward pomp of things—
  Fears to push swords and sentinels aside,
And sit the assessor of the kings of kings.

13

The mind ! Ay—there's the rub. The root is there
Of that one malady which all men share.
  It gleams between the haggard lids of joy;
It burns a canker in the heart of care.

14

Within the gold bowl, when the feast is set,
It lurks. 'Tis bitter in the labourer's sweat.
  Feed thou the starving, and thou bring'st it back—
Back to the starving, who alone forget.

15

Oh you who under silken curtains lie,
And you whose only rooftree is the sky,
  What is the curse that blights your lives alike?
Not that you hate to live, but fear to die.

16

Fear is the poison. Wheresoe'er you go,
Out of the skies above, the clods below,
  The sense thrills through you of some pitiless Power
Who scowls at once your father and your foe;

17

Who lets his children wander at their whim,
Choosing their road, as though not bound by him:
  But all their life is rounded with a shade,
And every road goes down beyond the rim;

18

And there behind the rim, the swift, the lame
At different paces, but their end the same,
  Must one by one into the night go down,
Where the great furnace shakes its hair of flame.

19

Oh ye who cringe and cower before the throne
Of him whose heart is fire, whose hands are stone,
  Who shall deliver you from this death in life—
Strike off your chains, and make your souls your own?

II

1

Come unto me all ye that labour. Ye
Whose souls are heavy-laden, come to me,
  And I will lead you forth by streams that heal,
And feed you with the truth that sets men free.

2

Not from myself, poor souls with fear foredone,
Not from myself I have it, but from one
  At whose approach the lamps of all the wise
Fade and go out like stars before the sun.

3

I am the messenger of one that saith
His saving sentence through my humbler breath :
  And would you know his gospel's name 'tis this—
The healing gospel of the eternal death.

4

A teacher he, the latchet of whose shoe
I am not worthy stooping to undo :
  And on your aching brows and weary eyes
His saving sentence shall descend like dew.

5

For this is he that dared the almighty foe,
Looked up, and gave the Olympian blow for blow,
  And dragged the phantom from his fancied skies—
The Samian Sage—the first of those that know.

6

Him not the splintered lightnings, nor the roll
Of thunders daunted. Undismayed, his soul
  Rose, and outsoared the thunder, plumbed the abyss,
And scanned the wheeling worlds from pole to pole ;

7

And from the abyss brought back for you and me
The secret that alone can set men free.
  He showed us how the worlds and worlds began,
And what things can, and what things cannot be.

8

And as I hear his clarion, I—I too
See earth and heaven laid open to my view ;
  And lo, from earth and heaven the curse is gone,
And all the things that are, are born anew.

9

Vision divine! Far off in crystal air,
What forms are these? The immortal Gods are there.
  Ay—but what Gods? Not those that trembling men
Would bribe with victims, and appease with prayer.

10

Far off they lie, where storm-winds never blow,
Nor ever storm-cloud moves across the glow;
  Nor frost of winter nips them, nor their limbs
Feel the white fluttering of one plume of snow.

11

They rest at ease, and make perpetual cheer
Far off. From them we nothing have to fear,
  Nothing to hope. How should the calm ones hate?
The tearless know the meaning of a tear?

12

We leave, we bless them, in their homes on high.
No atheist is my master, he, nor I:
  But when I turn, and seek the stain of Hell
Which flames and smokes along the nadir sky,

13

Even as I gaze the ancient shapes of ill
Flicker and fade. From off the accursed hill
  The huge stone melts. The Ixionian wheel
Rests, and the barkings of the hound are still.

14

The damned forbear to shriek, their wounds to bleed,
The fires to torture, and the worm to feed;
  And stars are glittering through the rift, where once
The stream went wailing 'twixt its leagues of reed:

15

And all the pageant goes; whilst I, with awe,
See in its place the things my master saw;
  See in its place the three eternal things—
The only three—atoms and space and law.

16

Hearken, oh earth! Hearken, oh heavens bereft
Of your old gods, these ageless Fates are left,
  Who are at once the makers and the made,
Who are at once the weavers and the weft.

17

All things but these arise and fail and fall,
From flowers to stars—the great things and the small,
  Whilst the great Sum of all things rests the same,
The all-creating, all-devouring All.

18

Oh you who with me, in my master's car,
Up from the dens of faith have risen afar,
  Do not you see at last on yonder height
A light that burns and beacons like a star?

19

Do not you sniff the morning in our flight?
The air turns cool, the dusk team turns to white.
  Night's coursers catch the morning on their manes,
The dews are on the pasterns of the night.

20

At last we are near the secret, oh my friend.
Patience awhile! We soon shall reach the end—
  The gospel of the everlasting death.
Incline your ear to reason, and attend.

III

1

No single thing abides; but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings—the things thus grow
  Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.

2

Globed from the atoms falling slow or swift
I see the suns, I see the systems lift
  Their forms; and even the systems and the suns
Shall go back slowly to the eternal drift.

3

Those blue and shining seas in delicate haze
Shall go ; and yonder sands forsake their place ;
  And where they are, shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

4

Behold the terraced towers, and monstrous round
Of league-long ramparts rise from out the ground,
  With gardens in the clouds. Then all is gone,
And Babylon is a memory and a mound.

5

Observe this dew-drenched rose of Tyrian grain—
A rose to-day. But you will ask in vain
  To-morrow what it is ; and yesterday
It was the dust, the sunshine and the rain.

6

This bowl of milk, the pitch on yonder jar,
Are strange and far-bound travellers come from far.
  This is a snowflake that was once a flame—
The flame was once the fragment of a star.

7

Round, angular, soft, brittle, dry, cold, warm,
Things *are* their qualities : things *are* their form—
  And these in combination, even as bees,
Not singly but combined, make up the swarm :

8

And when the qualities like bees on wing,
Having a moment clustered, cease to cling,
  As the thing dies without its qualities,
So die the qualities without the thing.

9

Where is the coolness when no cool winds blow?
Where is the music when the lute lies low?
  Are not the redness and the red rose one,
And the snow's whiteness one thing with the snow?

10

Even so, now mark me, here we reach the goal
Of science, and in little have the whole—
  Even as the redness and the rose are one,
So with the body one thing is the soul.

11

Consider! From the blind dark, and the night,
The wave of being surges into sight,
  And like a shipwrecked sailor bears the babe,
And casts it bleating on the shores of light.

12

A cry, a helpless pain is all it is,
Which knows not if its limbs be yours or his,
  Which reasons not, which thinks not; and last spring
When these green trees were brown, 'twas less than this.

13

Tissue by tissue to a soul it grows,
As leaf by leaf the rose becomes the rose.
  Tissue from tissue rots; and, as the Sun
Goes from the bubbles when they burst, it goes.

14

It goes beyond recapture and recall,
Lost in the all-indissoluble All:—
  Gone like the rainbow from the fountain's foam,
Gone like the spindrift shuddering down the squall.

15

The seeds that once were You take flight and fly,
Dusting the earth, or scattered on the sky,
  Not lost but disunited. Life lives on.
It is the lives, the lives, the lives, that die—

16

Die like each spark that leaps so fast and free
Upon the waves of Sunrise. Souls shall be
  Things that outlast their bodies, when each spark
Outlasts its wave, each wave outlasts the sea.

17

Oh Science, lift aloud thy voice that stills
The pulse of fear, and though the conscience thrills—
  Thrills through the conscience with the news of peace,
How beautiful thy feet are on the hills!

18

Death is for us, then, nothing—a mere name
For the mere noiseless ending of a flame.
  It hurts us not, for there is nothing left
To hurt: and as of old, when Carthage came

19

To battle, we and ours felt naught at all,
Nor quailed to see the invading ruin fall
  On all our quiet homes, nor heard our fields
Shaken beneath the hordes of Hannibal,

20

But slumbered on and on, nor cared a jot,
Deaf to the stress, and tumult, though the lot
  Of things was doubtful, to which lords should fall
The rule of all—but we, we heeded not—

21

So when that wedlock of the flesh and mind
Which makes us what we are, shall cease to bind,
  And mind and flesh, being mind and flesh no more,
Powdered to dust go whistling down the wind,

22

Even as our past was shall our future be.
Others may start and tremble, but not we,
  Though heaven be darkened with the dust of earth,
Or all the earth be sunk beneath the sea.

23

Why then torment ourselves, and shrink aghast
Like timorous children from the great At Last?
  For though the Future holds its face averse,
See that hid face reflected in the past,

24

As in a shield. Look! Does some monster seem
To threaten there? Is that the Gorgon's gleam?
  What meets your eyes is nothing—or a face
Even gentler than a sleep without a dream.

25

Yet, when some loved one is about to cease
From toil, and lapse into perpetual peace,
  Still will the mourners stand about his bed,
And sting his parting hour with words like these—

26

'Never shalt thou behold thy dear home more,
Never thy wife await thee at thy door,
  Never again thy little climbing boy
A father's kindness in thine eyes explore.

27

'All you have toiled for, all you have gained,' they say,
'And loved, is taken in one single day:'—
  But never add, 'All memory, all desire,
All love—these likewise shall have passed away.'

28

Ah ignorant mourners! Did they only see
The fate which Death indeed lays up for thee,
  How would they sing a different song from this—
'Oh friend, not thou the sufferer—thou; but we.

29

'Thou hast lost us all; but thou, redeemed from pain,
Shalt sleep the sleep that kings desire in vain.
  Thou hast left us all: and lo, for us, for us,
A void that never shall be filled again.

30

'Not thine, but ours, to see the sharp flames thrust
Their daggers through the hands we clasped in trust;
  To see the dear lips crumble, and at last
To brood above a bitter pile of dust.

31

'Not thine, but ours is this. All pain is fled
From thee, and we are wailing in thy stead,
  Not for the dead that leave the loved behind,
But for the living that must lose their dead.'

32

Oh ye of little faith, who fear to scan
The inevitable hour that ends your span,
  If me you doubt, let Nature find a voice;
And will not Nature reason thus with man?

33

'Fools,' she will say, 'whose petulant hearts and speech
Dare to arraign, and long to over-reach,
  Mine ordinance—I see two schools of fools.
Silent be both, and I will speak with each.

34

'And first for thee, whose whimpering lips complain
That all life's wine for thee is poured in vain,
  That each hour spills it like a broken cup
Ere you can taste it—not a loss, but gain

35

'Is Death for thee—Death who at last will slake
Your life's thirst from a cup that shall not break.
  Cease then your mutterings. Drain that wine-cup dry,
Nor fear the wine. Why should you wish to wake?

36

'And next for thee, who hast eaten and drunk with zest
At my most delicate table of the best,
  Yet when the long feast ends art loth to go,
Why not, oh fool, rise like a sated guest—

37

'Rise like some guest who has drunk well and deep,
And now no longer can his eyelids keep
  Apart, rise up and hie thee to thy bed,
And enter calmly on the unending sleep?

38

'What, will you strive with me, and say me "No,"
Like some distempered child; and whisper low,
"Give me but one life more, one hour, to drink
One draught of some new sweetness ere I go"?

39

'Oh three times fool! For could I only do
The impossible thing you ask, and give to you
Not one life more, but many, 'twere in vain.
You would find nothing sweet, and nothing new.

40

'Pleasure and power, the friend's, the lover's kiss,
Would bring you weariness in place of bliss.
You would turn aside, and say "I have known them all,
And am long tired of this, and this, and this."

41

'Nature can nothing do she has not done—
Nature, to whom a thousand lives are one:
And though a thousand lives were yours to endure,
You would find no new thing beneath the Sun.

42

'Children of ended joy, and ended care,
I tell you both, take back, take back your prayer;
For one life's joys and loves, or one life's load,
Are all, my friends, that one man's bones can bear.'

43

Such, if the mute Omnipotence were free
To speak, which it is not, its words would be.
Could you gainsay them? Lend your ears once more
Not to the mute Omnipotence, but me.

44

For I, if still you are haunted by the fear
Of Hell, have one more secret for your ear.
Hell is indeed no fable; but, my friends,
Hell and its torments are not there but here.

45

No Tantalus down below with craven head
Cowers from the hovering rock : but here instead
  A Tantalus lives in each fond wretch who fears
An angry God, and views the heavens with dread.

46

No Tityos there lies prone, and lives to feel
The beak of the impossible vulture steal
  Day after day out of his bleeding breast
The carrion of the insatiable meal.

47

But you and I are Tityos, when the dire
Poison of passion turns our blood to fire ;
  For despised love is crueller than the pit,
And bitterer than the vulture's beak desire.

48

Hell holds no Sisyphus who, with toil and pain,
Still rolls the huge stone up the hill in vain.
  But he is Sisyphus who, athirst for power,
Fawns on the crowd, and toils and fails to gain

49

The crowd's vile suffrage. What a doom is his—
Abased and unrewarded ! Is not this
  Ever to roll the huge stone up the hill,
And see it still rebounding to the abyss ?

50

Oh forms of fear, oh sights and sounds of woe !
The shadowy road down which we all must go
  Leads not to these, but from them. Hell is here,
Here in the broad day. Peace is there below.

51

Think yet again, if still your fears protest,
Think how the dust of this broad road to rest
  Is homely with the feet of all you love,
The wisest, and the bravest, and the best.

52

Ancus has gone before you down that road.
Scipio, the lord of war, the all-dreaded goad
  Of Carthage, he too, like his meanest slave,
Has travelled humbly to the same abode.

53

Thither the singers, and the sages fare,
Thither the great queens with their golden hair.
  Homer himself is there with all his songs;
And even my mighty Master's self is there.

54

There too the knees that nursed you, and the clay
That was a mother once, this many a day
  Have gone. Thither the king with crownèd brows
Goes, and the weaned child leads him on the way.

55

Brother and friend, and art thou still averse
To tread that road? And will the way be worse
  For thee than them? Dost thou disdain or fear
To tread the road of babes, and emperors?

56

Is life so sweet a thing then, even for those
On whom it smiles in all its bravest shows?
  See, in his marble hall, the proud lord lies,
And seems to rest, but does not know repose.

57

'Bring me my chariot,' to his slaves he cries.
The chariot comes. With thundering hoofs he flies—
  Flies to his villa, where the calm arcades
Prophesy peace, and fountains cool the skies.

58

Vain are the calm arcades, the fountain's foam,
Vain the void solitude he calls a home.
  'Bring me my chariot,' like a hunted thing
He cries once more, and thunders back to Rome.

59

So each man strives to flee that secret foe
Which is himself. But move he swift or slow,
  That Self, for ever punctual at his heels,
Never for one short hour will let him go.

60

How, could he only teach his eyes to see
The things that are, the things that cannot be,
  He would hail the road by which he shall at last
Escape the questing torturer, and be free!

61

He shall escape it by the very way
On which fear whispers him 'twill turn to bay:
  For on that road the questing monster dies
Like a man's shadow on a sunless day.

62

Brother and friend, this life brings joy and ease
And love to some, to some the lack of these—
  Only the lack; to others tears and pain;
But at the last it brings to all the peace

63

That passes understanding. Sweet, thrice sweet,
This healing Gospel of the unplumbed retreat,
  Where, though not drinking, we shall no more thirst,
And meeting not, shall no more wish to meet.

64

'Thy wife, thy home, the child that climbed thy knee
Are sinking down like sails behind the sea.'
  Breathe to the dying this; but breathe as well
'All love for these shall likewise pass from thee.'

65

Brother, if I should watch the last light shine
From your loved eyes, those dying ears of thine
  Should hear me murmur what, when my hour comes,
I would some friend might murmur into mine.

66

'Rest, rest perturbèd bosom—heart forlorn
With thoughts of ended joys, and evil borne,
  And—worse—of evil done: for they, like thee,
Shall rest—those others thou hast made to mourn.

67

'Rest, brother, rest. Have you done ill or well,
Rest, rest. There is no God, no Gods, who dwell
  Crowned with avenging righteousness on high,
Nor frowning ministers of their hate in Hell.

68

None shall accuse thee, none shall judge: for lo,
Those others have forgotten long ago:
  And all thy sullied drifts of memory
Shall lie as white, shall lie as cold as snow:

69

And no vain hungering for the joys of yore
Gone with the vanished sunsets, nor the sore
  Torn in your heart by all the ills you did,
Nor even the scars of those poor ills you bore;

70

And no omnipotent wearer of a crown
Of righteousness, nor fiend with branded frown
  Swart from the flame, shall break or reach your rest,
Or stir your temples from the eternal down.

TALBOT OF URSULA
BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON

I

THE Señora as usual had written a formal little note in the morning asking John Talbot to eat his birthday dinner at the Rancho de los Olivos. Although he called once a week the year round on the Señora she never offered him more than a glass of angelica or a cup of chocolate on any other occasion; but for his natal day she had a turkey killed, and her aged cook prepared so many hot dishes and *dulces* of the old time that Talbot was a wretched man for three days. But he would have endured misery for six rather than forego this feast, and the brief embrace of home life that accompanied it.

The Señora and the padre of the Mission were Talbot's only companions in Santa Ursula, although for political reasons he often dropped in at the saloon of the village and discussed with its polyglot customers such affairs of the day as penetrated this remote corner of California. And yet for twenty-three years he had lived in Santa Ursula, year in and year out, save for brief visits to San Francisco, Sacramento, and the Southern towns.

Why had he stayed on in this God-forsaken hole after he became a rich man? He asked himself the question with some humour as he walked up and down the corridor of the Mission on this his fortieth birthday; and he had asked it many times.

To some souls the perfect peace, the warm drowsy beauty of the scene would be a conclusive answer. Two friars in their brown robes passed and repassed him, reading their prayers. Beyond the arches of the corridor, abruptly below the plateau on which stood the long white Mission, was, so far as the eye was responsible, an illimitable valley, cutting the horizon on the south and west, cut by the mountains of Santa Barbara on the east. The sun was brazen in a dark blue sky and under its downpour the vast olive orchard which covered the valley looked like a silver sea. The glittering ripples met the blue of the horizon sharply, crinkled against the lower spurs of the mountain. As a bird that had skimmed its surface, then plunged for a moment, rose again, Talbot half expected to see it shake bright drops from its wings. He sighed involuntarily as he reflected that in the dark caves and arbours below it was very cool, far cooler than he would be during an eight-mile ride under the midday sun of Southern California. Then he remembered that the Señora's *sala* was also dark and cool, and that part of his way lay through the cottonwoods and willows by the river; and he smiled whimsically again. He had salted his long sojourn at Santa Ursula with much philosophy.

One mountain peak, detached from the range and within a mile of the Mission, was dense and dark with forest, broken only here and there by the boulders the earth had flung on high in her restless youth. There was but a winding trail to the top and few made acquaintance with it. John Talbot knew it well, and that to which it led—a lake in the very cup of the peak, so clear and bright that it reflected every needle of the dark pines embracing it.

And to the west of the Mission, past the river with its fringe of cottonwoods and willows, beyond a long dusty road which led through fields and cañon and over more than one hill—was the old adobe house of the Rancho de los Olivos.

Talbot was a practical man of business to-day. The olive orchard was his, the toy hotel at the end of the plateau, the land on which had sprung the rough village, with its one store, its prosperous saloon, its post-office, and several shanties of citizens not altogether estimable. He was also a man of affairs, for he had represented the district for two years at the State Legislature, and was spoken of as a future Senator. It cannot be said that the people among whom he had spent so many years of his life loved him, for he was reserved and had never been known to slap a man on the back. Moreover, it was believed that he subscribed to a San Francisco daily paper, which he did not place on file in the saloon, and that he had a large library of books in one of his rooms at the Mission. As far as the neighbours could see, the priest was the only man in the district in whom he found companionship. Nevertheless he was respected and trusted as a man must be who has never broken his word nor taken advantage of another for twenty-three years; and even those who resented the manifest antagonism of his back to the national familiarity felt that the dignity and interests of the State would be safe in his hands. Even those most in favour of 'rotation' had concluded that it would not be a bad idea to put him in Congress for life, after the tacit fashion of the New England States. At all events, they would try him in the House of Representatives for two or three terms, and then, if he satisfied their expectations and demonstrated his ability to California, they would canvass the State for him and make him Senator. Santa Ursula had but one street, but its saloon was the heart of a hundred-mile radius. And it was as proud as an old don. When its leading citizen became known far and wide as 'Talbot of Ursula,' a title conferred by the members of his legislature to distinguish him from two colleagues of the same name, its pride in him knew no bounds. The local papers found it an effective headline, and the title clung to him for the rest of his life.

It was only when a newspaper reporter interviewed Talbot after his election to the State Senate that his district learned he was by birth an Englishman. He had emigrated with his parents at the age of fourteen, however, and as the population of his district included

Germans, Irish, Swedes, Mexicans, and Italians, his nationality mattered little. Moreover, he had made his own fortune, barring the start his uncle had given him, and he was an American every inch of him. England was but a peaceful dream, a vale of the hereafter's rest set at the wrong end of life. He recalled but one incident of that time, but on that incident his whole life had hinged.

It was some years now since it had grouped itself, a tableau of grey ghosts, in his memory, but he invoked it to-day, although it seemed to have no place in the hot languid morning, with that Southern sea, hiding its bitter fruit, breaking almost at the feet of this long white red-tiled Mission whose silver bells had once called hundreds of Indians to prayer. (They rang with vehemence still, but few responded.) Nevertheless the memory rose and held him.

His mother, a widow, had kept a little shop in his native village. He had gone to school since the tender age of five, and had paid more attention to his books than to the village battle-ground, for he grew rapidly and was very delicate until the change to the new world made a man of him. But he loved his books, the other boys were kind to him, and altogether he was not ill-pleased with life when one day his mother bade him put on his best clothes and come with her to a wedding. He grumbled disdainfully, for he had an interesting book in his hand; but he was used to obey his mother; he tumbled into his Sunday clothes and followed her and other dames to the old stone church at the top of the village. The daughter of the great family of the neighbourhood was to be married that morning, and all the little girls of John's acquaintance were dressed in white and had strewn the main street and the road beyond, as far as the castle gates, with flowers. He thought it a silly business and a sinful waste of posies; but in the churchyard he took his place in the throng with a certain feeling of curiosity.

The bride happened to be one of the beauties of her time; but it was not so much her beauty that made John stare at her with expanding eyes and mouth as she drove up in an open carriage, then walked down the long path from the gate to the church. He had seen beauty before; but never that look and air of a race far above his own, of light impertinent pride, never a lissom daintily stepping figure and a head carried as if it bore a star rather than a bridal wreath. He had not dreamed of anything alive resembling this, and he knew she was not an angel. After she had entered the church he drew a long breath and glanced sharply at the village beauties. They looked like coarse red apples; and, alas, his mother was of their world.

When the bride reappeared he stared hard at her again, but this time he noticed that there were similar delicate beings in her train. She was not the only one of her kind, then. The discovery filled

him with amazement, which was followed by a curious sensation of hope. He broke away from his mother and ran after the carriage for nearly a mile, determined to satisfy his eager eyes as long as might be. The bride noticed him, and, smiling, tossed him a rose from her bouquet. He had that flower yet.

It was a week before he confided to his mother that when he grew up he intended to marry a lady. Mrs. Talbot stared, then laughed. But when he repeated the statement a few evenings later during their familiar hour, she told him peremptorily to put such ideas out of his head, that the likes of him didn't marry ladies. And when she explained why, with the brutal directness she thought necessary, John was as depressed as a boy of fourteen can be. It was but a week later, however, that his mother, upon announcing her determination to emigrate to America, said to him: 'And perhaps you'll get that grand wish of yours. Out there I've heard say as how one body's as good as another, so if you're a good boy and make plenty of brass, you can marry a lady as well as not.' She forgot the words immediately, but John never forgot them.

Mrs. Talbot died soon after their arrival in New York, and the brother who had sent for her put John to school for two years. One day he told him to pack his trunk and accompany him to California in search of gold. They bought a comfortable emigrant waggon and joined a large party about to cross the plains in quest of El Dorado. During that long momentous journey John felt like a character in a book of adventures, for they had no less than three encounters with Red Indians, and two of his party were scalped. He always felt young again when he recalled those days. It was one of those episodes in life when everything was exactly as it should be.

He and his uncle remained in the San Joaquin valley for a year, and although they were not so fortunate as many others, they finally moved to San Francisco the richer by a few thousands. Here Mr. Quick opened a gambling house and saloon and made money far more rapidly than he had done in the northern valley—where, in truth, he had lost much by night that he had panned out by day. But being a virtuous uncle, if an imperfect member of society, he soon sent John to the country to look after a ranch near the Mission of Santa Ursula. The young man never knew that this fine piece of property had been won over the gambling table from Don Roberto Ortega, one of the maddest grandees in the Californias. His grant embraced some fifty thousand acres and was bright in patches with little olive orchards. John planted with olive-trees, at his own expense, the twelve thousand acres which had fallen to his uncle's share; the two men were to be partners and the younger was to inherit the elder's share. He inherited nothing else, for his uncle married a Mexican woman who knifed him and made off with what little money had been put aside from current extravagances.

But John worked hard, bought varas in San Francisco whenever he had any spare cash, supplied almost the entire State with olives and olive oil, and in time became a rich man.

And his ideal? Only the Indians had driven it temporarily into the unused chambers of his memory. Not gold mines, nor his brief taste of the wild hot life of San Francisco, nor hard work among his olive-trees, nor increasing wealth and importance, had driven from his mind that desire born among the tombstones of his native village. It was the woman herself with a voice as silver as his own olive-leaves who laughed his dream to death, and left him, still handsome, strong, and lightly touched by Time, a bachelor at forty.

He saw nothing of women for several years after he came to the Mission, for the one ranch house in the neighbourhood was closed, and there was no village then. He worked among his olive-trees contentedly enough, spending long profitable evenings with the intellectual priests who made him one of their family, and studying law and his favourite science, political economy. Although the boy was very handsome, with his sunburnt well-cut face and fine figure, it never occurred to the priests that the most romantic of hearts beat beneath that shrewd accumulative brain. Of women, he had never spoken, except when he had confided to his friends that he was glad to get away from the very sight of the terrible creatures of San Francisco; and that he dreamed for hours among his olive-trees of the thoroughbred creature who was one day to reward his labours and make him the happiest of mortals never entered the imagination of the good padres.

He was twenty, and the ranch was his when he met Delfina Carillo. Don Roberto Ortega had opportunely died before gambling away more than half of his estate, and his widow, who was delicate, left the ranch near Montery, where they had lived for many years, and came to bake brown in the hot suns of the South. Her son, Don Enrique, came with her, and John saw him night and morning riding about the country at top speed, sometimes clattering up to the corridor of the Mission and calling for a glass of wine. He was a magnificent caballero, slim and dark, with large melting eyes and long hair on a little head. He wore small-clothes of gaily-coloured silk, with much lace on his shirt and silver on his sombrero. His long yellow botas were laced with silver, and his saddle was so loaded with the same metal that only a Californian horse could have carried it. John turned up his nose at this gorgeous apparition, and likened him to a 'play actor' and a circus rider; nevertheless, he was very curious to see something of the life of the Californian grandee, of which he had heard much and seen nothing, and when Padre Ortega, who was a cousin of the widow, told him that a large company was expected within a fortnight, and that he had asked permission to take his young friend to the ball with which the

festivities would open, John began to indulge in the pleasurable anticipations of youth.

But he did not occupy the interval with dreams alone. He went to San Francisco and bought himself a wardrobe suitable for polite society. It was an American outfit, not Californian, but had John possessed the wealth of the northern valleys he would not have been induced to put himself into silk and lace.

The stage did not go to Santa Ursula, but a servant met him at a station twenty miles from home with a horse, and a cart for his trunk. He washed off the dust of three days' travel in a neighbouring creek, then jumped on his big bay mare, and started at a mild gallop for his ranch. He felt like singing his contentment with the world, for the morning was radiant, he was on one of the finest horses in the country, and he was as light of heart as a boy should be who has received a hint from fortune that he is one of the favourites. He looked forward to the social ordeal without apprehension, for by this time he had all the native American's sense of independence, he had barely heard the word 'gentleman' since his arrival in the new country, his education was all that could be desired, he was a landed proprietor, and intended to be a rich and successful man. No wonder he wanted to sing.

He had ridden some eight or ten miles, meeting no one in that great wilderness of early California, when he suddenly drew rein and listened. He was descending into a narrow cañon on whose opposite slope the road continued to the interior; his way lay sharply to the south when he reached the narrow stream between the walls of the cañon. The sound of many voices came over the hills opposite, and the voices were light and young and gay. John remembered that it was time for Doña Martina's visitors to arrive, and guessed at once that he was about to fall in with one of the parties. The young Californians travelled on horseback in those days, thinking nothing of forty miles under a midsummer sun. John, who was the least self-conscious of mortals, was moved to gratitude that he wore a new suit of grey serge and had left the dust of stage travel in the creek.

The party appeared on the crest of the hill and began the descent into the cañon. John raised his cap and the caballeros responded with a flourish of sombreros. It would be some moments before they could meet, and John was glad to stare at the brilliant picture they made. Life suddenly seemed unreal, unmodern to him. He forgot his olive-trees and recalled the tales the priests had told him of the pleasures and magnificence of the Californian dons before the American occupation.

The caballeros were in silk, every one of them, and for variety of hue they would have put a June garden to the blush. Their linen and silver were dazzling, and the gold-coloured coats of their horses seemed a reflection of the sun. These horses had silver tails and

manes, and seemed invented for the brilliant creatures who rode them. The girls were less gorgeous than the caballeros, for they wore delicate flowered gowns, and a strip of silk about their heads, instead of sombreros trimmed with silver eagles. But they filled John's eye, and he forgot the caballeros. They had long black braids of hair and large dark eyes and white skins, and at that distance they all looked beautiful; but although John worshipped beauty even in the form of olive-trees and purple mists, it was not the loveliness of these Spanish girls that set his pulses beating and sent the blood to his head. This was almost his first sight of gentlewomen since the memorable day in his native village, and the certainty that his opportunity had come at last filled him with both triumph and terror as he spurred down the slope, then paused and watched the cavalcade pick their way down through the golden grass and the thick green brush of the cañon. In a moment he recognised Don Enrique Ortega, who spoke to him pleasantly enough as he rode into the creek and dropped his bridle that his horse might drink. The two young men had met at the Mission, and although Enrique regarded the conquerors of his country as an inferior race, John was as good as any of them, and doubtless it was best to make no enemies. Moreover, his manners were very good.

'Ah, Don Juan,' he exclaimed, 'you have make the visit to Yerba Buena—San Francisco you call him now, no? I go this morning to meet my friends who make for the Rancho de los Olivos so great an honour. Si you permit me I introduce you, for you are the friend de my cousin, Padre Ortega.'

The company had scattered down the stream to refresh their horses, making a long banner of colour in the dark cañon. Don Enrique led John along the line and presented him solemnly to each in turn. The caballeros protested eternal friendship with vehement insincerity, and the girls flashed their eyes and teeth at the blue-eyed young American without descending from their unconscious pride of sex and race. They had the best blood of Spain in them, and an American was an American, be he never so agreeable to contemplate.

The girls looked much alike in the rebosos which framed their faces so closely, and John promptly fell in love with all of them at once. Selection could take place later; he was too happy to think of anything so serious as immediate marriage. But one of them he determined to have.

He rode out of the cañon with them, and they were gracious and chattered of the pleasures to come at the Rancho de los Olivos.

John noticed that Enrique kept persistently at the side of one maiden and rode a little ahead with her. She was very tall and slim, and so graceful that she swayed almost to her horse's neck when branches drooped too low. John began to wish for a glimpse of her face.

'That is Delfina Carillo,' said the girl beside him, following his gaze. 'She go to marry with Enrique, I theenk. He is very devot, and I theenk she like him, but no will say.'

Perhaps it was merely the fact that this dainty flower hung a trifle higher than the others that caused John's thoughts to concentrate upon her and roused his curiosity to such an extent that he drew his companion on to talk of the girl who was favoured by Enrique Ortega. He learned that she was the daughter of a great rancher near Santa Barbara and was La Favorita of all the country round.

'She have the place that Chonita Iturbi y Moncada have before, and many caballeros want to marry with her, but she no pay much attention; only now I theenk like Enrique. Ay, he sing so beautiful, Señor, no wonder si she loving him. Serenade her every night and she love the musica.'

'It certainly must be that,' thought John, 'for he hasn't an idea in his head.'

He did not see her until that night. The priest wore the brown robe of his order to the ball, and John his claw-hammer. They both looked out of place among those birds of brilliant plumage.

Doña Martina, large and coffee-coloured, with a moustache and many jewels, sat against the wall with other señoras of her kind. They wore heavy red and yellow satins, but the girls wore light silks that fluttered as they walked.

Doña Martina gave him a sleepy welcome and he turned his attention to the dancing in which he could take no part. He knew that his manners were good and his carriage easy, but the lighter graces had not come his way.

At the moment a girl was dancing alone in the middle of the *sala* and John knew instinctively that she was Delfina Carillo. Like the other girls she wore her hair high and confined by a tall comb, but her gown was white and trimmed with the lace of Spain. Her feet, of course, were tiny, and showed plainly beneath her slightly lifted skirts; and she danced with no perceptible effort, rather as if swayed by a light wind, like the pendent moss in the woods. She had just begun to dance when John entered, and the company was standing against the wall in silence, but in a few moments the young men began to mutter, then to clap and stamp, then to shout, and finally they plunged their hands wildly into their pockets and flung gold and silver at her feet. But she took no notice beyond a flutter of nostril, and continued to dance like a thing of light and air.

Her beauty was very great. John, young as he was, knew that it was hardly likely he should ever see beauty in such perfection again. It was not an intellectual face, but it was faultless of line and delicate

Enrique's attentions to his beautiful guest were persistent and unmistakable, and, moreover, he serenaded her nightly. John, riding about the ranch late, too restless to sleep, heard those dulcet tones raining compliments and vows upon Delfina's casement ; and swore so furiously that he terrified the night-birds.

But he, too, managed to keep close to Delfina, in spite of an occasional scowl from Enrique, who, however, held all Americans in too lofty a contempt to fear one. John had several little talks apart with Delfina, and it was not long before he discovered that nature had done little for the interior of that beautiful shell. She had read nothing, and thought almost as little. What intelligence she had was occupied with her regalities, and although sweet in spite of her hauteur, and unselfish notwithstanding her good fortune, as a companion she would mean little to any man. John, however, was in the throes of his first passion, and his nature was ardent and thorough. Had she been a fool, simpering instead of dignified, he would not have cared. She was beautiful and magnetic, and she embodied an ideal. The ideal, however, or rather the ambition that was its other half, played no part in his mind as his love deepened. He wanted the woman, and had he suddenly discovered that she was a changeling born among the people, his love and his determination to marry her would have abated not a tittle.

His olive-trees were neglected, and he spent the hours of their separations riding about the country with as little mercy on his horses as he had been a Californian born. Sometimes, touched by the youthful fervour in his eyes, Delfina would melt perceptibly and ask him a question or two about himself, a dazzling favour in one who held that words were made to rust. And once, when he lifted her off her horse under the heavy shadow of the trees, she gave him a glance which sent John far from her side, lest he make a fool of himself before the entire company. Meanwhile he was not unhappy, in spite of the wildness in his blood, for he found the tremors of love and hope and fear as sweet as they were extraordinary.

One evening the climax came.

Delfina expressed a wish to see the lake on the summit of the solitary peak. It had been discovered by the Indians, but was unknown to the luxurious Californians. The company was assembled on the long corridor traversing the front of the Casa Ortega when Delfina startled Enrique by a command to take them all to the summit that night.

'But, *señorita mia*,' exclaimed Enrique, turning pale at the thought of offending his goddess, 'there is no path. I do not know the way. And it is as steep as the tower of the Mission——'

John came forward. 'There is an Indian trail,' he said, 'and I have climbed it more than once. But it is very narrow—and steep, certainly.'

of colouring. The eyes were not only very large and black, but the lashes were so long and soft the wonder was they did not tangle. Her skin was white, her cheeks and lips were pink, her mouth was curved and flexible; and her figure, her arms and hands and feet had the expression in their perfect lines that her face lacked. John noted that she had a short upper lip, a haughty nostril and a carriage of the head that expressed pride both conscious and unconscious. It was with an effort that she bent it graciously as she glided from the floor, taking no notice of the offerings that had been flung at her feet.

And John loved her once and for all. She was the sublimation of every dream that his romantic heart had conceived. He felt faint for a moment at the difficulties which bristled between himself and this superlative being, but he was a youthful conqueror and life had been very amiable to him. He shook courage into his spirit and asked to be presented to her at once.

Her eyes swept his face indifferently, but something in the intense regard of his compelled her attention, and although she appeared to scorn conversation, she smiled once or twice; and when she smiled her face was dazzling.

'That was very wonderful, that dance, señorita; but does it not tire you?'

'No.'

'You are glad to give such great pleasure, I suppose?'

'Si——'

'You are so used to compliments—I know how the caballeros go on—you won't mind my saying it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw—and I have been about the world a bit.'

'Si?'

'I wish I could dance, if only to dance with you.'

'You no dance?' Her tone expressed polite scorn, although her voice was scarcely audible.

'Would—would—you talk out a dance with me?'

'Oh no.' She looked as astonished as if John had asked her to shut herself up alone in her room for the rest of the evening, and she swayed her back slowly upon him and lifted her hand to the shoulder of Enrique. In another moment she was gliding down the room in his arm and John noted that the colour in her cheek was deeper.

'It is impossible that she can care for that doll,' he thought, 'impossible.'

But in the days that followed he realised that the race was to be a hot one. He was included in all the festivities, and they went to *meriendas* among the cottonwoods by the river and in the hills, danced every night, were entertained by the priests at the Mission, and had bull-fights, horse-races, and many games of skill. Upon one occasion John was the happy host of a moonlight dance among his olive-trees.

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Delfina's eyes, which had flashed disdain upon Enrique, smiled upon John. 'We go with you,' she announced; 'to-night, for is moon. And I ride in front with you.'

On the whole, thought Talbot, glancing toward the great peak whose wilderness was still unrifled, that was the happiest night of his life. They outdistanced the others by a few yards, and they were obliged to ride so close that their shoulders touched. It was the full of the moon, but in the forest there was only an occasional splash of silver. They might have fancied themselves alone in primeval solitudes had it not been for the gay voices behind them. And never had Delfina been so enchanting. She even talked a little, but her accomplished coquetry needed few words. She could express more by a bend of the head or an inflection of the voice than other women could accomplish with vocabularies and brains. John felt his head turning, but retained wisdom enough to wait for a moment when they should be quite alone.

The lake looked like a large reflection of the moon itself, for the black trees shadowed but the edge of the waters. So great was the beauty of the scene that for a few moments the company gazed at it silently, and the mountain top remained as still as during its centuries of loneliness. But, finally, some one exclaimed, 'Ay, yi!' and then rose a chorus: 'Dios de mi alma!' 'Dios de mi vida!' 'Ay, California! California!' 'Ay, de mi, de mi, de mi!'

Everybody, even Enrique, was occupied. John caught the bridle of Delfina's horse, and forced it back into the forest. And then his words tumbled one over the other.

'I must, I must!' he said wildly, keeping down his voice with difficulty. 'I've scarcely had a chance to make you love me, but I can't wait to tell you—I love you! I love you! I want to marry you! Oh—I am choking!' He wrenched at his collar, and in truth he felt as if the very mountain were trembling.

Delfina had thrown back her head. 'Ay!' she remarked. Then she laughed.

She had no desire to be cruel, but her manifest amusement brought the blood down from John's head, and he shook from head to foot. His white face showed plainly in this fringe of the forest, and she ceased laughing and spoke kindly:

'Poor boy, I am sorry si I hurt you, but I no can marry you. Never I can love the Americano; no is like our men, so handsome, so graceful, so splendid. I like you, for are very nice boy, but I go to marry with Enrique. So no theenk more about it.' Then as he continued to stare, the youthful agony in his face touched her, and she leaned forward and said softly: 'Can kiss me once si you like. You are boy to me, no more, so I no mind.' And he kissed her with a violence of despair and passion which caused her maiden mind to wonder, and which she never experienced again.

He went no more to the Casa Ortega, and hid among his olive-trees when the company clattered by the Mission. At the end of another week she returned to her home, and three months later she returned as the bride of Enrique Ortega.

Talbot smiled slightly as he recalled the sufferings of the boy long dead. There had been months when he had felt half mad; then had succeeded several years of melancholy and a distaste for everything in life but work. He could not bring himself to sell the ranch and flee from the scene of his disappointment, for he was young enough to take a morbid pleasure in the very theatre of his failure.

He did not see Delfina again for three years. By that time she had three children and had begun to grow stout. But she was still very beautiful, and John kept out of her way for several years more.

But the years rolled round very swiftly. Doña Martina died. So did six of the ten children Delfina bore. Then Enrique died, leaving his diminished estates, his wife, and four little girls to the care of John Talbot.

This was after fourteen years of matrimony and six years of intimacy between Talbot and the family of Los Olivos. One day Enrique, in desperation at the encroachments of certain squatters, had bethought himself of the American, now the most influential man in the county, and gone to him for advice. Talbot had found him a good lawyer, lent him the necessary money, and the squatters were dispossessed. Enrique's gratitude for Talbot knew no bounds; he pressed the hospitality of Los Olivos upon him, and in time the two became fast friends.

Ortega and Delfina had jogged along very comfortably. She was an exemplary wife, a devoted mother and as excellent a housekeeper as became her traditions. He made a kind and indulgent husband, and if neither found much to say to the other their brief conversations were amiable. Enrique developed no wit with the years, but he was always a courteous host and played a good game of billiards, besides taking a mild interest in the affairs of the nation. John soon fell into the habit of spending two nights a week at the Rancho de los Olivos, and never failed to fill his pockets with sweets for the little girls, who preferred him to their father.

And his love? He used to fancy it was buried somewhere in the mausoleum of flesh which had built itself about Delfina Carillo. She weighed two hundred pounds, and her black hair and fine teeth were the only remnants of her splendid beauty. Her face was large and brown, and although she retained her dignity of carriage and moved with the old slow grace, she looked what she was, the Spanish mother of many children.

The change was gradual and brought no pang with it. John's memory was a good one, and sometimes when it turned to his youth and the one passion of his life, he felt something like a sob in his

Germans, Irish, Swedes, Mexicans, and Italians, his nationality mattered little. Moreover, he had made his own fortune, barring the start his uncle had given him, and he was an American every inch of him. England was but a peaceful dream, a vale of the hereafter's rest set at the wrong end of life. He recalled but one incident of that time, but on that incident his whole life had hinged.

It was some years now since it had grouped itself, a tableau of grey ghosts, in his memory, but he invoked it to-day, although it seemed to have no place in the hot languid morning, with that Southern sea, hiding its bitter fruit, breaking almost at the feet of this long white red-tiled Mission whose silver bells had once called hundreds of Indians to prayer. (They rang with vehemence still, but few responded.) Nevertheless the memory rose and held him.

His mother, a widow, had kept a little shop in his native village. He had gone to school since the tender age of five, and had paid more attention to his books than to the village battle-ground, for he grew rapidly and was very delicate until the change to the new world made a man of him. But he loved his books, the other boys were kind to him, and altogether he was not ill-pleased with life when one day his mother bade him put on his best clothes and come with her to a wedding. He grumbled disdainfully, for he had an interesting book in his hand; but he was used to obey his mother; he tumbled into his Sunday clothes and followed her and other dames to the old stone church at the top of the village. The daughter of the great family of the neighbourhood was to be married that morning, and all the little girls of John's acquaintance were dressed in white and had strewn the main street and the road beyond, as far as the castle gates, with flowers. He thought it a silly business and a sinful waste of posies; but in the churchyard he took his place in the throng with a certain feeling of curiosity.

The bride happened to be one of the beauties of her time; but it was not so much her beauty that made John stare at her with expanding eyes and mouth as she drove up in an open carriage, then walked down the long path from the gate to the church. He had seen beauty before; but never that look and air of a race far above his own, of light impertinent pride, never a lissom daintily stepping figure and a head carried as if it bore a star rather than a bridal wreath. He had not dreamed of anything alive resembling this, and he knew she was not an angel. After she had entered the church he drew a long breath and glanced sharply at the village beauties. They looked like coarse red apples; and, alas, his mother was of their world.

When the bride reappeared he stared hard at her again, but this time he noticed that there were similar delicate beings in her train. She was not the only one of her kind, then. The discovery filled

him with amazement, which was followed by a curious sensation of hope. He broke away from his mother and ran after the carriage for nearly a mile, determined to satisfy his eager eyes as long as might be. The bride noticed him, and, smiling, tossed him a rose from her bouquet. He had that flower yet.

It was a week before he confided to his mother that when he grew up he intended to marry a lady. Mrs. Talbot stared, then laughed. But when he repeated the statement a few evenings later during their familiar hour, she told him peremptorily to put such ideas out of his head, that the likes of him didn't marry ladies. And when she explained why, with the brutal directness she thought necessary, John was as depressed as a boy of fourteen can be. It was but a week later, however, that his mother, upon announcing her determination to emigrate to America, said to him: 'And perhaps you'll get that grand wish of yours. Out there I've heard say as how one body's as good as another, so if you're a good boy and make plenty of brass, you can marry a lady as well as not.' She forgot the words immediately, but John never forgot them.

Mrs. Talbot died soon after their arrival in New York, and the brother who had sent for her put John to school for two years. One day he told him to pack his trunk and accompany him to California in search of gold. They bought a comfortable emigrant waggon and joined a large party about to cross the plains in quest of El Dorado. During that long momentous journey John felt like a character in a book of adventures, for they had no less than three encounters with Red Indians, and two of his party were scalped. He always felt young again when he recalled those days. It was one of those episodes in life when everything was exactly as it should be.

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But John worked hard, bought varas in San Francisco whenever he had any spare cash, supplied almost the entire State with olives and olive oil, and in time became a rich man.

And his ideal? Only the Indians had driven it temporarily into the unused chambers of his memory. Not gold mines, nor his brief taste of the wild hot life of San Francisco, nor hard work among his olive-trees, nor increasing wealth and importance, had driven from his mind that desire born among the tombstones of his native village. It was the woman herself with a voice as silver as his own olive-leaves who laughed his dream to death, and left him, still handsome, strong, and lightly touched by Time, a bachelor at forty.

He saw nothing of women for several years after he came to the Mission, for the one ranch house in the neighbourhood was closed, and there was no village then. He worked among his olive-trees contentedly enough, spending long profitable evenings with the intellectual priests who made him one of their family, and studying law and his favourite science, political economy. Although the boy was very handsome, with his sunburnt well-cut face and fine figure, it never occurred to the priests that the most romantic of hearts beat beneath that shrewd accumulative brain. Of women, he had never spoken, except when he had confided to his friends that he was glad to get away from the very sight of the terrible creatures of San Francisco; and that he dreamed for hours among his olive-trees of the thoroughbred creature who was one day to reward his labours and make him the happiest of mortals never entered the imagination of the good padres.

He was twenty, and the ranch was his when he met Delfina Carillo. Don Roberto Ortega had opportunely died before gambling away more than half of his estate, and his widow, who was delicate, left the ranch near Montery, where they had lived for many years, and came to bake brown in the hot suns of the South. Her son, Don Enrique, came with her, and John saw him night and morning riding about the country at top speed, sometimes clattering up to the corridor of the Mission and calling for a glass of wine. He was a magnificent caballero, slim and dark, with large melting eyes and long hair on a little head. He wore small-clothes of gaily-coloured silk, with much lace on his shirt and silver on his sombrero. His long yellow botas were laced with silver, and his saddle was so loaded with the same metal that only a Californian horse could have carried it. John turned up his nose at this gorgeous apparition, and likened him to a 'play actor' and a circus rider; nevertheless, he was very curious to see something of the life of the Californian grandee, of which he had heard much and seen nothing, and when Padre Ortega, who was a cousin of the widow, told him that a large company was expected within a fortnight, and that he had asked permission to take his young friend to the ball with which the

festivities would open, John began to indulge in the pleasurable anticipations of youth.

But he did not occupy the interval with dreams alone. He went to San Francisco and bought himself a wardrobe suitable for polite society. It was an American outfit, not Californian, but had John possessed the wealth of the northern valleys he would not have been induced to put himself into silk and lace.

The stage did not go to Santa Ursula, but a servant met him at a station twenty miles from home with a horse, and a cart for his trunk. He washed off the dust of three days' travel in a neighbouring creek, then jumped on his big bay mare, and started at a mild gallop for his ranch. He felt like singing his contentment with the world, for the morning was radiant, he was on one of the finest horses in the country, and he was as light of heart as a boy should be who has received a hint from fortune that he is one of the favourites. He looked forward to the social ordeal without apprehension, for by this time he had all the native American's sense of independence, he had barely heard the word 'gentleman' since his arrival in the new country, his education was all that could be desired, he was a landed proprietor, and intended to be a rich and successful man. No wonder he wanted to sing.

He had ridden some eight or ten miles, meeting no one in that great wilderness of early California, when he suddenly drew rein and listened. He was descending into a narrow cañon on whose opposite slope the road continued to the interior; his way lay sharply to the south when he reached the narrow stream between the walls of the cañon. The sound of many voices came over the hills opposite, and the voices were light and young and gay. John remembered that it was time for Doña Martina's visitors to arrive, and guessed at once that he was about to fall in with one of the parties. The young Californians travelled on horseback in those days, thinking nothing of forty miles under a midsummer sun. John, who was the least self-conscious of mortals, was moved to gratitude that he wore a new suit of grey serge and had left the dust of stage travel in the creek.

The party appeared on the crest of the hill and began the descent into the cañon. John raised his cap and the caballeros responded with a flourish of sombreros. It would be some moments before they could meet, and John was glad to stare at the brilliant picture they made. Life suddenly seemed unreal, unmodern to him. He forgot his olive-trees and recalled the tales the priests had told him of the pleasures and magnificence of the Californian dons before the American occupation.

The caballeros were in silk, every one of them, and for variety of hue they would have put a June garden to the blush. Their linen and silver were dazzling, and the gold-coloured coats of their horses seemed a reflection of the sun. These horses had silver tails and

manes, and seemed invented for the brilliant creatures who rode them. The girls were less gorgeous than the caballeros, for they wore delicate flowered gowns, and a strip of silk about their heads, instead of sombreros trimmed with silver eagles. But they filled John's eye, and he forgot the caballeros. They had long black braids of hair and large dark eyes and white skins, and at that distance they all looked beautiful; but although John worshipped beauty even in the form of olive-trees and purple mists, it was not the loveliness of these Spanish girls that set his pulses beating and sent the blood to his head. This was almost his first sight of gentlewomen since the memorable day in his native village, and the certainty that his opportunity had come at last filled him with both triumph and terror as he spurred down the slope, then paused and watched the cavalcade pick their way down through the golden grass and the thick green brush of the cañon. In a moment he recognised Don Enrique Ortega, who spoke to him pleasantly enough as he rode into the creek and dropped his bridle that his horse might drink. The two young men had met at the Mission, and although Enrique regarded the conquerors of his country as an inferior race, John was as good as any of them, and doubtless it was best to make no enemies. Moreover, his manners were very good.

'Ah, Don Juan,' he exclaimed, 'you have make the visit to Yerba Buena—San Francisco you call him now, no? I go this morning to meet my friends who make for the Rancho de los Olivos so great an honour. Si you permit me I introduce you, for you are the friend de my cousin, Padre Ortega.'

The company had scattered down the stream to refresh their horses, making a long banner of colour in the dark cañon. Don Enrique led John along the line and presented him solemnly to each in turn. The caballeros protested eternal friendship with vehement insincerity, and the girls flashed their eyes and teeth at the blue-eyed young American without descending from their unconscious pride of sex and race. They had the best blood of Spain in them, and an American was an American, be he never so agreeable to contemplate.

The girls looked much alike in the rebosos which framed their faces so closely, and John promptly fell in love with all of them at once. Selection could take place later; he was too happy to think of anything so serious as immediate marriage. But one of them he determined to have.

He rode out of the cañon with them, and they were gracious and chattered of the pleasures to come at the Rancho de los Olivos.

John noticed that Enrique kept persistently at the side of one maiden and rode a little ahead with her. She was very tall and slim, and so graceful that she swayed almost to her horse's neck when branches drooped too low. John began to wish for a glimpse of her face.

'That is Delfina Carillo,' said the girl beside him, following his gaze. 'She go to marry with Enrique, I theenk. He is very devot, and I theenk she like him, but no will say.'

Perhaps it was merely the fact that this dainty flower hung a trifle higher than the others that caused John's thoughts to concentrate upon her and roused his curiosity to such an extent that he drew his companion on to talk of the girl who was favoured by Enrique Ortega. He learned that she was the daughter of a great rancher near Santa Barbara and was La Favorita of all the country round.

'She have the place that Chonita Iturbi y Moncada have before, and many caballeros want to marry with her, but she no pay much attention; only now I theenk like Enrique. Ay, he sing so beautiful, Señor, no wonder si she loving him. Serenade her every night and she love the musica.'

'It certainly must be that,' thought John, 'for he hasn't an idea in his head.'

He did not see her until that night. The priest wore the brown robe of his order to the ball, and John his claw-hammer. They both looked out of place among those birds of brilliant plumage.

Doña Martina, large and coffee-coloured, with a moustache and many jewels, sat against the wall with other señoras of her kind. They wore heavy red and yellow satins, but the girls wore light silks that fluttered as they walked.

Doña Martina gave him a sleepy welcome and he turned his attention to the dancing in which he could take no part. He knew that his manners were good and his carriage easy, but the lighter graces had not come his way.

At the moment a girl was dancing alone in the middle of the *sala* and John knew instinctively that she was Delfina Carillo. Like the other girls she wore her hair high and confined by a tall comb, but her gown was white and trimmed with the lace of Spain. Her feet, of course, were tiny, and showed plainly beneath her slightly lifted skirts; and she danced with no perceptible effort, rather as if swayed by a light wind, like the pendent moss in the woods. She had just begun to dance when John entered, and the company was standing against the wall in silence, but in a few moments the young men began to mutter, then to clap and stamp, then to shout, and finally they plunged their hands wildly into their pockets and flung gold and silver at her feet. But she took no notice beyond a flutter of nostril, and continued to dance like a thing of light and air.

Her beauty was very great. John, young as he was, knew that it was hardly likely he should ever see beauty in such perfection again. It was not an intellectual face, but it was faultless of line and delicate

of colouring. The eyes were not only very large and black, but the lashes were so long and soft the wonder was they did not tangle. Her skin was white, her cheeks and lips were pink, her mouth was curved and flexible ; and her figure, her arms and hands and feet had the expression in their perfect lines that her face lacked. John noted that she had a short upper lip, a haughty nostril and a carriage of the head that expressed pride both conscious and unconscious. It was with an effort that she bent it graciously as she glided from the floor, taking no notice of the offerings that had been flung at her feet.

And John loved her once and for all. She was the sublimation of every dream that his romantic heart had conceived. He felt faint for a moment at the difficulties which bristled between himself and this superlative being, but he was a youthful conqueror and life had been very amiable to him. He shook courage into his spirit and asked to be presented to her at once.

Her eyes swept his face indifferently, but something in the intense regard of his compelled her attention, and although she appeared to scorn conversation, she smiled once or twice ; and when she smiled her face was dazzling.

'That was very wonderful, that dance, señorita ; but does it not tire you ?'

'No.'

'You are glad to give such great pleasure, I suppose ?'

'Si——'

'You are so used to compliments—I know how the caballeros go on—you won't mind my saying it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw—and I have been about the world a bit.'

'Si ?'

'I wish I could dance, if only to dance with you.'

'You no dance ?' Her tone expressed polite scorn, although her voice was scarcely audible.

'Would—would—you talk out a dance with me ?'

'Oh no.' She looked as astonished as if John had asked her to shut herself up alone in her room for the rest of the evening, and she swayed her back slowly upon him and lifted her hand to the shoulder of Enrique. In another moment she was gliding down the room in his arm and John noted that the colour in her cheek was deeper.

'It is impossible that she can care for that doll,' he thought, 'impossible.'

But in the days that followed he realised that the race was to be a hot one. He was included in all the festivities, and they went to *meriendas* among the cottonwoods by the river and in the hills, danced every night, were entertained by the priests at the Mission, and had bull-fights, horse-races, and many games of skill. Upon one occasion John was the happy host of a moonlight dance among his olive-trees.

Enrique's attentions to his beautiful guest were persistent and unmistakable, and, moreover, he serenaded her nightly. John, riding about the ranch late, too restless to sleep, heard those dulcet tones raining compliments and vows upon Delfina's casement; and swore so furiously that he terrified the night-birds.

But he, too, managed to keep close to Delfina, in spite of an occasional scowl from Enrique, who, however, held all Americans in too lofty a contempt to fear one. John had several little talks apart with Delfina, and it was not long before he discovered that nature had done little for the interior of that beautiful shell. She had read nothing, and thought almost as little. What intelligence she had was occupied with her regalities, and although sweet in spite of her hauteur, and unselfish notwithstanding her good fortune, as a companion she would mean little to any man. John, however, was in the throes of his first passion, and his nature was ardent and thorough. Had she been a fool, simpering instead of dignified, he would not have cared. She was beautiful and magnetic, and she embodied an ideal. The ideal, however, or rather the ambition that was its other half, played no part in his mind as his love deepened. He wanted the woman, and had he suddenly discovered that she was a changeling born among the people, his love and his determination to marry her would have abated not a tittle.

His olive-trees were neglected, and he spent the hours of their separations riding about the country with as little mercy on his horses as he had been a Californian born. Sometimes, touched by the youthful fervour in his eyes, Delfina would melt perceptibly and ask him a question or two about himself, a dazzling favour in one who held that words were made to rust. And once, when he lifted her off her horse under the heavy shadow of the trees, she gave him a glance which sent John far from her side, lest he make a fool of himself before the entire company. Meanwhile he was not unhappy, in spite of the wildness in his blood, for he found the tremors of love and hope and fear as sweet as they were extraordinary.

One evening the climax came.

Delfina expressed a wish to see the lake on the summit of the solitary peak. It had been discovered by the Indians, but was unknown to the luxurious Californians. The company was assembled on the long corridor traversing the front of the Casa Ortega when Delfina startled Enrique by a command to take them all to the summit that night.

'But, *señorita mia*,' exclaimed Enrique, turning pale at the thought of offending his goddess, 'there is no path. I do not know the way. And it is as steep as the tower of the Mission——'

John came forward. 'There is an Indian trail,' he said, 'and I have climbed it more than once. But it is very narrow—and steep, certainly.'

Delfina's eyes, which had flashed disdain upon Enrique, smiled upon John. 'We go with you,' she announced; 'to-night, for is moon. And I ride in front with you.'

On the whole, thought Talbot, glancing toward the great peak whose wilderness was still unrifled, that was the happiest night of his life. They outdistanced the others by a few yards, and they were obliged to ride so close that their shoulders touched. It was the full of the moon, but in the forest there was only an occasional splash of silver. They might have fancied themselves alone in primeval solitudes had it not been for the gay voices behind them. And never had Delfina been so enchanting. She even talked a little, but her accomplished coquetry needed few words. She could express more by a bend of the head or an inflection of the voice than other women could accomplish with vocabularies and brains. John felt his head turning, but retained wisdom enough to wait for a moment when they should be quite alone.

The lake looked like a large reflection of the moon itself, for the black trees shadowed but the edge of the waters. So great was the beauty of the scene that for a few moments the company gazed at it silently, and the mountain top remained as still as during its centuries of loneliness. But, finally, some one exclaimed, 'Ay, yi!' and then rose a chorus: 'Dios de mi alma!' 'Dios de mi vida!' 'Ay, California! California!' 'Ay, de mi, de mi, de mi!'

Everybody, even Enrique, was occupied. John caught the bridle of Delfina's horse, and forced it back into the forest. And then his words tumbled one over the other.

'I must, I must!' he said wildly, keeping down his voice with difficulty. 'I've scarcely had a chance to make you love me, but I can't wait to tell you—I love you! I love you! I want to marry you! Oh—I am choking!' He wrenched at his collar, and in truth he felt as if the very mountain were trembling.

Delfina had thrown back her head. 'Ay!' she remarked. Then she laughed.

She had no desire to be cruel, but her manifest amusement brought the blood down from John's head, and he shook from head to foot. His white face showed plainly in this fringe of the forest, and she ceased laughing and spoke kindly:

'Poor boy, I am sorry si I hurt you, but I no can marry you. Never I can love the Americano; no is like our men, so handsome, so graceful, so splendid. I like you, for are very nice boy, but I go to marry with Enrique. So no theenk more about it.' Then as he continued to stare, the youthful agony in his face touched her, and she leaned forward and said softly: 'Can kiss me once si you like. You are boy to me, no more, so I no mind.' And he kissed her with a violence of despair and passion which caused her maiden mind to wonder, and which she never experienced again.

He went no more to the Casa Ortega, and hid among his olive-trees when the company clattered by the Mission. At the end of another week she returned to her home, and three months later she returned as the bride of Enrique Ortega.

Talbot smiled slightly as he recalled the sufferings of the boy long dead. There had been months when he had felt half mad; then had succeeded several years of melancholy and a distaste for everything in life but work. He could not bring himself to sell the ranch and flee from the scene of his disappointment, for he was young enough to take a morbid pleasure in the very theatre of his failure.

He did not see Delfina again for three years. By that time she had three children and had begun to grow stout. But she was still very beautiful, and John kept out of her way for several years more.

But the years rolled round very swiftly. Doña Martina died. So did six of the ten children Delfina bore. Then Enrique died, leaving his diminished estates, his wife, and four little girls to the care of John Talbot.

This was after fourteen years of matrimony and six years of intimacy between Talbot and the family of Los Olivos. One day Enrique, in desperation at the encroachments of certain squatters, had bethought himself of the American, now the most influential man in the county, and gone to him for advice. Talbot had found him a good lawyer, lent him the necessary money, and the squatters were dispossessed. Enrique's gratitude for Talbot knew no bounds; he pressed the hospitality of Los Olivos upon him, and in time the two became fast friends.

Ortega and Delfina had jogged along very comfortably. She was an exemplary wife, a devoted mother and as excellent a housekeeper as became her traditions. He made a kind and indulgent husband, and if neither found much to say to the other their brief conversations were amiable. Enrique developed no wit with the years, but he was always a courteous host and played a good game of billiards, besides taking a mild interest in the affairs of the nation. John soon fell into the habit of spending two nights a week at the Rancho de los Olivos, and never failed to fill his pockets with sweets for the little girls, who preferred him to their father.

And his love? He used to fancy it was buried somewhere in the mausoleum of flesh which had built itself about Delfina Carillo. She weighed two hundred pounds, and her black hair and fine teeth were the only remnants of her splendid beauty. Her face was large and brown, and although she retained her dignity of carriage and moved with the old slow grace, she looked what she was, the Spanish mother of many children.

The change was gradual and brought no pang with it. John's memory was a good one, and sometimes when it turned to his youth and the one passion of his life, he felt something like a sob in his

soul, a momentary echo of the old agony. But it was only an echo; he had outgrown it all long since. He sometimes wondered that he loved no other woman, why his ambition to have an aristocratic wife had died with his first passion; and concluded that the intensity of his nature had worn itself out in that period of prolonged suffering, and that he was incapable of loving again. And the experience had satisfied him that marriage without love would be a poor affair. Once in a while, after leaving the plain coffee-coloured dame who filled the doorway as she waved him good-bye, he sighed as he recalled the exquisite creature of his youth. But these sighs grew less and less frequent, for not only was the grass high above that old grave in his heart and he a busy and practical man, but the Señora Ortega had become the most necessary of his friends. What she lacked in brain she made up in sympathy, and she had developed a certain amount of intelligence with the years. It became his habit to talk to her of all his ambitions and plans, particularly after the death of Enrique, when they had many uninterrupted hours together.

Upon Ortega's death Talbot took charge of the estate at once, and into the particulars of her handsome income it never occurred to the widow to inquire. One by one the girls married, and Talbot dowered them all. They were pretty creatures, and John loved them, for each had in her face a morsel of Delfina Carillo's lost beauty; and if they recalled the pain of his youth they recalled its sweetness too. The Señora recalled neither.

For the last year she had been quite alone. Two of her daughters lived in the City of Mexico. One had married a Spanish Consul and returned with him to Spain. The other lived in San Francisco, and as soon as domestic affairs would permit intended to visit her sisters. Talbot, when at home, called on the Señora once a week and always carried a novel or an illustrated paper in his saddle-bag.

'Is the tragedy at this end or the other?' thought Talbot, as he walked up and down the Mission corridor on his fortieth birthday—'that I could not have her when I was mad about her, or that I can have her now and don't want her?'

He knew that the Señora was lonesome in her big house and would have welcomed a companion, but he knew also that the desire moved sluggishly in the depths of her lazy mind. If he were willing, well and good. If otherwise, it mattered not much.

His Indian servant cantered up with his horse, he gave a last regretful glance at the cool corridor of the Mission, then went out into the hot sun.

He was only a stone heavier than in the old days, but he rode more slowly, for this his favourite mare was no longer young. His day for breaking in bucking mustangs was over and he liked an animal that would behave itself as became the four-footed companion of his years.

The road through the pale green cottonwoods and willows that wooded the banks of the river—as dry as the heavens—was almost cold, and refreshingly dim ; but when the bed and its fringe turned abruptly to the south his way led for five sweltering miles through sunburnt fields and over hills as yellow as polished gold. The sky looked like dark blue metal in which a hole had been cut for a lake of fire. The heat it emptied quivered visibly in the parched fields, and the mountains swam in a purple haze. Talbot had a grape-leaf in his hat, and the suns of California had baked his complexion long since, but he wished that his birthday occurred in winter ; as he had wished many a time before.

It was an hour and a half before he rode into the grounds surrounding the Casa Ortega. Then he spurred his horse, for here were many old oak-trees and the atmosphere was twenty degrees cooler. A Mexican servant met him and he dismounted and walked the few remaining yards to the house. He sighed as he remembered that Herminia, the last of the girls to marry, had been there to kiss him on his last birthday. He would gladly have had all four back again, and now they had passed out of his life for ever.

The Casa Ortega was a very long adobe house one storey in height and one room deep, except in an ell where a number of rooms were bunched together. The Señora had it whitewashed every year, and the red tiles on the roof kept bright, therefore it had none of that pathetic look of old age peculiar to the adobe mansions of the dead grandees.

A long veranda traversed the front, supported by pillars and furnished with gaily painted chairs ; but it was empty, and Talbot entered the *sala* at once. It was a long room severely furnished in the old style, and facing the door was a painting of Delfina Carillo. Talbot rarely allowed his eyes to wander to this portrait. Had he dared he would have asked for its removal. The grass was long above the grave, but there are such things as ghosts.

The Señora was sitting in a corner of the dim cool room and rose at once to greet him. She came forward with a grace and a dignity of carriage that still had the power to prick his admiration. She was very dark and the old enchanting smile had lost its way long since in the large cheeks and heavy chin. Even her eyes no longer looked big, and the famous lashes had been worn down by many tears ; for there were six little graves in the Ortega corner of the Mission churchyard and she had loved her children devotedly. She carried her two hundred pounds as unconsciously as she had once carried her willowly inches, and she wore soft black cachemere in winter and lawn in summer, fastened at the throat with a miniature of the husband of her youth. She was only thirty-nine, but there was not a vestige of youth about her anywhere, and her whole being expressed a life lived, and a sleepy contentment with the fact.

Talbot often wondered if she had no hours of insupportable loneliness; but she gave no sign, and he concluded that novels and religion sufficed.

'So hot it is, no?' she said in her soft hardly audible tones, that, like her carriage and manner, were unchanged, 'You have the face very red, but feel better in a little while. Very cool here, no?'

'I feel ten years younger than I did a quarter of an hour ago. There was a time—alas!—when I could stand the suns of California for six hours at a stretch, but——'

'Ay, yes, we grow more old every year. Is twenty now since we *merienda* all day and dance all night—when I am a visitor here, no more; and you are a thin boy with the long legs and arms, and try to grow the moustache.'

It was the first time she had ever referred to their youth, and he stared at her. But her face was as placid as if she had been helping him to chicken with Chile sauce, and he wondered if it could change. Involuntarily he glanced at the portrait. It seemed alive with expression, and—the room was almost dark—he fancied the eyes were tragic.

'How can she stand it?' he thought. 'How *can* she?'

'You are improve,' she continued politely. 'The American mens no grow old like the Spanish—or like the women that have ten children and get so stout and have the troubles——'

'You have retained much, Señora,' exclaimed Talbot, blundering over the first compliment he had paid her in twenty years.

She smiled placidly and moved her head gently; the word 'shake' could never apply to any of her movements. 'I have the mirror—and the picture. And I no mind, Don Juan. When the woman bury the six children, no care si she grow old. The more soon grow old the more soon die and see the little ones—am always very fond of Enrique also,' she added, 'but when am young love more. He is very good man always, but he grow old like myself and very fat. Only you are improve, my friend. That one reason why always I am so glad to see you. Remind me of that time when all are young and happy.'

Old Marcia announced dinner, and Talbot sprang to his feet with a sensation of relief and offered the Señora his arm. She made no further references to their youth during the excellent and highly seasoned repast, but discussed the possibilities of the crops and listened with deep attention to the political forecast. She knew that politics were becoming the absorbing interest in the life of her friend, and, although she also knew that they would one day put a continent between herself and him, she had long since ceased to live for self, and never failed to encourage him.

When the last *dulce* had been eaten they went out upon the

veranda and talked drowsily of minor matters until both nodded in their comfortable chairs and finally fell asleep.

For a time the heavy dinner locked Talbot's brain, but finally he began to dream of his youth, and the scenes of which Delfina Carillo had been the heroine were flung from their rusty frames into the hot light of his memory, until he lived again the ecstasy and the anguish of that time. The morning's reminiscences had moved coldly in his mind, but so intense was his vision of the woman he had worshipped that she seemed bathed in light.

He awoke suddenly. The Señora still slept, and her face was as placid as in consciousness. It was slightly relaxed, but the time had not yet come for the pathetic loss of muscular control. Still, she looked so large and brown and stout that Talbot rose abruptly with an echo of the agony that had returned in sleep, and entered the *sala* and stood deliberately before the portrait. It had been painted by an artist of much ability. There was atmosphere behind it, which in the dim room detached it from the canvas; and the curved red mouth smiled, the eyes flashed with the triumph of youth and much conquest, the skin was as white as the moonflowers in the fields at night.

Talbot recalled the night he had taken this woman in his arms —not the woman on the veranda—and involuntarily he raised them to the picture. 'And I thought it was over,' he muttered, with a terrified gasp. 'But I believe I would give my immortal soul and everything I've accomplished in life if she would come out of that frame and the past for an hour and love me.'

'Whatte you say?' drawled a gentle voice. 'I fall asleep, no? Si you ring that little bell Marcia bring the chocolate. You find it too hot out here?'

'Oh no; I prefer it out of doors. It is cooler now, and I like all the air I can get.'

He longed to get away, but he sipped his chocolate and listened to the domestic details of his four vicarious daughters. The Señora was immensely proud of her five grandchildren. Their photographs were all over the house.

At six o'clock he shook hands with her and sprang on his horse. Half way down the avenue he turned his head, as usual. She stood on the veranda still, and smiled pleasantly to him, moving one of her large brown hands a little. He never saw the Señora again.

II

Talbot was obliged to go to San Francisco a day or two later, and when he returned the Señora was in bed with a severe cold. He sent her a box of books and papers and another of chocolates, and then forgot her in the excitement of the elections. It was the autumn of the year 1868, and he was an enthusiastic admirer of Grant. He

stumped the State for that admirable warrior and indifferent statesman, with the result that his own following increased; and his interest in politics waxed with each of several notable successes in behalf of the candidate. He finally announced decisively that he should run for Congress at the next elections, and a member of the House of Representatives from his district dying two days later, he was appointed at once to fill the vacant chair.

The Señora was still in bed with a persistent cold and cough when he left for Washington late in November, but he rode over to leave a good-bye with old Marcia, and ordered a bookseller in San Francisco to send her all the illustrated papers and magazines.

She entered his mind but seldom during those interesting months in Washington. Talbot became sure of his particular talent at last, and determined to remain in politics for the rest of his life. Moreover, the excitement until the fourth of March was intense, for Southern blood was still hot and bitter, and there were rumours in the air that Grant would be assassinated on the day of his inauguration. He was not, however, and Talbot was glad to be in Washington on that memorable day. He wrote the Señora an account both of the military appearance of the city and of the brilliant scene in the Senate Chamber, but she had ceased, for the time, to be a weekly necessity in his life.

And being a bachelor, wealthy, handsome, and properly launched, he was soon skimming that social sea of many crafts. For the first time since his abrupt severance from the Los Olivos festivities he enjoyed society. San Francisco's had seemed a poor imitation of what novels described, but Washington was full of brilliant interest. And he met more than one woman who recalled his boyish ideals, women who were far more like the vision in the English churchyard than Delfina Carillo; who, indeed, had not resembled the English girl in anything but manifest of race, and had been an ideal apart, never to be encountered again in this world.

It was a long and exciting session, and he gave all the energies of his mind to the great question of reconstruction, but more than once he asked himself if the time had not come to marry, if it were not a duty to his old self to gratify the ambition to which he owed the foundations of his success with life. A beautiful and high-bred wife would still afford him profound satisfaction, no doubt of that. He could in the last ten or twelve years have married more than one charming San Francisco girl, but that interval of passionate love between his youthful ambition and his many opportunities had given him a distaste for a lukewarm marriage. Here in Washington, however, California seemed a long way off, and he was only forty, in the very perfection of mental and physical vigour. Could he not love again? Surely a man in the long allotted span must begin life more than once. He found himself, after an hour in some beautiful woman's

boudoir, or with a charming girl in the pale illumination of a conservatory, longing for the old tremors of hope and despair, and he determined to let himself go at the first symptom. But he continued to be merely charmed and interested. If the turbulent waters were in him still, they had fallen far below their banks and would not rise at his bidding.

It was not to be expected that the Señora would write; she hated the sight of a pen, and only wrote once a month—with sighs of protest that were almost energetic—to her daughters. Padre Ortega was too old for correspondence; consequently Talbot heard no news of Santa Ursula except from his major domo, who wrote a monthly report of the progress of the olive-trees and the hotel. This person was not given to gossip, and Talbot was in ignorance of the health of his old friend, in spite of one or two letters of inquiry, until almost the end of the session. Then the major domo was moved to write the following postscript to one of his dry reports:

'The Señora is dying, I guess—consumption, the galloping kind. You may see her again and you main't. We're all sorry here, for she's always bin square and kind.'

There still remained three weeks of the session, but Talbot's committee had finished its work and he was practically free. He paired with a friendly Democrat and started for California the day he received the letter. The impulse to go to the bedside of his old friend had been immediate and peremptory. He forgot the pleasant women in Washington, his new-formed plans. The train seemed to walk.

They were not sentimental memories that moved so persistently in his mind during that long hot journey overland. Had they risen they would have been rebuked, as having no place in the sad reality of to-day. An old friend was dying, the most necessary and sympathetic he had ever had. He realised that she had become a habit, and that when she left the world he would be very much alone. His mind dwelt constantly on that large brown kindly presence, and he winked away more than one tear as he reflected that he should go to her no more for sympathy, do nothing further to alleviate the loneliness of her life. In consequence he was in no way prepared for what awaited him at Los Olivos.

He arrived at night. Padre Ortega was away, so he could get no news of the Señora except that she was still alive. He sent her a note at once, telling her to expect him at eleven the next morning.

Again he took a long hot ride over sunburnt hills and fields, for it wanted but a few weeks of his birthday. As he cantered through the oaks near the house he saw that a hammock was swung across the veranda and that some one lay in it: a woman, for a heavy braid of black hair hung over the side and trailed on the floor.

'Surely,' he thought, 'surely—it cannot be the Señora—in a hammock!' And then he suddenly realised that the disease must have taken her flesh.

His hands trembled as he dismounted and tied his horse to a tree, and he lingered as long as he could, for he felt that his face was white. But he was a man long used to self-control, and in a moment he walked steadily forward and ascended the steps to the veranda. And then as he stood looking down upon the hammock he needed all the control he possessed.

For the Señora had gone and Delfina Carillo lay there. Not the magnificent pulsing creature of old, for her face was pinched and little blue veins showed everywhere; but the ugly browns had gone with her flesh, her skin was white, and her cheeks flamed with colour. Her eyes looked enormous, and her mouth had regained its curves and mobility, although it drooped. She wore a soft white wrapper with much lace about the throat; and she looked twenty-six, and beautiful, wreck as she was.

'Delfina!' he articulated. 'Delfina!' And then he sat down, for his knees were shaking. The blood seemed rushing through his brain, and after that first terrible but ecstatic moment of recognition, he was conscious of a poignant regret for the loss of his brown old friend. He glanced about, involuntarily. Where had she gone—that other personality? for even the first soul of the woman looked from the great eyes in the hammock.

Delfina stared at him for some moments without speaking. Then she said with a sigh, 'Ay—it is Juan.'

She sat up abruptly. 'Listen,' she said, speaking rapidly. 'At first I no know you, for the mind wander much; and then Marcia tell me I theenk always I am the girl again. Sometimes, even when I have the sense, I theenk so too, for am alone, have nothing to remind, and I like theenk that way. When I am seeck first Herminia coming to see me, but I write her, after, am well again, for I know she and the husband want to go to Mexico. Then, after I get worse, I am very glad she going, that all my girls are away; for the dreams I have when the mind is no right give me pleasure and bring back the days when am young and so happy. I feel glad I go to die that way and not like the old peoples. So happy I am sometimes, Juan, you cannot theenk! Was here, you remember, for two months before I marry, and often I see you and Enrique and all my friends, and myself so gay and beautiful, and all the caballeros so crazy for me, and all the splendid costumes and horses. Ay California! her youth, too, is gone, Juan! Never she is Arcadia again.' She paused, but did not lie down, and in a few moments went on: 'And often I theenk of you—often. So strange, for love Enrique then; but—I no know—missing you terreeblay when you go to Washington, and read all they say about you

in the papers. So long now since Enrique going, and the love go long before—the love that make me marry him, I mean, for always love the husband; that was my duty. So, when my youth come back, though I theenk some by Enrique, suppose you are more in the mind, which, after all, is old, though much fall away. And I want, want to see you, but no like to ask you to come, for you are so busy and so ambeetious, and I know I live till you come again si is a year, and that make me feel happy. No cry, my friend. I no cry, for is sweet to be young again. Often I no can understand why not loving you then; you are so fine man now —but was boy then, and I admeer so much the caballeros, so splendid, and talk so graceful; no was use then to the other kind. But, although I no theenk much before—have so many babies and so much trouble, and, after, nothing no matter—always I feel deep down I have miss something in life; often I sigh, but no know why. But theenk much when go to die, and now I know that si I am really young again, and well, I marry you and am happy in so many ways with you, and have the intelligence. Never I really have been alive. I know that now.'

She fell back, panting a little, and her voice, always very low, had become almost inaudible. She motioned to a bottle of angelica on the table beside her, and John took her in his arms and put the glass to her lips. It brought the colour back to her face, and she lifted her arms and crossed them behind his neck.

'Juan,' she whispered coaxingly, 'you have love me once—I know! and sometimes have cried, because theenk how I have made you suffer. Make the believe I am really the young girl again, and love me like then. Going very soon now—and will make me very happy.'

'It is easy enough to imagine,' he said; 'easy enough! It will be a ghastly travesty, God knows, but if I could have foreseen to-day during that terrible time I would have welcomed it as better than nothing.'

OUR SEA-FIGHTS WITH THE DUTCH
BY DAVID HANNAY

IT has not been the least part of the amazing good fortune of this country that religious hatreds and local jealousies ruined the great policy of William the Silent. He strove hard, and for one brief space with apparent success, to unite all the seventeen provinces of the Netherlands for freedom and against Spain. If he had triumphed, then England, in the seventeenth century, would have had to fight a maritime power with its headquarters at Antwerp, and with a solid body of territory behind it. But he failed, as was, perhaps, inevitable, and when we made our second struggle for a place on the sea (the first was with the Spaniard) our opponent was only the loose confederation called the Seven United Provinces. It was great by virtue of its commerce, its seamen, its amazing courage and tenacity, and the extraordinary high level of ability shown by its rulers during more than a century and a half. But intrinsically it was a small state, doomed to fall from the rank of a great power so soon as the more numerous nations around it had become settled and developed. From the day that Richelieu and Mazarin had done their work, the Dutch republics were at the mercy of the French king. When Louis XIV. attacked them they had to fight for their very existence on land. The enduring valour of the Dutch, the statesmanship of William III., and the co-operation of England and the Empire, who helped, not because they loved the Hollander, but because they hated the French, saved their independence. But they were all but bled to death in the struggle for life, and it left them a small, overtaxed, outnumbered people.

Yet this little handful of men, of a kindred race, occupying a mere corner of the earth which, as the old saying has it, draws twenty feet of water, has given us more and harder work on the sea than the great kingdom of France, or even than Napoleon. There is a kind of perspective of the stage in history which is very misleading. Our battles with the French are more recent than those we fought with the Dutch in the day of their greatness. Therefore, they seem more important. In reality the three Dutch wars of the seventeenth century were the necessary preliminary to the rivalry with France. Our navy was trained and formed in them, while, if we look to the amount of fighting done and difficulty encountered, they represent a greater sum of effort than we were called upon to spend against France from the beginning of the war of the League of Augsburg down to Trafalgar. Besides, from 1689 on to the peace of Utrecht, we had the Dutch as allies. In the later eighteenth century the two best fought sea battles, Hyde Parker's

action with Zoutman on the Dogger Bank in 1781, and Camperdown in 1797, were both with the Hollanders.

Artistically our wars with the Dutch on the seas have the merit that they are a finished story. They had their beginning, their culmination and their decline. First, we and the Dutch combined against the Spaniards on the Atlantic, and the Portuguese in the East. Then we fell out over the spoils of Portugal in the Spice Islands. The East India Company in its weak beginnings was extruded out of the islands of the Indian Ocean. Indeed, looking at the Massacre of Amboyna, one may say that it was exterminated in the fullest sense of the word—turned over the borders and also out of life in those parts at least. Then came the First Dutch War of the Commonwealth in 1652–53, which was mainly a fight for trade. So was the second war of 1664–67. We fought because we wanted more of the trade which the Dutch had, and especially because we wished to secure the whole of the slave trade with America for the Guinea Company, in which King Charles II. and his brother the Duke of York were greatly interested. Politics had a larger share in the third war of 1672–73. King Charles had domestic reasons of his own for helping his cousin, Louis XIV., to pillage Holland. They were not the interests of England, and it was another part of our luck that he came out with a sound and well-deserved beating. Then the Dutch became our allies against the Roi Soleil, were beaten with us at Beachy Head, were successful with us at La Hogue, and helped to take Gibraltar. After this time Holland was outgrown by her neighbours. Her main object was to remain at peace, but neutrality was not possible for her between England, which harassed her neutral trade in war, but could not protect her against French invasion, and France, which could march overwhelming armies over her borders. She was inevitably dragged into the American War of 1779–83, and behind France, in the Revolutionary and Imperial turmoil. The last broadside the Dutch Navy fired in a sea battle was at Camperdown, and in the interests of France not of Holland. Whether they were acting in their own cause or in some other, the fighting of the Dutch at sea was always of the best. There was a heartiness about it never seen in the French, except in the case of the Bailli de Suffren. In skill as seamen and gunners they were superior to all our other enemies, except the crews of the American frigates of 1812. Among their admirals, two, Martin Herbertzoon Tromp and Michael Adrianzoon de Ruyter, tower head and shoulders over all the French chiefs we ever met.

All this tough valour was not without its defects. It is not to be denied that when they were strong the Dutch were also very greedy. The long rivalry and hatred which divided our seamen and traders from theirs were begun by them, and in the Eastern Seas. No sooner had the two of us expelled the Portuguese from their

place in Sumatra, Java and the Spice Islands, than the Hollanders set to work to secure all for themselves. Canning's, perhaps, too familiar jest on the fault of the Dutch which in matters of commerce 'is giving too little and asking too much,' was most applicable to the doings of their East India Company in that region of the earth. It was to no purpose that treaties were made in Europe providing for a fair division of the trade. The Dutch Company was powerful, resolute, and irresistibly strong on the spot. The English Company was weak, and ill-supported at home. When it did an energetic thing, when, for example, it helped the Persians to turn the Portuguese out of Ormuz, it was severely fleeced by its own King. James I. took £10,000 from it because its action had been illegal, while it was compelled to pay another £10,000 to his favourite Buckingham, the Lord High Admiral, because he claimed his percentage of prize money, to which he had no pretence unless its behaviour was legal. The Company had to find pocket money for the great men for being right and for being wrong at one and the same time. There was no fighting the great Dutch Company with its fleet of thirty strong ships in the Spice Islands, its garrison of four thousand soldiers, its full treasury, and its influence with its Government at home, on these terms. So we were turned out. The process was a brutal one. Imagine Thackeray's Mr. Osborne with a fleet and army under his command and a rival trader to crush. We can easily conceive what his measures would be. One incident of the struggle became a standing grievance with us for generations. This was the torture and execution of half a score of Englishmen at Amboyna in 1623, in defiance of a treaty not five years old, and on a trumped-up charge of conspiracy to seize a Dutch fort. The nation and the King were both intent on other things at the time, so that no immediate revenge was taken, but the day came when we were prepared for a settlement of accounts with the Dutch, and then it was found that the memory had rankled.

In a general way it was Amboyna, and what the name stood for, that was the real cause of our fights in the seventeenth century with the Dutch. Each of us was intent on securing a trade monopoly, or defending that which we possessed already. Perhaps this does as much as the native pugnacity and the self-confidence of both to account for the fury of the fighting. Certain it is that our struggles with the French have been tame in comparison. Even the Bailli de Suffren, with all his volcanic Provençal valour, could never make his captains fight as the Dutch did. In the three wars of the Commonwealth, and of the reign of Charles II., there took place more than a dozen of battles on a large scale, some of them extending over three and four days, in which both sides did, as a rule, fight with surprising ardour. There were also smaller operations on various seas, from the Mediterranean as far south as St. Helena.

The strategy of all these wars is highly interesting to the professional student, but, withal, it was simple enough. At first the Dutch sent their fleets out to convoy vast flocks of merchant vessels, which we then endeavoured to capture. This was their prevailing method in the first months of their fighting with us, 1652 and '53, and they practised it with varying success. In November of 1652, for instance, Tromp sailed with a fleet of eighty warships to protect the outward bound trade through the Straits of Dover and the Channel. The Council of State had underrated the activity and resources of its enemy. It left Blake in the Downs with a force only half as strong as Tromp's. So, when the Dutchman appeared 'at the back of the Goodwins,' on November 29, with his merchant ships under his wing, there was small chance of doing anything effectual against him. But we were very confident of our superiority as fighting men to the Dutch, and Blake did resolve to attempt a stroke. It was blowing from the south-west and we put out before the breeze which was dead against the Dutch. Suddenly, however, the wind chopped round to the north-west and began to blow a gale. Both fleets came to an anchor for the night —Tromp some three leagues off the English coast, and Blake in Dover Roads. Next day the wind was not so strong, but it was still blowing from the same point. As it was very favourable for ships sailing through the Straits, Tromp got under way and stood on. Blake followed, keeping pretty close to the shore, and looking for a chance to break through the Dutch warships, and get at the merchant vessels. Wind and tide swept both fleets round to Dungeness. As our opponent was too wary to give us an opening, one had to be made, if possible—but, as the result showed, it was not possible. We attacked, and some of our captains went roundly to work. The *Garland* and the *Bonaventure* ranged up alongside Tromp's flagship, the *Brederode*, and made a manful effort to capture him. The Dutchman had a hard fight for it. His secretary was shot dead by his side, and some English sailors made their way on to his poop, but he cleared it by the desperate resource of blowing it up, a measure often taken in the Dutch wars, though unheard of in later times. Other vessels came to his help and the outnumbered English fleet could do little to aid the overbold *Garland* and *Bonaventure*, which fell prizes to the enemy. Finally the Lieutenant-Admiral of Holland carried his convoy safe into the Channel, and Blake returned somewhat sore at his failure, and deeply discontented with some of his captains, whom he accused of want of spirit. The complaint was heard on both sides in these wars. Fleets were still largely formed of pressed or hired merchant ships commanded by their own skippers, who were often there against their will.

Tromp's coming back was not so fortunate as his going out.

He remained in the channel till February, and then turned home with another convoy of vessels returning from abroad. By this time the Council of State had collected a fleet as powerful as his. When then he began his homeward voyage he was assailed by the English Admirals and Generals at sea, Blake, Monk, and Deane. The battle, which Clarendon calls 'stupendous,' began off Portland on February 18 and ended on the third day near Cape Gris Nez. It consisted of furious attacks by us, and of stolid resistance by the Dutch. Tromp manœuvred to keep his warships between his merchant vessels and the English, disposing them sometimes in a half moon, or obtuse angle, with his flagship at the apex, or in one long line ahead. All his captains did not behave well, and on our side there was on this occasion no want of spirit. Therefore we broke through, and took a number of prizes. But Tromp carried the greater portion of his convoy safe home, and many of our ships were roughly handled. This experience taught the Dutch that it was not wise to hamper an admiral with a vast flock of traders, and that their commerce could be quite as effectually protected by sending their fleets to seek ours out and keep them busy. In the next two battles of the war, in June and July, there was no hampering convoy. Both were disastrous for the Dutch, and in the second of them Tromp fell shot 'under the left pap' with a musket bullet. Though he was, perhaps, not so skilful an admiral as Michael de Ruyter, he has remained as the legendary naval hero of the Dutch, the typical fighting sea-dog.

The battles of this war are less known than those of the next, King Charles II.'s first bout with the Dutch, which was indeed a most varied business, full of hard fighting, sudden changes of fortune and displays of character. Moreover, we have the inestimable advantage of possessing the constant comment of the unparalleled Mr. Pepys. It began long before open declaration of war by an English raid on the Dutch posts on the West Coast of Africa, and their instant and most irritating counter-stroke. It ended with the burning of our ships at Chatham. In the interval, a period of two years, there was more and better fighting than took place between us and the French throughout the whole of the War of Austrian Succession, or the Seven Years' War. The Dutch were more nearly our equals in number and quality than the French ever were. Moreover, they were most ably governed by John de Witt, while our affairs were directed by his most excellent Majesty Charles II., a very witty man, with whom there would have been no fault to find if he had not been a very bad King. His jests were admirable and his native sense great, but he spent his time hunting a poor moth with the ladies of his seraglio while the Dutch were burning his ships at Chatham. There was one feature of this war more usual in land than in sea fighting, to wit, the prevalence of the courtier, the spirited

young man about town who went to see a campaign under the Duke of York, or Monk, or Rupert. The Duke had a suite of them in his flagship, the *Royal Charles*. Three of them, the Earl of Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle were killed by the same chain shot close to his side. He was wounded by a fragment of poor Boyle's skull, and their blood was splashed all over him. This was in the battle called of Lowestoft, or as they often wrote the name at the time, of Leystoff, which was the first of the war and was fought on June 3 (O.S.), 1665. We happen to be able to see this battle better than most because the report on it was written by Coventry, the Secretary of the Admiralty, who was with the Duke. He was sufficiently in sympathy with the ignorance of landsmen to describe what happened in plain language, which has not always been the case with naval commanders. The battle began about sunrise. The two fleets passed cannonading one another, then turned, and passed one another again. At the third encounter the English came round together, and placed themselves alongside the enemy. Finally, some of the ships astern of the Dutch Admiral Opdam flinched and ran. Then Sir John Lawson, who was mortally wounded in the battle, broke through the Dutch line, and there was a general *mêlée* which ended in a clear victory for the Duke of York. Opdam perished in his flagship, which blew up by the side of the *Royal Charles*. The misconduct of the Dutch captains provoked John de Witt to take stern measures. Some notorious offenders were shot, others less criminal were only broken and turned adrift. The command, too, of the fleet was given in future to Michael de Ruyter, while John de Witt went to sea once himself to support the authority of the admiral. There was no repetition of such bad behaviour on their side during the rest of the war.

We, however, did not get all the advantage we hoped to receive from the victory, through a mysterious incident which happened on the flagship. The battle had ended towards evening, and it was decided to pursue the Dutch all through the night. Orders were given that the fleet was to follow the Admiral's light. At dark the Duke of York, who must have been utterly tired, went below. Soon afterwards a gentleman of his, a most infamous person, named Brouncker, came on deck with orders to Harman, the captain of the flagship, to shorten sail. Harman demurred, but obeyed when the order was repeated. The result was that the speed of the fleet was reduced, and the Dutch were not again brought to battle. A great scandal arose, and many mutual accusations were heard. The Duke came very badly out of it all. This was the evil side of the prevalence of the courtier. Dorset, writing his merry verses 'To all you ladies now on land,' Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Boyle facing death on the quarter-deck of the flagship, are gallant figures. But all the courtiers were not of that stamp. Some of them were

gentlemen, whose chief aim in making interest to get command of a ship was to secure pay, prize money, and the many chances of pocketing bribes given by the habits of the time. It was not then thought necessary that the captain of a man-of-war should be a seaman. All that was absolutely necessary was that he should persuade the King, or get a friend, by preference a lady, to persuade His Majesty to give him a ship. Pepys is eloquent on the misconduct of officers of this stamp, and a more serious witness than he, namely, Sir Thomas Clifford, who reported to the Government on the Four Days' Battle, declared roundly that the King would never be properly served till some of them were hanged. It would have been much more simple not to appoint them.

The truth is that the vices which overran the country under the Restoration, and were not thoroughly brought to order for more than a century, had begun to debauch the navy on its fighting and its administrative sides alike. In order to show that they were not canting fanatics, who made a parade of virtue, men took to drink, to gambling, to other practices which go with these, and to the cant of cynicism. All that may be better than religious hypocrisy, but it is perfectly incompatible with honest work. As it flooded the navy the result was that we went on growing worse through the reign of Charles II., while the Dutch, thanks, mainly, to the vigorous rule of John de Witt and the fine example of Michael de Ruyter, continued to get steadily better. Thieves and impudent persons, intent mainly on filling their own pockets, could neither build good ships nor fit out decently the inferior vessels they did build. Drunkards and gluttons rotted themselves in body and mind. It was a matter of course that they treated their crews with callous brutality. Our ships were often floating pest-houses, simply because they were allowed to be filthy, and because the crews were atrociously ill fed. For every man who fell by the sword we lost ten by disease, till the navy became hateful to the sailors. A writer on sea affairs who lived in this generation, Henry Maydman, put the whole thing into a nutshell when he was discussing the question whether we could not improve matters by adopting the Dutch practice of allowing the captains to contract for the feeding of their crews. He decided that it would do no good, and for a convincing reason. In Holland, he said, it was held disgraceful to cheat the State, and those who did were despised and punished. In England everybody did it, and was not thought the worse of on that account. Rules and regulations and changes of system were useless when all the officials who had to apply them were in a league to rob and to shirk work.

Things did not get to their worst during the first Dutch war of Charles's reign. Nor did they ever get so bad but that some would fight manfully. The famous Four Days' Battle of June 1666, which

was the next after Lowestoft, was a furious business enough in the main. Our fleet was collected at the mouth of the Thames, under Monk and Rupert, to meet the great Dutch force at sea under Michael de Ruyter. Louis XIV. had joined the Dutch, as he was bound to do by the terms of a treaty. But the help he gave them was merely nominal. He had already decided to plunder the Low Countries, which he could not do till Holland was ruined. It was also his intention to secure the help of his cousin, Charles II. Therefore he gave his allies no kind of assistance. Still, as he had a naval force in the Channel, we were tempted to commit the gross mistake of dividing our fleet. Part of it was sent, under Rupert, to look after the French, while the rest remained with Monk to watch the Dutch. The result of this inept measure was that on June 1 (O.S.) Monk found himself with less than sixty sail close to De Ruyter's much more powerful force. A weak man would have played for safety at the hazard of finding himself driven into the Thames, or perhaps of having the whole of the enemy's fleet on him together. That is what Herbert or any of the admirals of the next generation would infallibly have done. But Monk belonged to the great race of the Civil War, and was a man of a very clear head and a most intrepid spirit. He was to windward of the Dutch when he sighted them, and they were anchored, in three divisions, on the coast of Flanders. There was a very fair prospect that if he attacked the weathermost of them he could cripple it before the ships to leeward could come to its assistance. On that spirited hope he acted and with a very fair measure of success. The English fleet was thrown on the Dutch division of Cornelius van Tromp, the son of Martin, a very brave but also passionately self-willed and brutal man. A very fierce action followed, in which Sir William Berkeley, one of the courtier admirals, a young courtier, was slain. His flagship, the *Swiftsure*, broke through the Dutch, was cut off, and finally taken. Berkeley was no more when the Dutch entered the ship. He had been struck in the throat by a musket-bullet, and staggered into the captain's cabin, choking with his own blood. The Dutch found him lying dead on the table, where he had fallen exhausted. Journalism of a certain order existed then as now, and there were Englishmen who made a trade of inventing Dutch brutalities. It was said that the admiral's corpse was exposed in a sugar-chest, with his flag planted beside him as a show for the mob. The truth was that De Witt caused the body to be embalmed, and sent it back to the family. Harman, one of the tarpaulin, or seaman, admirals, who was Berkeley's colleague in the Blue Division, was also cut off, but fought his way through very finely, refusing all summonses to surrender, and keeping his crew steady, sword in hand, though he was badly hurt in the leg by a falling spar.

When evening came Monk drew off, having on the whole proved victorious, though not so fully as he had hoped. During the second and third days the two fleets continued manœuvring and fighting. Tromp, as fortunately for us was often the case with him, was disobedient, and embarrassed his superior by insisting on acting for himself. Monk, too, was able to keep to windward, and avoid having the whole Dutch fleet thrown on him, but by the evening of the third day he was forced back on the Thames. It was during this period that some of his captains behaved in the fashion which made Clifford think that hanging would do them good. The *Prince*, which was the flagship of Sir George Ayscue, was run ashore on Galloper Sand, and was then very tamely surrendered to the Dutch. This was the more exasperating because at that very time Rupert was seen coming round the North Foreland to rejoin Monk. Next day the two admirals made a last stand for the victory. There was a desperate battle, and those of our captains who were loyal to their duty covered themselves with honour. But the superiority of the enemy was too great, and the end of it was that we were beaten into the Thames with the loss of twenty ships.

If Louis XIV. had been a real statesman he might now have struck us a killing blow. Though the Dutch were compelled to return to port to refit, they were out again weeks before we had a fleet ready to meet them, and they blockaded the mouth of the Thames. There was nothing to stop a French invasion, and as the country was seething with discontent, and as there was no army deserving the name, thirty thousand Frenchmen could have given us a blow which would have paralysed us for the rest of the century. But King Louis was intent on his scheme for the conquest of the Netherlands, and of the ruin, not of his enemy, but of his ally. He sent no army, and the Dutch had no land force to spare. So time was given us to fit out another fleet.

The result of the Four Days' Battle had stung even the King's Government into exertions. By July a great fleet had been equipped at Chatham and in the Thames. It made its way out through the Swin and the King's Channel on the 21st, and on the 25th a battle was fought which turned the tables. After a hot day's work the Dutch van and centre were forced to retreat and were separated from the rear. The division was commanded by Tromp, who, as usual, preferred to act by himself. He inflicted heavy loss on his opponent, Sir Jeremy Smith, but if Monk and Rupert had managed a little better he would have paid severely for his wilfulness. They might well have cut off his retreat into port, and in that case hardly a ship of his squadron could have escaped. But they let him pass, and our success was less than it might have been. De Ruyter saved the greater part of the van and centre by getting into shallow water, where the Dutch vessels, which were built flatter than ours, were at

home. Yet, though we did not beat our enemy as soundly as we might have done, Monk and Rupert were masters on the Dutch coast. They swept along it unopposed, and did an enormous amount of damage by taking Terschelling, where the Dutch East India Company had its yard and storehouses.

Our superiority would appear to have been thoroughly well established, and yet it was just less than a year later that the Dutch inflicted on us the worst insult this country has ever suffered from a hostile fleet. De Ruyter came into the estuary of the Thames, forced an entrance into the Medway and burnt a number of our ships at Chatham. This was the result not of a lost battle, but of downright misgovernment of the grossest description. The money voted by Parliament for the war with Holland had been partly wasted or pilfered and partly spent on soldiers. For want of money to equip them and out of a wish to use what money there was for other purposes, the great ships were put out of commission. It was decided to carry on the war with the Dutch by means of light squadrons to molest their trade and by fortifying Chatham. There was a treaty of peace in progress, and the Government afterwards professed that it trusted to this frail defence against a Dutch attack. Yet it had a squadron at sea acting against the commerce of Holland, and can hardly have expected the enemy to remain idle. In reality there was no such confidence in its mind. It was only cunning in a very foolish way.

De Witt did what any man of sense and spirit might have been expected to do. He paid us back for the burning of Terschelling. In June 1667 a powerful Dutch fleet came into the Thames. After all the talk about forts, soldiers, chains across the Medway and what not, we were found, as the Duke of Wellington used to say of the Spanish armies, 'Wanting in everything at the critical moment.' On June 9 De Ruyter had come up as high as Gravesend. London was in a wild panic. The authorities set to work to provide for its safety by sinking ships in the river. Their flurry was so extreme that they sank some of their own laden with the most necessary stores. It was a beautiful example of the administrative folly of the time that when the naval officers asked for gunpowder they were given the raw materials for making it. If De Ruyter had made a resolute push it seems by no means impossible that he might have come up to the Tower on a rising tide. But he thought this too risky, and decided to turn on Chatham. On June 10 he made an easy end of the half finished fort at Sheerness. On the 11th he broke the chain at Gillingham Reach. No stand worthy of the name was made on our side. The dockyard officials were half crazy with panic, and the unpaid workmen would not serve. The end of it all was that the Dutch carried off the *Royal Charles*, which had been the Duke of York's flagship in the battle of Lowestoft, and burnt

six other vessels, besides taking or destroying a vast quantity of stores. It was the most shameful feature of a shameful business that there were numbers of English sailors with the Dutch. They had deserted to the enemy because their wages were not paid, and because they were starved on stinking food in the ships of their own King. The sailors' wives collected round the Navy Office and jeered at the officials. Among the lower orders the prevailing sentiment was apparently one of glee at the blow to the Government. Among the courtiers, there was at first some terror, but when it was known that the Dutch were not coming to London, when the mob showed no disposition to murder anybody, and when it was found that His Majesty continued his graceful habit of sauntering, they were speedily reconciled to the situation. The end of the war found De Ruyter cruising unopposed on our coast, and the English navy for the time being non-existent for all practical purposes.

After that the Government of King Charles rolled swiftly down to the impotence of its last years, while the country was being worked into the paroxysm of fury which finally burst out in the infamous Popish Plot. It was part of this process that in 1672 His Majesty, having got a little money out of Parliament on false pretences, and having made some more by cheating his creditors, went into a plot with his cousin, Louis XIV., to conquer and divide Holland. Over this war, our third and last with the Dutch alone, there hangs something like a silence as if we were ashamed of it, as we had good cause to be. It was undertaken for a bad motive, conducted without glory, and huddled up finally because the rising discontent of his subjects compelled the King to make peace. England felt that Holland was not being attacked in her interests, and was dimly aware that the war was part of a plot against 'the liberties of England and the Protestant religion.' Therefore the patriotic fibre was never touched, and our sympathies went to Holland in her fight against France as they had done in the old days of the struggle against Spain. Our men fought as well as bad leadership, bad food, bad pay, and a general absence of heart for the cause, would allow—which means that they did not fight nearly so well as in the war of the Commonwealth, and the first war of the King's reign. Then the presence of an allied French squadron, which was allowed the honour of forming the van of the fleet, was a grievance. For one cause or another the French took a very secondary part in most of the battles, and the burden was thrown on us. There arose a belief that they were being sacrificed to their ally among the sailors. A Dutch taunt went round the ships. We had, so said the Hollanders, been hired to fight the battles of King Louis, and his ships were only sent to see that we earned our money. When our participation in the war came to an end there was more anger among our seamen against our ally than against our enemy. Our leadership was poor. The Duke

of York, who commanded in the first battle, that of Solebay in May 1672, was forced to resign his offices by the Test Act, for while the King was fighting the Dutch, his Parliaments were beginning a campaign against the Roman Catholics. The avowed conversion of the Duke, who was heir to the throne, had not a little to do with the rising 'No Popery' agitation in England. Rupert, who succeeded him, was old and weary.

Whatever the explanation may have been it is certain that the French contrived to keep out of the way of the hottest fighting. At Solebay, or Southwold Bay, the allies were menaced by De Ruyter while at anchor. They stood to sea, but by some accident the French went out on the starboard and we on the port tack. Therefore they and we were separated and the brunt of the battle fell upon us. As far as mere fighting went we did nothing to disgrace ourselves. We even claimed the victory, but that was absurd. At best it was a drawn battle in which we suffered heavily. The Duke of York, in his flagship the *Prince*, was so furiously attacked by De Ruyter in the *Seven Provinces* that he was compelled to shift his flag to the *St. Michael*, which also was soon reduced to a state of wreck, and the Duke's flag had to make another journey to the *Loyal London*. The Earl of Sandwich, who commanded the Blue Division, was as fiercely attacked by Van Ghent, and was not so fortunate. His flagship, the *Royal James*, was set on fire, and he perished in some unknown way. The body was found floating days afterwards so disfigured that he was only recognised by the star on his coat. If Sir Joseph Jordan had not brought part of the Blue Division to the support of the Duke of York, the King's brother might perhaps have found his way to Holland as a prisoner of war. Sir Joseph was savagely attacked as if he had deserted his immediate chief Sandwich, but it looks as if he had to choose between leaving one or the other to be overpowered and he preferred to support the heir to the throne. De Ruyter went off so little damaged that he kept the sea to cover the return home of the East Indian convoys. The allies, though they claimed the victory, did as good as nothing during the rest of the year.

In 1673 we claimed three victories, and did as good as nothing. Holland was gasping for life, with a powerful French army in the very bowels of the land, and was disordered by the revolution which restored the power of the Stadtholder—our William III. William was destined to save his country before delivering us, but, in the first part of the struggle, he was terribly maimed by want of means. The fleet was inevitably sacrificed to the army. All through the year De Ruyter was compelled to stand on guard along the Dutch coast in face of a much superior allied fleet. He did his work superbly, keeping close in the shallow water till he saw a chance to strike, and then delivering his blows with might and main. So well

did he manage that in three battles, in which he was always outnumbered, he fought without incurring defeat, and did at last carry away the fruits of victory—that is, he compelled the allies to draw off without executing their purpose of landing troops. Our leadership was not good, but the real cause of our failure lay in this, that the heart of the country was not in a war which it felt was waged against its interests, and which it suspected, with absolute justice as we now know, to be part of a plot against its freedom and its religion.

Yet there was one passage, in the last of the three battles, which has a redeeming character of valour about it. One of the best known officers of the day was Sir Edward Spragge. He was a man between courtier and tarpaulin, very loud mouthed and ready to accuse colleagues of cowardice, tolerably greedy and unscrupulous. But he was abundantly brave. It happened that he had often come into collision with Cornelius van Tromp in the battles of these wars. There had come to be a personal rivalry between them. Spragge is said to have promised the King that he would take the Dutchman or perish. In the last battle of the war the two met again. Spragge's flagship was the *Royal Prince*, and Tromp's the *Golden Lion*. The two went at it so roundly that in a short time both ships were cut to pieces. The Englishman now shifted his flag to the *St. George*, and the Dutchman his to the *Comet*. In a short time the *St. George* also was a wreck, and Spragge was driven to look for a third vessel. But, as he was on his way to her in his barge, a cannon shot struck the boat, and, though his crew tried hard to regain the *St. George*, she sank, and the Admiral was drowned. It illustrates the fierce character of our fighting with the Dutch that, of the short list of admirals who have died in battle, the majority fell in action against this enemy—Deane in the first war, Sansum and Lawson at Lowestoft, Berkeley and Christopher Myngs in the Four Days' Battle, Sandwich at Solebay, and Spragge in 1673.

Though the masterly leadership of De Ruyter had achieved success for his country on the sea, the time when Holland could be a great naval Power was drawing to an end. She was fighting for very life against the armies of the King of France, and her fleet was inevitably sacrificed. Therefore it fell gradually into the background. When the Revolution of 1688 freed England to enter on her long maritime rivalry with France, the Dutch became our allies, and took their share in whatever fighting there was at sea in the wars of the League of Augsburg, and of the Spanish Succession. But they had to bear the brunt of the war on land, where we never operated except with small corps, and they were exhausted by the strain. So, whereas England had been just about the equal of Holland as a naval Power, or very little more, in 1673, the Peace of Utrecht left her far ahead. For that we have to bless the memory

of King Louis XIV., who did half our work for us by ruining our chief rival and his own best possible ally. Between the battle of August 11, 1673, and Sir Hyde Parker's battle on the Dogger Bank on August 5, 1781, with Admiral Zoutman, there was a little over a century during which we did not have to fight the Dutch. When we met again it was no longer as equals, for they had sunk to be the more or less dependent allies of the French. We, meanwhile, had grown very greatly.

Yet when we did meet them once more they continued to be our stoutest opponents. The battle on the Dogger Bank, for instance, was a very manful piece of steady stupid fighting. Vinegar Parker, as he was nicknamed in the fleet because of the acerbity of his temper, simply bore down on the Dutchmen, who waited for him politely without firing a gun till our ships were all nicely abreast of them. Then both went at it hammer and tongs, and banged one another gloriously. There were no brains in the head either of Parker or his opponent, Zoutman, but the heart was right in both cases. We said we won, and perhaps we did get the best of the meeting; but it was really little more than a hammering match between two opponents who were both tough and sound in the wind.

The battle of Camperdown was a very different business. It was, to begin with, a most timely victory for us, since it brought a gleam of light at the close of the blackest year of the war with the Revolution in France. 1797 was the year of the mutinies of the fleet at Spithead, the Nore, Plymouth, the South of Ireland, and the Cape. The whole fleet appeared to be about to turn against its own country, partly because it was driven into disaffection by persistent ill-usage, and partly because our ships were full of pressed men, who belonged to secret political societies. When Duncan bore down on the Dutch on October 12 he had in his ships several prisoners condemned to death for their share in the mutiny at the Nore. The Government seized the opportunity to issue a general pardon and wipe the slate clean. But the battle was otherwise interesting. It was the nearly exact forerunner of Trafalgar as regards the method on which it was fought, but the curious thing is that this was not the result of design or of the orders of Admiral Duncan, but of a mere misunderstanding and accident. The English fleet broke through the Dutch line in two places, and crushed the centre of the enemy completely, because an officer hoisted the wrong signal. Yet the finest management could have done no better than this blunder. In truth our fleet had by this time reached such a level of skill, and our enemies were so raw from want of practice, that whatever helped us to get at them the more quickly was an advantage. Nevertheless, though they were not what they had been in old

times, the Dutch fought well, and inflicted a more severe loss on us than any French fleet succeeded in doing in that war. Neither ought we to forget that they were the smaller force. Camperdown ruined a scheme for the invasion of Ireland, and, coming as it did after a time of great gloom, caused infinite delight throughout the country. It was soon eclipsed by the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, but it was none the less one of the most important victories of the war.

The Englishman who looks back on our naval history gets a great respect for the Dutch. They were always fine stout seamen, our kin and our equals. We did not, properly speaking, conquer them; for when Rupert drew off at the close of the last battle of 1673, the victory was for the Hollanders. When we had to meet them again they were too hopelessly outnumbered to maintain an equal struggle at sea. One is tempted to speculate whether we shall ever meet them again. Single handed they could not well face us, but is it absolutely certain that Holland will some day find it dangerous to continue standing alone, and will not then rejoin the Germanic body to which she originally belonged? We may be very sure that the way would be made as easy and honourable for her as possible. If such a thing were to happen—and the world has seen greater wonders—then the German Emperor's cherished dream, which is to supply his country with a powerful fleet, would have taken a long step towards becoming a reality. Holland has shed too much blood for her independence to hold it cheap; and yet there are some of her sons who reflect uneasily that she has still a vast colonial empire, and but little means of defending it. After all, an independence which exists by the mere tolerance of strong neighbours is not much, if at all, better than a permanent alliance, such as make Saxony and Bavaria parts of the German Empire. It is a faint possibility this, but if such a thing were to come to pass, Holland would become part of a new first-rate naval Power.

THE MERCIFUL SOUL. A PLAY IN ONE ACT. BY LAURENCE ALMA TADEMA

PERSONS:

BASIL OF THE IRON HAND,	*a knight.*
FIORDELISA . . .	*his young wife.*
HUGH, ANNET	*his children by a former marriage.*
GEOFFREY . . .	*his nephew.*
RICHARD	*warder of the castle.*
COLOMBA . . .	*the sister of Basil's first wife.*

An OLD MAN *and other servants.*

SCENE: *A hall, ancient and severe of aspect; the lofty roof is timbered; the walls are hung with trophies of war and of the chase; the windows are set high, all but one, which is small and low; there are several entrances; an oaken staircase leads to the women's rooms. The great doors stand open, and one sees, across the courtyard, a chapel with lighted windows that shine in the gloaming. Beyond the battlements the sea stretches, boundless.*

Both hall and yard are empty; but from the chapel voices rise, men's, women's and children's, mingled in the evening psalm.

Suddenly FIORDELISA *appears in the courtyard, which she crosses with stealthy haste. She creeps into the hall, like a frightened child; her arms are full of flowers and budding sprays; her loose hair is wreathed with blossom. Anxious but bright-eyed, inexpressibly joyful within, she runs up the staircase.*

In the same moment the chapel door is opened, and COLOMBA *crosses the yard, holding* HUGH *and* ANNET *by the hand. She is followed by the household, who disperse, save for a few servants; running forward, they bring lights into the hall, and presently close the great doors with chain and bolt.*

COLOMBA, *leading the children, has come forward to the centre of the hall—mute, with eyes fixed as if upon some inward burning care.*

HUGH.

They are locking the doors, aunt! What will the little May-mother do when she comes home?

COLOMBA.

Hush, hush, she is at home and asleep.

The servants go:

HUGH.

O aunt! Why do you say what is not true?

COLOMBA.

Because we must not tell that she is lost; we must find her, but not tell, my Hugh.—Come upstairs now.

HUGH, *running ahead:*

Perhaps she came home whilst we were at prayers.

COLOMBA.

Perhaps.

She lifts up ANNET, *who has begun to cry;*

Poor little mouse!—she shall go to her bed.

HUGH, *on the stairs:*

But not I?

COLOMBA.

No, no; not you.

HUGH, *holding up a handful of flowers:*

Look!—see what I have found!—Primroses!—The May-mother must have been here . . .

He runs to her door, calling:

May-mother! May-mother!

ANNET.

May-mother!

COLOMBA, *at the foot of the stairs:*

Fiordelisa!—are you there? . . .

FIORDELISA, *appearing:*

Is that Colomba calling?

COLOMBA.

Oh!—Heaven be thanked!

HUGH, *dragging* FIORDELISA *down:*

We thought you were lost, May-mother,—but you were in the woods picking flowers.

FIORDELISA *comes and stands before* COLOMBA, *with drooping head:*

I am sorry, Colomba.

COLOMBA.

You are safe, so all's well.

HUGH, *pulling at* FIORDELISA'S *gown:*

May I go upstairs and play with your little flowers?

ANNET.

Annet too! Annet too!

COLOMBA *sets the child down:*

Yes, go upstairs both—I want to speak to the May-mother. Take Annet's hand, Hugh, and be careful—that's right—go up, go carefully, my jewels.

She watches the children out of sight, then turns to where FIORDELISA *stands pouting:*

FIORDELISA.

Begin. Scold me. Let us have done with it.

COLOMBA.

When did I ever scold you, Fiordelisa?

FIORDELISA.

Always—every day. I cannot do the most innocent thing without reproof from you. It makes me sick, and I shall die—long, long before Basil comes home.

COLOMBA.

You are a child to speak so. Come here, near me, and let us talk together—like sisters.

FIORDELISA.

Can't you let me be? Why mayn't I go to the woods to pick a few flowers?—It is spring, out in the world; yet you keep me mewed up here as if it were winter still—or as if I were an old woman that a breath might blow into the grave!

COLOMBA.

You know well enough why I am bound to be stern. You are Basil's treasure, and no harm may come to you whilst he is far.

FIORDELISA.

What harm? I have gathered a posy and missed prayers; yet your face is as long as if I had sinned some sin.

COLOMBA.

Remember that you are Basil's wife, and that she must not roam

alone in the woods, my little sister. Nor must Basil's wife let her hair stray thus to the wind—nor creep home, when prayers are over, with a tattered hem.

FIORDELISA.

A briar caught me; you will mend it to-morrow in half an hour.

Basil's wife! Why, one would think that to be Basil's wife was to be marked out by Heaven for misery.—Has the Almighty sent you down a fresh set of commandments for Basil's wife? . . .

She is not to laugh.

She is not to tear her gown.

She is not to pluck the flowers of the woods.

She must remember to keep holy her master's absence by tears and dreariness.

She must honour—this above all!—she must honour and obey her husband's first wife's sister, that her days . . .

COLOMBA, *turning away:*

Fiordelisa!

FIORDELISA.

Oh! Have I shocked the saint?

She pirouettes, and laughs:

COLOMBA.

What am I to do with you? I have tried to win your heart. I think I have never been ungentle with you; if I have, forgive me. From the very first day that Basil brought you home, a stranger, I have tried to be a sister to you; during his long absence I have striven to protect you, both for your own sake and for his.

FIORDELISA.

I know it is not your fault, Colomba. I know that you are a saint, and worth a thousand little things such as I; I know that every one in the land honours you; that you are Basil's right hand —and his left! I know that his children love you as if you had borne them. But to me you are nothing, for you cannot understand me. You love duty and dreariness;—I love delight! I am no better, perhaps, than the little bright butterflies that flit among the flowers.—Yet they too have a right to live.

COLOMBA.

Indeed they have.—Come nearer to me, come. You never kiss me. If you told me your griefs, as Hugh and Annet do, hiding your eyes here, you would feel how full my heart is of love, only waiting to be given.

FIORDELISA.

O, but you love everybody, you, with the same holy love! You are stuffed with it, and ready to give out as much to a leper as to a king. I want to be loved for myself—and with good human love, not with the pity of an angel.

Let me be! It will be best for both of us.

COLOMBA, *taking her by the hand:*

In a month he will be here . . . Fiordelisa! I want him to find in his nest the same sweet bird he left, with plumage undefiled.

FIORDELISA.

Oho, what a voice you put on to say that! Why, one might imagine you meant something. What could defile my feathers, Colomba?

COLOMBA.

Ask that of yourself.

FIORDELISA, *tearing her hand away:*

O, but this is not to be borne! No, no, this will have to end. I am sick of your disdain. Day in, day out, I have burned to tell you that I too can despise, and that I despise you, Colomba! I despise your saintliness, your holy face and bearing, all the coldness that lies at the root of your virtue . . . I have blood in my veins, I—do you see? I am a woman; I can laugh, I can dance, I can make merry—and that is why men love me. Your great Lord Basil has lived near you half his life, yet it is I that he loves, not you—all men love me, and you know it. How dare you despise me and judge me, you whose blood is snow, you that a man might sit beside the whole of a summer's day, without unrest—you that have never felt a lover's hand upon you, and whose lips have never opened to a kiss? You that have never been loved—how dare you judge me?

COLOMBA, *pale and quivering, stands silent a moment as if wrestling with her will; then she turns, and mounts the stairs slowly:*

COLOMBA.

It is the children's bedtime. I cannot answer you, Fiordelisa.

She enters the room at the head of the stairs. The door closes.

FIORDELISA, *flushed, with straying hair to which some*

flowers still cling, listens and looks about her cautiously, then runs to the side-window, which she opens :

FIORDELISA, *leaning out:*

Are you there, Geoffrey ?

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

O my Queen of the World ! where else should I be ?

FIORDELISA.

I cannot see you at all. There should have been a moon. O how the night has changed!

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

It is stormy, out at sea. Did you hear the wind rise ?

FIORDELISA, *laughing:*

No, there was too much storm within doors.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Has Colomba been unkind to the beloved ?

FIORDELISA.

Very unkind, very unkind.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

O how I hate her !

FIORDELISA.

What a wind, Geoffrey ! It blows my hair into my eyes.—Are you safe out there ?

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

I am near you.

FIORDELISA.

Is that ledge wide enough, on such a night ?

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

—Fiordelisa—do you still love me as you did an hour ago ?

FIORDELISA.

I think I do.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Are you not sure?

FIORDELISA.

I am never sure of anything.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Are you a woman or a pixie?

FIORDELISA, *laughing:*

You ought to know!

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Sometimes you make me think of those fairy-women that lead a man to perdition . . .
—Why don't you lean out and give me your hand?

FIORDELISA.

Why should I? You held it long enough in the woods.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

But I want it again.

FIORDELISA.

More than anything else in the world?

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

No, no, something else more.

She laughs:

FIORDELISA.

You shall have just my little finger to touch.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Mayn't I come in?

FIORDELISA.

You are mad.—O don't hold my hand! I have to be turning round all the time, to keep watch . . .

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Let me climb on to the sill!

FIORDELISA.

No, no, you must go down. Be very careful, Geoffrey, it is so dark.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

I have not far to drop.—O Fiordelisa! if I might only kiss you!

FIORDELISA.

To-morrow.—Go quickly now. It is raining, I feel it on my face. I wish you had not come.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Let me stay a little longer!

The wind howls:
A shout is heard:

FIORDELISA.

What was that? . . .

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

The sentry's call.

FIORDELISA.

Have they seen you?

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

They can see nothing.

The sentries shout again. One hears the sound of hurried footsteps in the yard; some one knocks loudly at the great door:

FIORDELISA.

I must go!—Wait if you can, Geoffrey!

She closes the window:

RICHARD'S VOICE, *in the courtyard:*

It is I, Richard!—Open!

Servants rush in from both sides, and open the doors:
RICHARD *enters hurriedly, followed by a band of armed men:*
In the courtyard, people bearing lanterns and torches gather and crowd together:

RICHARD.

Is the Lady Colomba here?

FIORDELISA, *running to the foot of the stairs:*

Colomba !—Colomba !

COLOMBA, *appearing:*

Who calls ?—You, Richard ?—What is it ?

RICHARD.

A ship has struck upon the rocks.

COLOMBA.

O my God ! . . .

She descends:

RICHARD.

We heard cries soon after the first blast of the gale ;—our watchman came up breathless ; he had sighted no ship by daylight ; she must have rounded the corner of the bay after the mist had risen.

COLOMBA.

Go ! go !—There are lives in danger . . . Go, as many of you as can, and save them !—Quick !—Think of your Lord, of Basil and his ship ! He, too, is somewhere on the wild seas . . .

VOICES AMONG THE CROWD.

We are ready !—Come !—Away !—

AN OLD MAN.

It will be eleven months to-morrow since the *Flower-de-Luce* sailed . . .

COLOMBA.

This cannot be she—he said a year, a full year . . . Go, Richard, take all the men with you. We women will prepare for your return.

RICHARD.

Are you ready ?

The men shout:

COLOMBA.

Christ be with you !

RICHARD *leaves, with his band:*

The OLD MAN *prepares to follow them:*

No. One man must guard his master's gate. Let it be you.

THE OLD MAN.

You think I am too old?—What if it should be my master's ship?

COLOMBA.

He would find you at your post, beside his wife and children.

The men's voices have faded, and are drowned in the voice of the storm:

Close the doors now!—and call the women to the kitchen, every one. There's much to do.

The OLD MAN *obeys:*

FIORDELISA, *coming forward timidly:*

Colomba! Let me go and sit by the children's bed, lest any harm come to them!—I can say my prayers meanwhile.

COLOMBA.

Dear little one! You are pale too . . . Yes, go. And pray, as you watch, for these poor souls.

She kisses her, and leaves:

FIORDELISA, *alone, feigns to go upstairs; when all is quiet, she returns on tiptoe, and opens the window again:*

FIORDELISA.

Geoffrey!—Geoffrey!

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

What has been happening? I heard voices, but no words, the wind wailed so.

FIORDELISA.

'Tis nothing—a shipwreck.—All the men are gone, Geoffrey, and Colomba is in the kitchen . . .

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

A ship wrecked?—here?—upon the rocks?—And the men gone?—I must go too . . .

FIORDELISA, *vehemently:*

No, no!—no, no!

GEOFFREY'S VOICE

My place is there Fiordelisa . .

FIORDELISA.

Your place is here, by me, if you love me.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

I do love you, O sweetest! Yet I cannot stay beside you when men are drowning . . .

FIORDELISA.

I'll not have it! I'll not have it! You must stay here!—They will cling to you, Geoffrey, and drown you too. All the men in the world may drown, for aught I care, if you be safe!

GEOFFREY'S VOICE.

Fiordelisa! Sometimes you love me too little, yet now you are loving me too much!—You must not keep me here—you cannot keep me here!

FIORDELISA, *distracted:*

Come up then, first—Oh, I must kiss you, Geoffrey, kiss you once more, lest I never feel your lips again!

GEOFFREY, *entering at the window:*

O flower of all flowers!—do you love me indeed?

FIORDELISA, *flinging herself into his arms:*

I do—I do!

She kisses him wildly:

GEOFFREY *detaches himself:*

Let me go now. Kisses are sweetest when a man has done his duty.

FIORDELISA.

One more!—One more!—

GEOFFREY, *already half out of window:*

Enough—enough!—Dear hands!

He kisses her clinging fingers, and disappears.

—One hears the howling of the wind, the cries of men in the distance:

FIORDELISA.

Call to me, Geoffrey, when you are safe on the ground!—My love and my prayers go with you.

GEOFFREY'S VOICE, *half drowned by the wind:*

Farewell!

FIORDELISA *leans far out, as if trying still to see him through the mist:*

Then she closes the window and turns into the room. She looks at her hands and kisses them.

All at once she perceives the figure of a man standing by the great door:

He is tall and pale, and stares at her with wonder-stricken eyes. Water drips from his clothes and from his hair, to which seaweeds cling:

She stands petrified an instant, then gives an almost voiceless shriek of terror:

FIORDELISA.

My husband!

BASIL.

Oh! . . . Fiordelisa! . . .

She covers her face:

It was not to see your lover that I came.

FIORDELISA.

My lover? . . .

BASIL.

O little hands that I loved in my folly! . . . O round-cornered lips that I kissed in my blindness! . . . O breast that I longed for! . . . O heart that I trusted! . . .

FIORDELISA, *falling on her knees:*

Forgive me, Basil!—do not kill me for so little!

BASIL.

Kill you? I?

He smiles and, coming forward, touches her uplifted hands:

How you tremble! Do you believe that I could hurt a hair of

your head? They call me Basil of the Iron Hand . . . but it was never iron for a woman.

FIORDELISA, *rising:*

Let me go!

BASIL.

Stay, I have something to say to you . . . Listen, for I must soon be gone.

FIORDELISA.

Gone? . . . Again? . . .

BASIL.

I have a pilgrimage to make; I cannot stay beyond to-night . . . Kneel, my wife! women listen more profoundly on their knees. Now fold your hands—so. You must remember all this. I have far to go, many sins to atone for . . . we may not meet again.

FIORDELISA.

I am frightened, Basil!—Let me go!

BASIL.

Fear nothing.—Fiordelisa! you have betrayed your husband.

FIORDELISA.

I? . . . Is there so much harm in one kiss?

BASIL.

May that lie be the last that leaves your lips!

You have broken the vow you made in God's name—you know it, and I too know it. You have betrayed your husband, and here he stands . . .

Are you listening, Fiordelisa?

FIORDELISA.

O yes! O yes!

BASIL.

Your husband forgives you.

FIORDELISA.

Forgives? . . .

BASIL.

I forgive you.—I forgive you.

He kneels before her:

Now forgive me.

FIORDELISA.

Forgive you what, Basil? . . .

BASIL.

Forgive me, for having plucked too frail a flower to lay upon so stern a breast: for having brought you far from your own land, to pine among strangers: for having left you—young and weak, without joy, without support—to fall into temptation.

FIORDELISA, *weeping:*

O yes, I was tempted, Basil.

BASIL.

Will you say that you forgive me, Fiordelisa? I cannot start upon my pilgrimage, with my sins towards you thus heavy on my soul . . .

FIORDELISA.

I forgive you, my kind lord.

He rises, and smiles:

BASIL.

That's well.

FIORDELISA, *still on her knees:*

O stay!—if you have forgiven me, stay here! You said it yourself, I am young and weak—do not leave me to be tempted again! . . . I think I could love you better than I did; you are gentle now—you are changed . . .

BASIL.

I have looked death in the face, and he that does so beholds many truths . . .

Farewell, sweet Flower-de-Luce! I have far to go; we may not meet again . . .

—Rise from your knees, and look well into my eyes!—Will you remember this?

He lays his hand upon her shoulder, and she stares up at him, rivetted, like a child at its master:

When you kissed my nephew, you sinned against me; but in the treachery of that deed, Fiordelisa, you sinned against God. There is no sin greater than untruth, and the cowardice of a lie. It is a stain upon the soul, that the soul itself must remove . . .

Your sin against me is forgiven; your sin against yourself and God may be forgiven also.

She covers her face:

Not by lip-prayer, my wife, but by endeavour—by the whiteness of your life to come.

FIORDELISA.

Oh! you are not going to make a nun of me, Basil?

BASIL *laughs:*

Of you? No, no, that's not your holy road. Some day—when I have been gone so long that you may think me dead, and that memory of me grows dim—you will marry another. Live in the light, Fiordelisa!—and be the mother of noble men.

FIORDELISA.

O my lord! Are you going to die? . . . Saved from the deep, are you going to seek death now? . . .

BASIL.

Death is there, whether we seek or no. Farewell.

FIORDELISA.

You are going? . . . now?

BASIL.

Not yet. But you and I have done.—Where is Colomba?

COLOMBA *enters suddenly.*

COLOMBA.

. . . Basil! . . .

Her cry is a cry of joy. She rushes towards him, then suddenly holds herself in, with supreme effort:

BASIL.

Leave us, Fiordelisa.

FIORDELISA, *as if fleeing gladly from emotions too profound, runs upstairs and disappears.*

A deep silence follows, which COLOMBA *breaks, troubled:*

COLOMBA.

You are wet—you are cold—Go to your room, Basil—we two can speak later.

BASIL.

Colomba, I have passed through the peril of death, and many things have been revealed to me . . . I must start to-night on a long pilgrimage . . . I have come to say farewell . . .

Do you turn pale?

COLOMBA.

Basil! God has not rescued you from death for this! You must not leave your wife again.

BASIL.

She has betrayed me, Colomba.

COLOMBA.

I think not.

BASIL.

Oh! can your lips too let falsehoods pass?

COLOMBA.

Falsehood? . . .

BASIL.

Colomba, she has betrayed me, and is my wife no longer.

COLOMBA.

Forgive her, Basil! She is so young, so frail, so beautiful! We may not ask each other to bear the burden of virtues too heavy for our souls . . .

BASIL.

Sweet, sweet Colomba!—have you beheld these truths without death's finger on your eyes? . . . O merciful one! O tender heart!—how I love you! . . .

He holds his arms out wide:

COLOMBA, *recoiling:*

Basil! . . .

BASIL.

All my life stands summoned and gathered together in this hour; all the falsehood of it, all the weakness of it, stand revealed to me . . . Before me lies a road unknown . . . I go, Colomba—having sinned much—to seek God's mercy; but something holds my spirit down to earthly thoughts . . . I have lightened my soul by forgiveness of the woman who has betrayed me—she has forgiven me my neglect and her temptation . . . Colomba, it lies with you now to free me of a still greater burden,—a burden beyond all weight . . .

COLOMBA.

I?

BASIL.

We have not lived in the light of truth together.

COLOMBA.

Why, yes. You were always good to me, Basil, a kind brother —we have done our duty, I think, by one another.

BASIL.

Earthwise . . . earthwise, Colomba! . . . This is truth's hour. Ah!—give me truth now!—do not send me from you with a veil between our hearts!

COLOMBA.

Basil, I think I have veiled nothing from you, save what it was best to hide from all.

BASIL.

Not so. Maid, in the worlds beyond, when we are dead—both you and I—what soul among all souls, think you, will cleave to mine through God's eternity? . . .

COLOMBA.

I know not, Basil.

BASIL.

Your bosom heaves—O do not fear me!

COLOMBA, *covering her heart with her hands:*

I fear you for the first time, brother—your eyes pierce all too deep . . .

BASIL.

I am not your brother.

COLOMBA.

My sister was your wife.

BASIL.

Colomba! Colomba! You have been near me all your life; in boyhood I carried you, a babe, upon my arm; you have grown beside me, beautiful and good; you have cherished, and encompassed with white wings all those that, in the folly of my flesh, I held more dear than yourself; your arms have received my children; my first-born little ones died on your breast . . . no toil, no burden was too great for you to bear: yours was the patience that never tires, the strength that never fails . . .

Why did you do this, Colomba? Why did you renounce the ecstasy of maiden's love, the triumph of motherhood?

COLOMBA *lifts her eyes and looks into his face:*

. . . —

BASIL.

Speak it!—Speak it! I need to hear it—O tell me that you loved me!—in your love lies my salvation! . . .

COLOMBA.

I did love you, Basil.

BASIL.

And now? . . .

COLOMBA.

Ah! . . . Why do you torture me? . . .

She turns and, sitting, bursts into tears:

BASIL.

Colomba! . . .

He leans over her and encircles her with his arms.

COLOMBA.

No—No—O Basil, leave me my strength!

BASIL.

Let me have held you once, O woman above all women! . . . let me have felt this heart—so soft, so strong—that was all my own! . . .

As his hand touches her breast she clings to him, then sits motionless:

COLOMBA.

Oh! . . .

Silence.

BASIL.

So this is love! . . . My flesh has known its hollow counterfeit, but my parched spirit never . . . Your love flows over me—it feels like a rill of soft water warmed by the sun—it flows and flows, washing away all the sins of my soul . . .

COLOMBA.

How near is death, Basil?

BASIL.

Why do you ask it?

COLOMBA.

Because this is an end and a beginning . . . —Take your hand away! . . .

BASIL.

Life! . . . this is life under my finger-tips! . . .

COLOMBA.

Not life, but death . . . I think, Basil, that you have killed Colomba.

She frees herself from his embrace:

BASIL.

No, you must live. I tell you, I am going far,—and who will mother my little ones if you desert them?

COLOMBA.

All's done now. You have burst the seal and let love out—but life too.

BASIL.

O valiant heart! is your courage spent?

COLOMBA.

All spent. I shall never be again as I have been. My strength was but the stronghold of my weakness . . . I ignored it, yet I lived for this hour—lived to feel your hand here on my breast, and my heart's blood flowing warm over your soul . . . I have borne all for the hope of an embrace;—I have had it.

She shudders and walks to and fro as if in pain; suddenly she perceives that BASIL *has fallen on his knees in the centre of the hall:*

BASIL.

Before I go, forgive me all your pain, all your life's waste and emptiness!

COLOMBA *goes to him almost with a bound and takes his hands between her own:*

All!—all I forgive you!—I would live it all again, and suffer all again, to have loved you, Basil!

BASIL.

Oh! . . . my lost life! . . .

Tears flow from his eyes: She bends over him:

Kiss me, Colomba!

Her lips hover an instant above his — she kisses him suddenly between the eyes, then breaks away:

COLOMBA.

Oh! I have lied to my own soul! It was not for this that I lived! . . . There was life in the kiss of my dreams, life in our embrace . . . And now that we stand here, truthful at last, I see death between us . . . Is it you or I—or both—that death waits for? . . .

BASIL, *who has risen:*

Farewell, Colomba. When I have gone, tell those of my house that their master craves forgiveness . . . Injustice, doubt, and cruelty—how shall a man escape being guilty of these?—Tell my nephew, Geoffrey, that I forgive him; I neglected him, Colomba; had I won his love, he would never have taken my young wife from me . . . Can you call me my little children?

COLOMBA, *broken:*

Must you leave me?—must you leave me, Basil? . . . O take me with you!—or tell me to what holy shrine you are going, and let me follow you! . . .

BASIL.

I must go alone, sweet Colomba . . .
—Where are my small ones?

The door above opens suddenly, and FIORDELISA *appears with the children. They are in their nightgowns, and half asleep:*

Hugh!

HUGH, *leaping down the stairs and springing to him:*

Father! father!

BASIL *lifts his son into his arms . . . the child screams and, slipping to the ground, runs to* COLOMBA, *burying his face in the folds of her gown:*

BASIL.

Hugh! . . . my son! . . .

COLOMBA.

Hugh! don't you remember your dear father? Go and kiss him—put your arms round his neck and kiss him well! He is going away, Hugh, for a long long time.

FIORDELISA *has reached the foot of the stairs, carrying* ANNET, *whom she now sets down. The child, seeing* BASIL'S *outstretched arms, goes towards him; but, within a yard of where he stands, she stops suddenly, and with a piercing shriek flees to* COLOMBA.

For some moments the sound of murmuring voices has been heard—the tramp of troubled feet. The approaching crowd draws nearer and nearer to the door.

BASIL, *spreading his arms out as he steps backwards:*

Colomba! . . . Colomba! . . .

In this instant the women of the household rush in from all quarters; and the OLD MAN, *trembling, unbars the doors which he opens wide:*

Without, in the torch-lit yard, RICHARD *and* GEOFFREY, *followed by their retainers, are seen standing with bared heads on either side of a stretcher, over which they have spread their cloaks. They come solemnly forward and approach* FIORDELISA, *whilst the bier is borne to the centre of the hall:*

The silence is absolute:

RICHARD.

God be with you, lady !—Your lord has come home.

FIORDELISA, *bewildered:*

He is here . . .

COLOMBA *staggers forward with the children at her skirts, and tears the cover from the face of the corpse:*

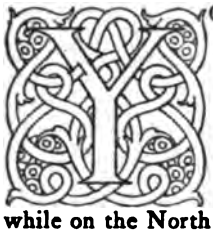
He is dead.

She drops on her knees, upright, with lifted head, clasping the children to her bosom.

FIORDELISA *swoons.*

The Curtain falls rapidly.

NOTES ON THE ANGLO-VENEZUELAN ARBITRATION. BY G. R. ASKWITH



OUR Majesty is the only Sovereign to whom God has been pleased to grant so many and such great Kingdoms and Lordships, and therein so many thousand leagues of coasts to guard that all your power and greatness is required for their defence. In the extremity of the East your Majesty possesses the East Indies, and in the West, the West Indies of Castille, and to be in the Philippines amounts to being very near the East Indies, and almost completes the circuit of the world, while on the North the defence and protection of the States of Flanders is to be provided for, and on the South all that extends beyond the Equator, both in the North Sea and in the South Sea as far as the Straits of Magellan or very near them, besides an infinity of Islands which your Majesty possesses in all these seas. Considering this it is hardly possible to effect union of so many Kingdoms and their mutual support for preservation and defence, on account of their being so many thousand leagues apart, *unless* the seas are bridged by a great and powerful fleet, which, by being mistress of the sea, may secure the coasts and free passage for all your Majesty's subjects who sail from one Province to another in pursuit of their trade and commerce.

The enemies of your Majesty have continued making themselves so powerful and acquiring so much strength that it has become very imperative that your Majesty should have a great fleet, and that it should be constantly increased and strengthened in proportion to the enemies, so that in any event your Majesty must be superior and Master of the sea.

The most bitter wars will be those which your Majesty may have with the whole of the North by sea, and this is to be our field of battle.

The reason of this is the greatness of the Indies, and this being the source by which your Majesty has derived a large portion of your greatness, and the quantity of money by which your armies are maintained, the Indies have been envied and coveted by the enemies of your Majesty. It may be feared that they are marking, with soap, as tailors do, so that they may cut and guide the scissors when furnished with power and means to undertake it.

Your Majesty should endeavour to foresee events and so arrange the matter that the designs, thoughts, and wishes of your enemies may be frustrated on seeing your Majesty master of the sea, and with so great a force and power therein that you are able to go with your fleet not only to the defence of any part of your Kingdoms they might desire to attack, but even to enter those of your enemies whenever it shall please you. Then each must look to the defence of his own house and remain within the limits of his Kingdom without troubling those of your Majesty.

One absolute necessity is wanting which requires special attention, namely, rapid execution and taking in hand whatever be agreed upon with the greatest dispatch, for the enemies are not asleep nor are they wont to give a long time for consideration, but rather the contrary—very few hours.

When your Majesty has formed a fleet of the strength and character which may be considered desirable, assuming that it should not be divided and that it is not possible to use it for the defence of each several Kingdom which God has given you, it must be directed and employed so that it may protect and defend all of them, wherever it may be placed (be in being).

These words are not a reproduction of advice given within the last few years to the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India and accepted for the time by the British Empire, but are literally translated excerpts from a long despatch addressed in 1604 by Don Juan Maldonado Barnuevo, erstwhile purveyor-general of

the Great Armada, to Philip the Third, King of Spain, and at that period Lord of the Indies. That King and his successors did not or could not see the absolute necessity of rapid execution or of a fleet in being, which may at least be partially the cause why in less than 300 years from the date of this advice the successor of Philip the Third possesses not one single rod of land in the mighty Empire once claimed to be under the sovereignty of Spain.

But the extent of the Spanish Empire as set forth in old days by Barnuevo and his belief in its grandeur and the power of his sovereign, indicate how the heirs of Spain have reasons for living in the past and claiming that all was Spanish which cannot be proved by distinct cession or by permission of Spain to have been alienated to other nations. Tradition dies hard, sentiment enters into the life of nations no less than into that of individuals. In one of the least cared for and one of the poorest provinces of old Spain Spanish tradition and sentiment have found their most energetic exponent, and the result of long years of quarrel was the Anglo-Venezuelan Arbitration.

If the view of the other side, however, is considered, the complexion is not exactly of similar colour. At the very time when Spain proudly claimed the whole of the Indies, the Dutch were rebels against their Sovereign, and one Usselinx, who aggressively and obstinately opposed the power of Spain, wrote that it could not be conceived that the Dutch had no places or foothold in the West Indies, since they could trade where the King of Spain had no territory, and amongst other places he claimed that the whole sea coast of Guiana was open to the Dutch. Settlement followed trade in those days, and acting upon this supposition and finding no serious hostility the Dutch went to Guiana.

Occupation of Guiana was only a small portion of the Dutch scheme. They could annex it, Spanish or not, but their real object was the independence of the United Netherlands and the expulsion of the Spaniards from all parts of America to which their power could afford them access. They acted as an independent people. They settled in New Amsterdam, or in the district now known as New York, with success. They attempted to settle in Chili without success. They settled, as events have proved, in Guiana with success. But although they captured silver fleets in the Caribbean Sea they could not gain Cuba or Mexico, and although they sent fleet after fleet and many emigrants to the shores of Brazil and for a time obtained domination in parts of the sea coast of that mighty country, they had to yield before the Portuguese and made no permanent impression upon it. So far as South America was concerned the remnant of their possibilities remained within the limits of Guiana, and it was very doubtful how much they held in that country owing to the keen opposition of the English and the French,

and the presence of the Spaniards at Santo Thomé on the Orinoco. The boundary between the Dutch settlements and the Spanish Empire was not settled, and during the period of their rule neither Spain nor Holland were able to come to any arrangement about it. Spain would never give up any of her pretensions, and the Dutch allowed the matter to remain in suspense and extended themselves without let or hindrance, not caring about boundaries as long as they were left alone. Both countries left the dispute as a heritage to their successors, and it required fifty years of acute disagreement before Great Britain and Venezuela could arrange a basis on which the subject could be brought to a decision, the result of which has recently been published by the award of the Tribunal sitting in Paris.

A portion of the territory known as Guiana and lying between the Amazon and the Orinoco was the subject of dispute. The territory or island of Guiana, as it was called, lay between the province now known as Venezuela and the far-stretching lands of Brazil. Spaniards discovered America; Spaniards owned, and their successors now own, nearly all South America; Spaniards on the North, and the Portuguese, subjects of the King of Spain at the time of occupation, on the South, owned the adjoining territory; Spaniards claimed the province of Guiana and were settled at Santo Thomé on the Orinoco, and were said to have settled on the Essequibo; Spaniards had attacked the Dutch in attempted settlements far south of the Essequibo, and in consequence of these matters and other particular points too numerous to mention, Venezuela urged that Guiana was a province of Spain, brought within the Spanish dominion, and not to be taken from Spain unless it was definitely ceded by Spain. Venezuela said that by the Treaty of Munster Spain allowed the Dutch only so much of Spanish country as the Dutch held, and that the Dutch had not advanced beyond the Essequibo at the time of the Treaty of Munster, and must be confined by that river, beyond which they were not entitled to go without the permission of Spain. If they had gone further, they had only done so as trespassers and must be strictly restrained to the spots of which they could prove possession by adverse holding.

Great Britain based her claim on a different footing; she said the Dutch never admitted the title of Spain either to South America or to Guiana, and that the Dutch went to Guiana as an independent nation, finding it open to their colonists and taking possession of as much territory as they could occupy or control, without any right in Spain to stop them except by effective occupation and control on her side. It was denied that the Treaty of Munster set forth or implied a cession by Spain, and it was urged that all the acts of the Dutch in the colony which might indicate occupation and control were evidence to show the extent of the territory to which they were

entitled, and that all the acts of Spain were to be considered in order to show how much Spain on her side ought to have. In consequence of the British contention the whole history of the colony, the colonists, and the Indians under the colony had from the earliest times to be examined and brought forward in an array of convincing facts, in order to prove the extent of the power of the Dutch, and in the course of this investigation some interesting historical documents were for the first time produced.

It would be tedious to run through the whole history of the country or of the neighbouring Spanish colony, and it can be read in the Blue Books, but some allusion may be made to a few of the new documents unearthed during the search for the evidence required to prove the contention of Great Britain. Of these by far the most interesting papers were the Spanish State documents discovered by that energetic searcher and skilled Spanish scholar, Mr. James Reddan of the Foreign Office, in the libraries of Simancas, Seville, Madrid, Dublin, and the Vatican. One of them is quoted at the beginning of this article, the others published in the appendices to the British case were really but a tithe of what Mr. Reddan could have furnished, and it was unfortunate that some valuable ones still further endorsing the British case and very interesting from an historical point of view, were found at too late a date to be included in the evidence adduced by Great Britain. In the result it did not matter, as Great Britain won and obtained all that was requisite, although possibly she might have had about ten miles more of swampy coast line if her Ministers for Foreign Affairs had not been so extremely generous in making offers to Venezuela during the last fifty years.

These Spanish documents give a most wonderful picture of the Spanish colonial Administration as commenced and laid down in inflexible red tape rules by Philip the Second. Everything was reported to the Council of the Indies, the Council of War, or the King, not in one or even in two reports, but in report after report from the Governor, the Military Commandant, the Bishop, and the Viceroy of the province. In nine cases out of ten the Council sent back for more reports, and after collecting reports for years considered them for a long time and then often sent an order, which was usually not executed, some years after the circumstances on which it was required had entirely changed. The Council found this procedure very useful when they were dealing with a disagreeable request from another country. They could always say the matter was under consideration, or they were waiting for further reports, and so put off a persistent ambassador. Thus the Dutch made a remonstrance at Madrid in 1758. The Spaniards took some slight provisional measures and then collected reports for seventeen years, at the end of which the Attorney-General gave an opinion upon the papers and said that on the whole perhaps no answer had better be sent unless

the Dutch again brought up the matter; they seemed lately to have forgotten all about it.

The earlier Spanish documents contained the letters of Don Antonio Berrio to the King of Spain, giving the tale of his search for El Dorado, the foundation of Santo Thomé and the occupation of Trinidad, as well as the account of the expedition of Domingo de Vera to the Orinoco. All this period has been exhaustively described by Sir Walter Raleigh and Keymis, in books that have been before the world for some time. Raleigh on Berrio has been read by many, but now came out for the first time from the recesses of the Archivo General de Indias the opinion of Berrio and the Spaniards on Raleigh, and the hope of Berrio in his enterprise. 'I desire that His Majesty may know,' he writes proudly in 1595, 'of the settlement of Trinidad and what a fertile country it is, and if God aids me to settle Guayana, Trinidad will be the richest trade centre of the Indies.' But in 1595 Sir Walter Raleigh appears on the scene. The Treasurer of Cumaná is informed that the Orinoco has an available mouth, called the Manavo, since—

it is known that the Englishman named Guaterral entered the Orinoco in the present year after having caused much trouble and injury in the Island of Trinidad. He left two young Englishmen in the Orinoco for the purpose of learning the language of the natives and becoming acquainted with the country, for on his departure therefrom it is said he left with the intention of returning later.

These Englishmen the Spaniards dealt with.

Captain Phelipe de Santiago [the king was informed] reports that he has fulfilled his commission by going directly to the bank of the Orinoco, where he took out of the power of the Indians one of the two Englishmen, named Francis Sparry, and learnt that the other had been devoured by a jaguar; and he gave the Indians the warning not to admit nor receive any strangers, except Spaniards in your Majesty's service. The young Englishman informed him that Guat-erral departed with the intention of returning during the month of March of the present year, and the Indians declared that they were awaiting him during the time of the moon of the said month of March; but as it appears that he had suffered considerably after leaving there, and had a much less number of men and forces than when he sailed from Orinoco, owing to the victory we gained over him, I trust in the Lord that his designs of carrying out his injurious purposes may be frustrated.

Guat-erral drops out of sight for about twenty years and then reached Orinoco on his unfortunate second voyage. It perturbed the district exceedingly.

The city of Santo Thomé and Island of Trinidad of the province of Guayana and Dorado represent that in the month of January 1618 Guat-erral, an English pirate with ten ships and launches, ascended the river Orinoco to the city of Santo Thomé and disembarked 500 men about a league from it, and the ships went up to its port. The two forces began slaughtering each other, and the enemy remained in possession of the place for twenty-nine days. Finally, Captain Juan de Lezama and six soldiers, with thirteen or fourteen Indians, drew the English into an ambush and there killed fourteen English, on account of which they soon embarked, leaving the city, church, and monasteries burned to their foundations, and carrying away all there was in it, and having excited and raised all the native Indians in rebellion at their pleasure.

The above-named authorities entreated for help and begged that soldiers should be sent. The King of Spain replied that he had told the Governor of Puerto Rico for the present to send 8 cwt. of powder, twenty muskets, and as many arquebuses, and 2 cwt. of gunmatches and four of lead, of which they were to make use with the greatest care. Three years afterwards the Spanish colony replied that nothing had resulted from his Majesty's letter. The King then said that he had been entreated to send eighty soldiers at once from Puerto Rico for the defence of the city, and to reduce the rebellious natives, and remarks :

> It having been deliberated upon in my Royal Council of the Indies, I have agreed to give these presents by which I command you to observe what has been ordered and commanded in this matter, and such is my pleasure.—I, the King.—To the Governor of the city of Santo Thomé de la Guayana.—He is to observe and fulfil what is commanded in reference to what is contained in this cedula.—By command of the King our Sovereign.

There is no evidence to show that a single man went or that the smallest attention was paid to the King's orders. But for hundreds of years the same formula continued, the same style of reports were made, the same kind of orders were given, and 'nothing has as yet resulted from your Majesty's commands.'

Santo Thomé throughout the centuries was always appealing for assistance and remained in a chronic state of misery, but very little notice was taken in Spain. In 1637, at the height of the Thirty Years' War, a particular series of reports dealt with the advance of the Dutch and the danger of the Spaniard.

> There is not a real in the Treasury [wrote the Chief Magistrate of the city to Philip IV.]; these pirates (the Dutch) will take possession of the river Orinoco and go up to the New Kingdom, for they have a quantity of vessels in use. On account of the great fertility of the land and of the gold and silver ore they will speedily endeavour to carry out their designs of seizing the port and town of Guayana, through which along the river Orinoco they will be able to go up without provisions, since they have on its banks supplies of yucca, plaintains, maize and other vegetables, and great abundance of ground game and birds, and a large quantity of wild cattle, and a great number of warlike Indians and Caribs with whom they would unite; and it will not be right that, after the settlement of the ports and towns has cost infinite losses of Spaniards and money to those who discovered them at the risk of their own lives, so great a sum of ducats from your royal patrimony to maintain the Catholic faith among a barbarous people should be lost to such a most Christian King and natural Lord, whom God preserve for the increase of the faith and chastisement of the heretic rebels against his Crown.

About the same date, 1642, the Dutch were trading away at Essequibo, and taking over cargoes, the invoices of which show that goods for the Indians were in much request. The list of the cargo of the yacht *Argujn* specifies axes, cutlasses, knives, small mirrors, ten gross of trumpets, two cases of wooden combs, hooks, 100 lbs. of yellow beads, 200 lbs. of violet beads, 50 lbs. of green beads, 60 lbs. of white beads (all to be like the lot that was sent last time,

since that was praised), four gross of copper bells, and much else, ending up with 25 cheeses; and later the Dutch Commandeur at the new settlement of Pomeroon writes, 'Your Honours will be pleased to send me five or six red coats and breeches with some sham gold and silver lace to keep on friendly terms with the Chiefs of the Indians.' He also suggested it would be for the welfare of the colony 'if your Honours sent five or six vigorous young girls and paid passage for the same,' and he would be responsible for the money. White ladies were at a premium in distant Essequibo, but the worthy Commander's plan did not come off, because soon afterwards Pomeroon was 'suddenly attacked and overpowered by 33 French and about 300 Caribs,' and the settlement removed, 'there being left there only three men with a flag for the maintenance of the Company's possession.'

Included in another series, an interesting Dutch document was the diary kept at the Fort Essequibo, probably by the Company's secretary, from 1699 to 1701. These volumes, partially eaten by mice, were found in a cellar at Georgetown, where they had lain for nearly two hundred years. They proved of value as showing the extent of the trading operations of the Dutch and their influence in the country surrounding Essequibo, but as a minute record of the daily life of the colony at that date are also curious from an historical point of view. A few excerpts may show the kind of events which interested those old Dutch colonists, and the matters which the unknown writer thought it desirable to record.

Friday, September 18, 1699.—Jotte, the old negro, has set out for the Upper Massaruni with the son of the deceased Chief Owl Mackerawacke, in order to bring down four or five slaves, whom the said son has offered to sell. The carpenters are engaged in flooring the dining-room up in the Fort with new planks. The old negresses are still engaged in crushing salt.

Sunday, September 20.—In the forenoon the usual divine service was celebrated by the clergyman, and the banns were read for the first time between his Honour and Miss Catharina Maertens, in order that having been published in church on three occasions those persons may enter the married state. In the afternoon the Catechism was taught and the remainder of the day spent in a Christian manner.

Tuesday, September 22.—In the afternoon, Jotte, the old negro, arrived from Massaruni together with the son of the deceased Chief Owl Makerawacke, bringing with him three female slaves, two children, and a boy, and the afore-mentioned son after having been paid by the Commandeur went away satisfied. The old negresses have again been crushing salt. Big Jan, the old negro, has gone down stream to look after a free Indian who has run away with a female slave from the Fort.

Thursday, September 24.—At eventide the free Indian, who had been out fishing up in the Cuyuni with the female slave whom he had taken away, returned to the Fort.

Wednesday, September 30.—This morning an Indian arrived with a female slave in order to sell her, and after receiving payment departed again.

Then there is a description of the arrival of a slave ship, which incidentally mentions the frightful mortality of slaves always existing

in the passage from Africa. Slaves were used on the sugar plantations, about 200 slaves being required for a large plantation.

Monday, November 2.—Some Indians arrived with annatto dye and after receiving payment again departed. Last night at twelve bells there arrived at the Fort the Corporal and Jan Debbaut, reporting that the expected Company's ship *Den Brandenburger*, having been under the command of Captain Frans Fret, who died before the departure from the Guinea Coast, had arrived here in the river with 330 negro slaves, and that during their voyage 130 of the 450 slaves shipped had died.

Tuesday, November 3.—Notices were sent to all the planters and inhabitants to inform them of the arrival of the said ship, and inviting them to attend here next Thursday to receive their slaves, and be present at the sale of the remainder.

Wednesday, November 4.—There arrived off the Fort the vessel *Den Brandenburger*, Captain Pieter Elinck, under the firing of seven shots; these were answered for a welcome by five from the Fort, which were again thanked by three. The Captain was received with every courtesy by the Commandeur and other friends, and three shots more were fired upon his arrival. Some planters also arrived in order to receive their slaves out of the said ship at the distribution to-morrow.

Thursday, November 5.—This morning a commencement was made with bringing the slaves on shore, to the number of 186 men and boys and 134 women and girls. In the evening some of the planters again departed after they had signed the drafts and bills of exchange for the slaves received.

Friday, November 6.—In the afternoon the secretary accompanied by the Captain proceeded on board, in order, according to the express instructions of the Directors and the Commandeur, to make a complete inspection and narrow examination of the ship, to see whether there were any contraband goods, and after having narrowly examined the whole they found six well-conditioned male negro slaves belonging to the Captain, which were seized by the Commandeur.

Feast days and holidays were kept in due state.

Friday, December 25.—Some Indians arrived with annatto dye, and having received payment again departed. The day was further spent in the celebration of divine worship, both before and after noon, and in an edifying manner.

Saturday, December 26.—The forenoon was again spent with Christian ceremony and in the due celebration of divine worship, and in the afternoon according to orders given by the Commandeur some national beverage was given to the garrison according to custom.

Thursday, December 31.—At midnight five volleys and three shots were fired from the batteries of the garrison; some drink was dealt out to the latter by the Commandeur and they made merry. Several free colonists also came down to greet the new year with a shot.

Tuesday, January 5.—The carpenters are engaged in making gun carriages. In the evening, it being Twelfth Night, the garrison made a star, and the Commandeur provided them with some drink and they made merry.

Sunday, April 25.—This morning the usual divine service was conducted by the clergyman, and the usual repetition would have followed in the afternoon had no hindrance taken place through the arrival of the old negro traders, Samuel Stoffelsen and Dane, from Cuyuni, the goods which they brought having had to be unloaded and the Indians who came with them to be paid, through which occupations the above was prevented. The rest of the day passed in an edifying manner.

Thursday, July 22.—In the afternoon there arrived here the sergeant with his company from Orinoco, whither he had been sent to settle some differences that had arisen there with the crew of the yacht *Rammekens*, and the first sugar was shipped in the vessel *De Jonge Jan*, from which a shot was fired according to custom.

Thursday, July 1.—The Commander is constantly engaged in looking through

the papers brought by the ship *De Jonge Jan* and taking the necessary measures against the arrival of the same here from Demerara. To-day the books are one year old, and the new ones are formed. May God grant a blessing upon the Company's trade!

It may be hoped this pious wish was fulfilled, as certainly the Dutch never allowed anything to interfere with trade. There was, however, an element of sport in the mind of the writer of the diary.

Saturday, March 27.—Rainy weather. In the forenoon there appeared here an Owl, who, for past and as an encouragement for further services, was in the name of the Honourable Company presented by the Commandeur with a new dress of honour, and after being further regaled he departed very well satisfied.

At about three o'clock a great alarm arose here, occasioned by a troop of seven aboeijs, or wood boars, which came swimming across the river just behind the Fort, they being immediately pursued by the Commandeur and his son in corrials, each with a gun in hand. Having reached them they fought most bravely, and after some time overcame them all, bringing them back in triumph for the general good, except one that went to the bottom. It were desirable that such battles took place many times a week. An hour after this exceptional piece of business was done there set out from here for the plantation De-Fortuijn Mr. Hollander, who had arrived yesterday to keep the Commandeur company.

It would occupy too large a space to treat of the Commandeur Laurens Storm Van's Gravesande, who held office at Essequibo from 1742 to 1772, during which time the Spanish missions first advanced in the upper districts of the Cuyuni, and the Spanish priests on the one side and the Dutch traders on the other first came into collision in the territories through which the boundary is now drawn. But carrying forward the subject of documents for fifty years after the Dutch diary, the student would find an amazing novelty in the secret documents found at Simancas relating to the year 1753. In Coxe's 'Kings of Spain' a dramatic account is given how Sir Benjamin Keene, the British Ambassador at Madrid, discovered that the Spanish ministers had secretly sent men-of-war from Havana to attack the British Colony of Honduras, and how he proved it before the King himself, all present staring at each other and recognising that two great nations were at war without knowing it, owing to this underhand dealing. The result was that the ministers were disgraced, on which Keene plumed himself considerably. The secret documents used for this arbitration now show that these Spanish ministers of Ferdinand the Sixth attempted to pursue exactly the same policy with the Dutch. A secret convention was formed between Spain and Portugal, under cover of a Commission for the delimitation of boundaries, by which the two countries were to oust the Dutch from Guiana by alliance with rebellious negroes, and sending Spaniards

with good wits and courage, so that they may direct and head them in their raids, the which will appear as outlaws of our nation; and in this manner the end will be attained without exposing ourselves to complaints and accusations, as they are the ones who execute the outrages.

If our two nations form a semicircle [wrote the Spanish ministers] we shall

orce them into a strip of territory or horseshoe, of small account, by no means fertile, and very unhealthy, and with some help to their negroes there is much probability that both one and the other may abandon the country and leave us quite alone. Being united the two may preserve the advantage which Heaven has given them of being the sole masters of the mines. With this object both nations resolve to take measures to hem them in, each on its own side, the Spaniards by that of the river Orinoco, and the Portuguese by the Amazons, with the understanding that, if by this mode of hostility or any better which may be found they are brought to evacuate the lands they now possess, the two sovereigns will divide the territory in a friendly manner.

This remarkable project, hatched in a time of profound peace, resulted in the despatch of a number of troops and some commissioners, whose arrival threw the Dutch Commandeur into a state of frenzied excitement. But their mission absolutely failed, the majority literally dying of starvation, because no support was given by Spain, partly through the opposition of the Caribs, and partly, in all probability, through the action of Sir Benjamin Keene in causing the disgrace of the Spanish ministers. Spain could not go to war with Great Britain and the Netherlands at the same time, and though one of the Spanish commissioners suggested that a fort should be erected near the Essequibo, in a situation far within the present British boundary, the Spanish officials had to throw cold water upon the proposition.

Subsequently the Colony at the end of the XVIIIth Century passed through many vicissitudes and had many masters—the States General, the French, the British, the Batavian Republic, and finally the British, but nobody knew where the boundary was. At last Lord Palmerston took up the question, and with the concurrence of Lord John Russell sent out Schomburgk, who proposed a line which raised a howl of rage in Venezuela. That line has been almost entirely endorsed by the present Tribunal.

British minister after British minister endeavoured to meet the difficulty. Lord Aberdeen offered thousands of square miles now assigned as of right to this country, but Venezuela refused to listen. For fifty years she stopped almost all development, and caused endless difficulties, finally breaking off diplomatic relations and working as far as she could to embroil Great Britain in a war with the United States. This action was taken upon a question which when investigated by five great judges, including two practically nominated by Venezuela, resulted in a decision that as a modification of the Schomburgk line a few miles might be territorially Venezuelan upon the coast, provided, owing to the uncertainty of ownership, that a free right of way was allowed through the rivers to Great Britain and other nations, and that a small district in the interior, never visited by Schomburgk, and in his first report excluded from British territory, was so much nearer Spanish influence than either Dutch or British influence as to be more properly Venezuelan than British. Some politicians in the United States ought to be ashamed

at having been led into a quarrel against this country over a matter of this kind, and into the suggestion that Great Britain was grasping and over-reaching. The cool practical decision of Lord Salisbury has been absolutely endorsed. Some people of the United States must have had a phase of hysteria at the moment, objecting at the same time to an ordinary protest in a yacht race and to diplomatic pourparlers over a disputed boundary in South America. To those who know the ins and outs of both disputes the spectacle is not encouraging.

The Arbitral Tribunal met in Paris in June 1899 and reams might be written over the Treaty of Washington, and arbitration, and the terms of a Treaty of Arbitration of this character, and what they were and ought to be. Such a discussion would lead into the realm of theory. The decision is a question of fact, and the work of the Tribunal is a question of fact. The Attorney-General for England being an early riser and requiring preparation of many details in addition to formal consultations, counsel for Great Britain would appear to be able to claim to have worked from six in the morning to twelve at night for four hot months in Paris, with streets up, mosquitoes rampant, and typhoid raging. Also counsel for Venezuela possibly never expected the close mutual support of British counsel determined to cleave through any weak points which they had to experience. They had to stop individual work and work closely together, and they could not split the British arguments or with any success allege British admissions or difference of view between British counsel. At the last, after claiming up to the mouth of the Essequibo, they had to fight for Barima Point, at the mouth of the Orinoco, as if it was the only matter of dispute in the case, though for forty days of argument Venezuela scarcely thought it necessary to discuss the subject, as almost every British minister had asked them to take it.

Five judges, who had never sat together before, arrived at an unanimous conclusion. In view of the difference of race, sentiment, and legal training M. de Martens might properly claim the result as a triumph. He, himself, never by any word during the whole course of the proceedings evinced any bias one way or the other.

The Lord Chief Justice of England, who in an incredibly short space of time had had to get up a case on which counsel and officials had worked for months or years, went to the root of each difficult subject by searching questions to every counsel who had to speak. If the American counsel were unaccustomed to so many questions from the bench, they soon admitted and recognised the value of interruptions which enabled them to explain the meaning of their remarks, and which forced their opponents to meet face to face every piece of argument adduced on behalf of Venezuela. The Hon. Melville Fuller, Chief Justice of the United States, spoke

but little. If his fancy was struck by the glamour of the paramount title of Spain, he at least sacrificed fancy to an intense interest in archæology and history, no minute details in the long series of facts escaping his attention.

Lord Justice Collins gripped the case and the facts of the case from the first. His questions with their lucidity of expression and power of argument delighted the counsel for Venezuela even more than those who had previously known of these qualities, and in any international arbitration to which Great Britain sends representatives the country could safely rely upon a man and a judge such as he has proved himself to be. Mr. Justice Brewer had been selected by President Cleveland to conduct the inquiry, instituted by him before the Treaty of Washington was arranged, into such historical facts as could be then collected, and yet by his questions showed that he did take such an independent view as would justly endorse the opinion which the world holds of what a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States ought to be.

Of counsel and their skill, it is difficult to make criticisms. Mr. Mallet Prevost, Mr. James Russell Soley, General Benjamin Tracy, and General Benjamin Harrison all fought hard, and each naturally had their predominant characteristic.

It may perhaps be said that from his power in arranging facts, it was palpable that Mr. Soley has a great future before him in the firm of which General Tracy is the distinguished head. He took the period from 1800 to 1897. Mr. Mallet Prevost had to take up and deal in a speech or thirteen days with the whole period prior to 1800, and to answer Sir Richard Webster, a physical and mental feat of no slight character, and General Harrison had to reply after months of discussion and to endeavour to turn the wash of a flowing tide. Well he did it. As a practised speaker, as an eminent statesman, he commanded respect and attention, though no answer could be given, and wealth of illustration, skilful elocution, power of conviction, commanded keen interest even if they did not ensure agreement.

But in the splendid rooms of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs at the Quai d'Orsay, so generously placed at the disposal of the Tribunal by the French Government, and where that Government day by day provided a sumptuous *déjeuner*, no figure, whether of Tribunal or Counsel, could be so striking as that of M. le Marquis de Rojas, the Agent for Venezuela. He had passed through a long diplomatic career, and many changes of Venezuelan Government and vicissitudes of diplomatic relations both with Great Britain and France, and yet had lived comfortably in Paris for five and twenty years, knew every inch of every corner of that city, and at the end of seventy-two years, though he looked fifty-two, was compiling memoirs, of which the Arbitration was to be a culminating feature. While objecting strongly to its length as interfering with his proofs, he could find

time for a course of the baths of Luchon during the proceedings, and return to give the best dinner that Paris could produce (and which without his superintendence and immense knowledge of the proper harmonies of dinners it is difficult to believe Paris could have produced) to all the persons present at the Arbitration. Absolute belief in the supreme power of Spain in the reign of Philip the Second enabled him to doze placidly during the most eloquent British attacks upon Spanish domination, and to complain that the American counsel did not know how to use their hands when gesture could enforce argument in favour of the glory of Spain. But no *raconteur* could equal the stories which the Marquis could tell upon occasion, as to what he has done and seen, particularly in Paris, even if Caracas and other places are left out. His book should be an immense success, and unless he has been diffident should be read with the interest attaching to the descriptions of a charming gentleman, and of a man who has lived and does live.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AND MARY SHELLEY

Swain, Electric Engraving Co.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

From the picture by Miss Amelia Curran, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

[illegible] Amelia Curran, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY AND MARY SHELLEY

ERWEILE dich, du bist so schön! Many an historian or biographer, busied in conjuring up before his mind the departed heroes of romance, history, or literature, must at times have felt an inclination to re-echo the above exclamation of Faust, wrung from him by the joy and ecstasy of one too fleeting moment. No figure in literary history is so likely to excite this impulse as that of the wayward, will-of-the-wisp poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

It is no small compliment to that which may be termed the 'blue blood' of English aristocracy, that it should within so short a time have given birth to two such astounding prodigies as Byron and Shelley. Critics may carp and moralists may frown, but when Byron and Shelley were born the literary world stood still, creaked, and revolved in another direction.

This is not the place to review Shelley's life, his childish ebullitions as an atheist and radical reformer, or his meteoric career as a poet, those five years of lyrical inspiration which wreathed the bays around his head and made him immortal. And yet one would hardly have had it longer, that weird, feverish existence. Better to sink below the waves of the Mediterranean, better to lie on the sand beneath the blue Italian sky, better to be consumed on the pyre like some Greek hero of old, than to wear out a fitful life to a term of senility and failure. In the words of Menander—

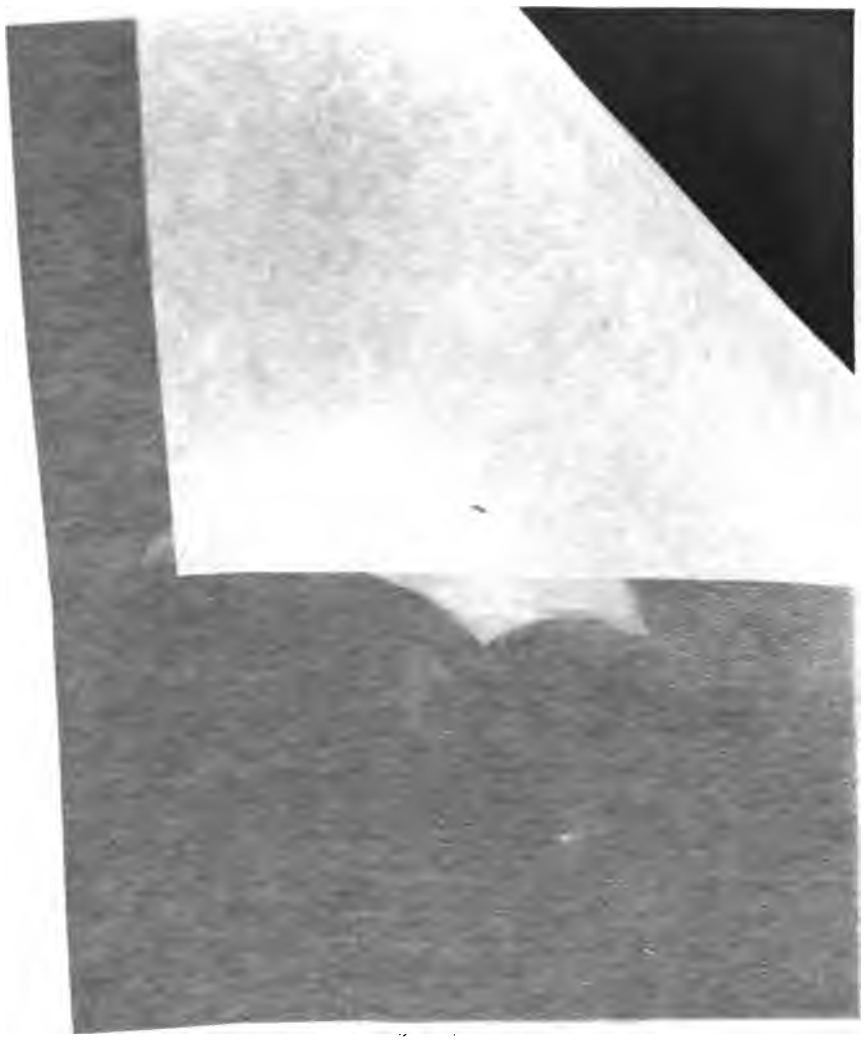
ὃν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.

For such a genius as Shelley it were difficult to find a mate. Shelley himself tried to solve the difficulty in his own peculiar fashion. When expelled from Oxford for his socialist and atheistic publications, he with all the impetuosity of a raw undergraduate buried his wrongs and sorrows at the age of nineteen in the bosom of a silly and sentimental school-girl. One can hardly blame poor Harriet Westbrook for her inability to rise to the situation. Calf love is seldom of long duration, and is a danger to matrimony. Shelley, ever unconventional but never immoral, soon found his heart beating for a real kindred spirit. Such a spirit crossed his path in the shape of Mary Godwin, daughter of that ponderous and intolerable quack, the once famous William Godwin, and of that early champion of Woman's Rights, the newest of 'new women,' the unhappy Mary Wollstonecraft, who, with all her failings, was a woman of intellect and remarkable ability. Had Mary Wollstonecraft lived to bring up her daughter, the latter could hardly have failed to be influenced by so strong a character. As it was, her father, after preaching against matrimony for the greater part of his life, drifted

into a second alliance with one of those sordid, vulgar families, which seem so often destined to perturb and befoul the lives of their superiors. Across the careers of Byron, Shelley, and their family surroundings, the Clairmonts move as the evil genius that kept their feet on earth, sometimes actually in the mud. Such an influence tended, no doubt, to dull in Mary Godwin the intellect of her father and the fine genius of her mother, both of which she to a great extent inherited. When Shelley and Mary Godwin met, their kindred spirits blended at once, and until her husband's death her life can hardly be separated from his.

Mrs. Shelley's name is, however, connected with one of those literary creations which seem almost accidental in their extraordinary pre-eminence. It is well-known how in June 1816, Byron, Shelley, Mrs. Shelley, and others, being at the Villa Diodati, near Geneva, found themselves confined to the house by persistent rainy weather. To wile away the time they took to writing tales, each trying to outvie the other in the gruesomeness of their subject. Byron began a tale called 'The Vampyre,' which was later on pirated with great success by his companion, young Polidori. Whether Shelley produced anything himself has not transpired, but Mary Shelley then and there wrote that tale of 'Frankenstein' which still holds its own for originality of conception, and which, for the weird horror of its subject and its terrifying moral, remained unsurpassed until the publication of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Was it mere chance, or was it not rather due to one of those mysterious telepathic influences of which we know so little, that when, some eighty years later, Robert Louis Stevenson lay dying in his far-away home at Samoa, his head was supported by a rest which had been a gift from the child of Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin?



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Mary Shelley

From the picture by R. Rothwell, now in the National Portrait Gallery

MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS'S 'PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.' BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

PAOLO and Francesca da Rimini are signal examples of the power of genius to immortalise an incident of human life, tragic indeed, but ordinary almost to the point of commonplace, and render it typical to all ages. To have one's name mentioned by Gibbon, says Thackeray, is like having it inscribed upon the Pyramids. If this is true of Gibbon—and it is—how much truer of Dante? The fame conferred by Gibbon is not so much a triumph of that great historical artist's skill as a property attaching to every constituent of his picture. Gibbon could not have painted a striking portrait apart from its surroundings. In naming you he makes you a portion of a vast historical pageant, apart from which your personality has slight significance. But the person named by Dante becomes *ipso facto* immortal. Take away the rest of the 'Divine Comedy,' and when Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise were all annihilated, the person or thing excepted from the wreck would still exist with the distinctness of the incision upon brick or potsherd which may be the sole remnant of an Assyrian city. Many Paolos and Francescas of all nations have left a record in real life, many more have glowed in the warm and luscious colouring of fiction. But none have impressed themselves on the imagination and sympathy of the world like the pair at the story of whose woes the Florentine who had viewed Hell unmoved *cadde come corpo morto cade.*

Paolo and Francesca, having thus become figures as typical as Medea or Electra, naturally fall to the repertory of the dramatist who, as has hitherto been the practice of the most consummate artists, selects as embodiments of the passion he would delineate circumstances and personages already consecrated by the admiration of the past, instead of evolving new situations and new characters from his own imagination. One such attempt—the 'Francesca da Rimini' of Silvio Pellico—has already taken a permanent place in literature. To this, as well as to a play on the same subject by George Boker, we shall recur. For the present our business is with the endeavour of a young English poet, Mr. Stephen Phillips, of whose previous writings much might be said were not all our space required for the consideration of his present work. Those acquainted with them know that he will not be found lacking in eloquence of speech or elevation of thought, in purity of style or in music of versification. Hitherto, however, Mr. Phillips has appeared mainly as a subjective poet, speaking mainly from his own breast, or impersonating his own feeling in a single ideal character. It remained to be seen whether he could distribute himself upon a number of well-discriminated personages, and cause them to advance by orderly movements converging to a

single definite goal. Mr. Phillips has also augmented his difficulties by the generous ambition which disdains content with a half success. Such a success is attained in the realm of drama when the poet, either from the limitation of his powers or by deliberate preference, contents himself with a play written solely for the closet. Such a production may be noble and beautiful, but, compared with the play that appeals to the spectators as well as to the reader, it is as an abdicated monarch to a monarch enthroned. Mr. Phillips's drama, produced in response to an appeal for a play equally adapted for representation or perusal, courts a severer ordeal than that of the merely poetical drama. If he has not produced what will enchain the attention of a theatre he has failed, whatever the poetical merits of his work.

Many difficulties beset even a successful literary treatment of a subject like that of Paolo and Francesca. One is that intimated by Keats when he says of his Endymion, 'I must make four thousand lines of one bare circumstance, and fill them with poetry.' The theme is not one which, like that of Macbeth or Lear, admits of being amplified to any extent without prejudice to the simplicity and symmetry of its nucleus. It is founded upon a simple incident, the quintessence of which is conveyed by Dante in six words, *that day we read no more*. Not only is the incident in itself simple, but the Florentine poet has in a manner made it even more so by his incomparable pregnancy and brevity. He has prescribed the fashion in which it must be treated to all time. To decorate the simple groundwork over much with costume and ornament; to rove afar from the essential truth of nature in quest of picturesque effects of merely local colouring; to indulge in flowery oration or thread the mazes of mediæval Italian politics, would not only be to bury the principal action under accessories, but to depart from a tradition which the dramatist is bound to observe. Matthew Arnold has admonished poets that they may only display the fulgent robe of ornate diction without on condition of wearing the hair shirt of austerity within; but the poet of Paolo and Francesca must be austere within and without. Something must, nevertheless, be attempted to diversify the simplicity of a tale which, as a tale, does but gain by Dante's impetuous brevity, but which is only permissible as a dramatic subject intended for actual representation upon condition of its occupying an audience for the better part of an evening at least.

At the same time, the writer who adapts any story like that of Paolo and Francesca for dramatic treatment labours under a difficulty of a precisely opposite nature. If, on the one hand, it is necessary that his exposition of his theme should be brief and energetic, there is no less imperative a demand on the other for a certain amount of minuteness of treatment and psychological analysis. The subject is a guilty passion, which must, nevertheless, in obedience to the

elementary rules of tragedy, be so treated that its victims may appear rather objects of pity than of blame. To effect this, its growth must be in a certain measure delineated. It is no longer possible, as in the days of Euripides, to represent such a passion as a divine frenzy inspired by an offended deity. It must be portrayed as the natural outcome of an unhappy situation. If the exposition is too rapid, the characters forfeit the spectator's sympathy as mere slaves of passion; if too deliberate, the action becomes tame and languid. Here the novelist, who can detain his reader while he scatters subtle psychological suggestions, the seeds of future incidents, or delicately tints the *nuances* of sentiment, has an enormous advantage over the dramatist, who deals with results rather than processes. Among all the tribe of erring lovers, moreover, Paolo and Francesca are perhaps the most difficult to handle. Stated as mere matter of fact their transgression seems peculiarly black, associated with ingratitude, breach of honour, incest, and other things less excusable than mere amorous frailty. Yet the case was otherwise, and Dante constrains us to regard them as persons of peculiar purity and elevation of character. In carrying out this conception, the dramatist runs much risk of neglecting the element of earthly passion which, though subordinate, is still needful to explain the situation and commend it to the reader's sympathy. The consequence may be seen in Dyce's otherwise excellently painted delineation of the critical moment. The kiss is there indeed, but not the passion to excuse it. On the other hand, the subject is one to be avoided by the poet whose strength lies in impassioned language. The conversation that might befit the Queen of Scots and Bothwell would be misplaced with Paolo and Francesca.

We will now venture upon a brief analysis of the plot as conceived by Mr. Phillips. At the beginning of the play Paolo, the handsome, chivalrous, and much younger brother of the veteran warrior and statesman Giovanni, Lord of Rimini, appears bringing home Francesca, daughter of the despot of Ravenna, whom his brother has espoused for political reasons, but whom he has been too busy to fetch himself. Francesca and Giovanni accordingly have never seen each other, but Francesca and Paolo have seen each other too much. The probable result is skilfully indicated by

> Little signs, like little stars,
> Whose faint impression on the sense
> The very looking straight at mars,
> Or only seen by confluence.

The innocent Francesca can make little of her strange trouble, and only feels, without saying distinctly to herself, that she would rather stay with Paolo than go to Giovanni. Paolo's vision is clearer; he earnestly sues Giovanni for leave to quit the Court, but can allege no reason, and Giovanni, fearing to lose in him the one person for whom

he feels affection and in whose loyalty he has implicit faith, refuses permission. Francesca is entrusted to the care of Lucrezia degli Onesti, cousin to Giovanni, an elderly woman whose spirit is soured by her childlessness, and who is more ready to infuse suspicions of Francesca into Giovanni's mind than to be a stay to her. Presentiments of ill are further intensified by the bodings and mutterings of the ancient second-sighted crone Angela; while the action is skilfully prolonged and the tension alleviated by the by-play of the soldiers, and their light loves who accompany them on the march out of Rimini. Purposely or accidentally, these idle amours form a tragi-comic contrast with the vehement passion seething in the breasts of the principal characters; the camp-talk, too, is very good. The songs, we must say, are not worthy of Mr. Phillips, and we hope to see them replaced by something better ere the drama takes final shape. The third act introduces us to a new scene in the shop of Pulci, compounder of potions of love and death. His daughter Tessa stands at the counter vending philtres to love-sick maids, but speedily customers of another sort arrive. Giovanni, conscious of his bride's coldness, steals masked and cloaked to the pharmacist to solicit

> Some dreamy potion
> That can enthral a woman's wandering heart,
> And all her thought subdue to me,

adding to himself with a sigh—

> I must beguile, it seems, my wedded wife,
> And lure into my arms what is my own.

As, having obtained his desire, he prepares to depart, another knock smites the door, and he reveals himself to Pulci, who conceals him behind the arras as he unbars the door to the new visitor. This, as the reader will have guessed, is no other than Paolo, distracted between his passion for Francesca and his duty to his brother, and craving—

> Some drug
> That can fetch down in us the eternal sleep,
> Anticipating the slow mind of God.

Pulci, amazed that one so young should wish to die, questions him, and extracts, not indeed his name but his motive, which is enough for the listening Giovanni, who has of course recognised him. Paolo flings a purse of gold upon the counter, and rushes forth into the night with the deadly phial, ineffectually pursued after a few moments' hesitation by the relenting Giovanni. One passage in this fine scene strikes us as improbable. Pulci appears fearfully alarmed at being detected by the Prince in vending love potions, yet a few minutes afterwards he makes no scruple of committing in the Prince's hearing the far more serious offence of purveying poison. He would

assuredly, if but for that occasion only, have sent his customer about his business. The flaw might be remedied by the omission of a few words. The act concludes with a scene of singular beauty. Paolo, unable to leave the world without a final sight of Francesca, steals to her chamber and finds her reading the fateful book as told by Dante—the reader knows the rest. Here the drama is at a disadvantage as compared with the poem, which enables us to conceive the reading as lasting a long summer day, and the lovers as slowly entangled in the coils of an irresistible fate, while, in the inevitably condensed action of the play, their transgressions risk appearing insufficiently motived. Mr. Phillips has met the difficulty as well as the case admits by the sweetness and pathos of his diction :

> FRANC. Here is the place : but read it low and sweet.
> Put out the lamp !
> PAO. The glimmering page is clear.
> [*Reading.*] 'Now on that day it chanced that Launcelot,
> Thinking to find the King, found Guenevere
> Alone ; and when he saw her whom he loved,
> Whom he had met too late, yet loved the more,
> Such was the tumult at his heart that he
> Could speak not, for her husband was his friend,
> His dear familiar friend : and they two held
> No secret from each other until now;
> But were like brothers born.'—My voice breaks off.
> Read you a little on.
> FRANC. [*Reading.*] 'And Guenevere,
> Turning, beheld him suddenly whom she
> Loved in her thought, and even from that hour
> When first she saw him ; for by day, by night,
> Though lying by her husband's side, did she
> Weary for Launcelot, and knew full well
> How ill that love, and yet that love how deep !'
> I cannot see—the page is dim ; read you.

While the lovers' doom has thus been working itself out, all elsewhere in the palace has been hurry and confusion. Giovanni has been recalled from his pursuit of Paolo by a despatch addressed, with dubious propriety, to the *Tyrant* of Rimini, announcing that Pesaro has revolted against his rule. He rushes to the fray, and his return, flushed with triumph, ushers in the fourth act :

> Ne'er did I strike and hew as yesterday,
> And that armed ghost of Paolo by me rode.

To his astonishment, he learns from Lucrezia that Paolo, instead of having died from the potion, is still at the palace. By her advice he gives out—

> That this is no return, but merely
> An intermission of the war : that you
> Must ride back to the camp within the hour,
> And for some days be absent : he and she
> Will seize upon the dark and lucky hour

To be together : watch you round the house,
And suddenly take them in each other's arms.

Francesca pleads with him to remain, but Giovanni, as much the victim of fatality as herself, rushes upon his doom and hers. The terrified and bewildered girl throws herself upon the compassion of Lucrezia, who, recognising in her at last the appeasement of that thirst for maternal affection which has tortured her all her life, would give the world to cancel her ill counsel to Giovanni. It is too late. When Lucrezia's observation is removed Paolo presents himself yet again :

FRANC. O voice too sweet !
And like the soul of midnight sending words !
Now all the world is at her failing hour,
And at her faintest : now the pulse is low,
Now the tide turns, and now the soul goes home,
And I to Paolo am fainting back !
A moment—but a moment—then no more !

One more live scene of intense passion, yet perfect delicacy, and Giovanni enters to the distracted Lucrezia with blood—not his own —upon his hand and says to Francesca's attendant :

Is it not time you draped her all in white,
And combed out her long hair as for a sleep ?

To this unnatural calm of the avenger succeeds more natural frenzy, toned down and subsiding into the calm that comes when Fate has wreaked its worst and no more faults remain to be committed. Giovanni's last words as he bends over the bodies are:

They look like children fast asleep.

Mr. Phillips's power as a poet will be evident to the reader, who, when he comes to form his opinion by the play itself instead of by a necessarily imperfect analysis, will be in no more doubt as to his skill as a dramatist. The two chief requisites of the dramatist as such are obviously constructive power and the gift of delineating character. It will be apparent that the difficulties inherent in the development of a consecutive action from a single incident have been ably overcome. The sequence of events is clear and logical. The bare circumstance is varied by minor scenes and episodes which nevertheless contribute to the story as a whole, and do not wear the appearance of having been introduced for their own sakes. The three principal personages comply with the canon of Aristotle ; neither wholly bad nor wholly good, they inspire too much pity for censure to deepen into aversion. The Greek idea of an overruling Fate is sufficiently visible to suggest excuse and instil acquiescence, but is never needlessly obtruded. The minor characters are everything they ought to be, with the important exception of

Lucrezia, who is indeed an essential part of the action, but who never quite convinces us. There is nothing improbable in the personage considered singly; but while all the others are either vouched for by history or are exactly the sort of people one would expect to find at an Italian court, this childless cousin seems somewhat of a *dea ex machina*. We infer that in future dramas Mr. Phillips will do well to continue to walk in the paths of history or legend, rather than to rely solely upon his own inventive power.

Mr. Phillips's merit may be fairly tested by a comparison between him and his forerunners, one of whom was undoubtedly a man of genius. Omitting Leigh Hunt's 'Story of Rimini' as undramatic, the classical presentation of the subject might have been expected from Silvio Pellico; and it is disappointing to discover that, with all its great literary merit, the Italian poet's work does not even enter into competition with Mr. Phillips's, simply because the problem presented by the theme is entirely shirked. The business of Francesca's poet is to win pardon and something more for an erring woman. Pellico claims our admiration for an immaculate saint. Will it be believed that the fateful kiss is never given at all, and that Francesca, instead of falling into her lover's arms, departs with the utmost speed of her own feet? Even this tame scene is merely narrated, not exhibited upon the stage. The literary composition, indeed, is admirable; and the part of Francesca is so full of opportunities for a fine actress that the enthralled audience might, oblivious of Dante, forget to inquire what business so angelic a being could possibly have in the infernal regions. Could names and scene be altered, and an annoying element of chance-medley be eliminated from the catastrophe, we should have little but praise for Pellico's dignified, eloquent, and in some parts truly pathetic drama. But if it is to be judged as a presentation of the tale of Francesca da Rimini, it can only be said that the author has shunned the difficulties which Mr. Phillips has faced, and that his version of the story is as utter a parody of Dante's as an amended Macbeth, in which Lady Macbeth should lay herself out to save Duncan's life and take to sleep-walking out of vexation at her failure, would be of Shakespeare's.

In resolving to avoid Pellico's fault, Mr. George H. Boker, the American dramatist, has done well, but he has committed one infinitely worse by rushing headlong into the other extreme. His Francesca is little better than a wanton, and possesses no claim to the sympathy of the spectator. To do Mr. Boker justice, he does not seem to have intended that she should. He has executed a change of base with a vengeance, throwing the whole strain of the situation upon the injured husband, whose condition is no doubt sufficiently grievous even without the hump with which Mr. Boker,

determined to leave no element of the pathetic unenlisted, has thoughtfully provided him. The drama is replete with all manner of superfluities, and its one redeeming merit is the frequent energy of its language. Mr. Boker also conceived the good idea which Mr. Phillips has followed, of sending the husband away on a military expedition at the crisis of his bride's fate.

One, therefore, of Mr. Phillips's competitors is most unequally matched with him, and the other has virtually renounced the contest by violating the rules of the game. We have, however, already pointed out that Mr. Phillips's ambition will not be satisfied by the production of a drama for the closet, however striking, but that he aspires to prolong the series, too interrupted of late, of English acting plays, which are also poetry. The prosperity of the richest jest lies in the ear of him who hears it; the stage success of the finest play depends upon the interpretation. Given such performers as Mr. Phillips's tragedy deserves, we cannot doubt its success upon the boards. It has all the properties most vitally necessary to extort the applause of an audience—sympathetic interest, suspense, agitation, ultimate satisfaction. The imperilled innocence of Francesca and the tender chivalry of Paolo bespeak the spectators' sympathies at once; while Giovanni's double wound in bride and brother is so deep, that we forget how he has brought it upon himself by his heartless policy. The suspense needful to a prolonged interest is ably maintained by a plot, exempt indeed from melodramatic surprises, yet nowhere transparent. Were not the story universally known, the issue might remain in doubt to the end; as it is, the attentive hearer will find abundant mental exercise in forecasting the evolution of the catastrophe. Some of the scenes, especially the terrible crisis when Lucrezia is vainly striving to undo her work, are replete with agitation, and the catastrophe, heartrending as it is, bequeaths the satisfaction associated with the perusal of a genuine page from the volume of human life. The minor details of costume and scenery afford ample opportunity for the exercise of refined taste and, if thought fitting, of spectacular magnificence. All this, notwithstanding, would be of little avail without, not only performers of a high order, but performers at home in and appreciative of their parts. On this point there need be little apprehension; or at least the sole difficulty which Mr. Phillips need apprehend is one which he has created for himself by his lofty appreciation of the dramatic art. It is one capital distinction between the dramatic poet and the playwright that the former regards his theme as a whole, the latter with reference to the capacities of some particular performer, but for whom, very likely, it would not have existed. Mr. Phillips has utterly refused to sacrifice any of his personages to the exigencies of another; he has done his best with all in proportion to the share allotted to

them in the action, and each is equally effective in its degree. To succeed on the boards, therefore, the piece requires at least four interpreters of eminent ability. No actor or actress capable of looking as well as of feeling the part will feel dissatisfied at being cast for Paolo or Francesca, characters as sympathetic as Romeo and Juliet; and Lucrezia's part teems with splendid declamation. If the impersonator of Giovanni has in comparison an ungrateful part, ample amends are made by the scene of frenzy near the end, which might well tax the art of the ablest actor; for the merely physical power required is not small, and yet the slightest overstepping of the modesty of nature would transgress the boundary that divides the sublime from its opposite. In fact, an unusual measure of culture and refinement will be needed everywhere: actors and spectators must alike remember that the scenes and personages depicted have nothing to do with modern life, except in so far as they are common to human nature everywhere, and inasmuch as they represent the transition from the age of chivalry to modern times in its earliest stage, ere the mystic union of Faustus and Helena had yet produced the Renaissance. The world delineated is an historical world, which actually existed very much as the poet has conceived it; but for us it is idealised by the illusion of Time; and although it is not, like the sources from which the Greek dramatists drew their inspiration, heroic in the divine origin or august proportions of its figures, or a storehouse of ancient rites and creeds, it should still be approached by us with something of the spirit with which a Hellenic audience beheld a dramatic action—

> Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
> Or the tale of Troy divine.

FOUR POEMS WRITTEN IN NORWAY IN 1899. BY EDMUND GOSSE

I

THE PENINSULA

THE lilac ling my bed, I lay
In that entranced half-isle
of ours,—
That Sirmio of a northern bay,
Paven with tiny leaves and
flowers ;—
Ancestral birches down the blue
Their waterfalls of silver threw.

Betwixt their gnarl'd and papery boughs
The radiant lake burned in the sun ;
I looked out of their fairy house,
And watched the waves break one by one—
Reverberant turquoise shattered there
Between green earth and golden air.

Hot in the breeze, the distant pines
Cast winds of spice across our shore;
And unseen rosemaries gave signs,
And secret junipers their store;
From every flower and herb and tree
Sabæan odours sighed to me.

And all things sang, too,—the soft wind,
The birch-leaves' petulant shy sound,
The lapping waters, and the thinned
Sleek tufts of autumn leafage browned,
The cow-bell far away, that fills
All corners of the folding hills.

Thus odour, song, and colour wrought
A magic raiment for my soul;
All the dark garments pain had brought
To robe me for the masque of dole
Fell from me straightway; I was clad
As angels when God makes them glad.

Blue, golden-green and silver-white—
Were these not hues for happiness?
In our elysian island bright,
Round the worn pilgrim still they press;
They clothe him for the world anew,—
These spirits of white and green and blue.

And so for hours I laid my head
  Upon the lilac spires of ling,
And thus, by Beauty islanded,
  I heard the lustral waters sing,
And watched the low wind stir the gold
And turn the quavering birch-leaves cold.

NÆSET I BYGLAND, *August* 4.

II

THE CATARACT

FROM slippery slab to slab I crawl
Above the shattering waterfall.

A mist, like hopeless human prayer,
Curls in the firs, and welters there.

Through them I watch descend, descend
The shuddering waters without end.

Gray tears have fallen to swell this flood,
And iron-ruddy drops like blood.

It moans, and sobs, and howls, and sings,
And whispers of heart-breaking things.

For ages it has thundered so
Into the slate-blue lake below.

Each streak of blood, each cold gray tear
Sinks down into the slate-blue mere,

Sinks down, and vanishes, and dies,—
Yet the lake's margins never rise.

So to God's silent heart are hurled
The sorrows of the unsuccoured world.

TINNFOSSEN, *August* 19.

III

THE LAKE

NEVERMORE sail or oar
Hears the chorus that once bore us
  To the shore
Where the birches shake their tresses
From the outmost sandy nesses.

Fare ye well! brae and dell,
And our meadow, deep in shadow!
Never tell
How we loved your pleasant reaches
And your shady sleek-limbed beeches.

Hours and hours, sun and showers,
Quiet-breasted, here we rested
By your flowers.
Flowers will fade and life will darken;
Hearken, breathless waters, hearken!

To your shore nevermore
Come we sailing, sailing, sailing
As of yore;
To return would break asunder
Threads we wove in joy and wonder.

Then, adieu! not of you
Shall a broken heart be token,
Wavelets blue!
We must steer our barque of sorrow
To some darker shore to-morrow.

BYGLANDSFJORDEN, *August* 15.

IV

VERSES

Written in the album of Anna Björnaraa, the composer and singer of Stev, *where many Norwegian and Danish poets had written*

HERE, where within the hollow of the hills
Immortal song still gushes like a fountain,
And with its delicate enchantment fills
The granite goblet of the topmost mountain,
I come, the pilgrim of an alien clime,
And croon a stave with these my Northland brothers,
Since more than blood-kin is the bond of rhyme,
And sisters were our ancient Muses' mothers.

VIK I VALLE, SAETERSDALEN, *August* 8.

THE CHANGES IN PARLIAMENTARY SPEECH. BY THE HON. ALFRED LYTTELTON, M.P.

VERY distinguished leader of the House of Commons in modern times was asked by an old friend how he managed his perorations. Without a moment's hesitation he replied, 'My dear fellow, I say what I have got to say and sit down at the end of my first grammatical sentence.' The contempt of formal oratory shown by this observation certainly contrasts most pointedly with the familiar accounts of the great Parliamentary leaders of the last hundred years. A speech without a peroration at the beginning of the century would have been an eccentricity—almost an indecency, and our grandfathers would have regarded themselves as slighted had they been addressed in slovenly fashion. The elaborate rhetorical education of the younger Pitt, the repetition to his tremendous parent of declamatory poetry, the translation aloud and at sight of classical authors, the attention which he gave as a youthful spectator to parliamentary debates, produced a facility which well justified Mr. Windham's compliment, and demonstrates the great value then set by eminent men on rhetorical speech. Again, the speeches of Mr. Canning, now brilliant and ornamental, now witty and sarcastic, now simple and incisive, were described by Sir James Mackintosh as the 'best models among our orators of the ornamental style,' and bear on their face the unmistakable stamp of assiduous training. Every one also knows the unstinted labours of Lord Brougham to perfect his speeches, and, perhaps, no instance is so convincing of the estimation of form in those days as the fact that the busiest man in England—advocate, jurist, statesman, essayist—wrote out the last passages of his speech for the defence of Queen Caroline nine times.

Instances such as those referred to might be almost indefinitely multiplied, and if the general character even of the best modern parliamentary speakers be accepted as representative, it undoubtedly suggests that a great change has taken place in parliamentary speech. The present day appears to produce good speakers instead of great orators, and the difference between them is plain.

The aim of a good speaker is to give information, guidance, direction, to make difficult topics plain to the confused and urgent to the wavering; accordingly, he takes his audience at once into his confidence, tells them exactly what he is going to contend for, gives them the structural outline of his argument, and leads them so inevitably to the conclusion which he desires, that many think they have found the route thither by themselves. To achieve this feat, for it is a feat, the speaker must have a perfectly clear view of his subject, faculty of reasoning, sense of proportion, power of selection,

terseness, directness, distinctness, lucidity. If he has also the power of illustration so much the better.

The orator is of a different order. Often, it is true, he is a good reasoner, often he has lucidity and distinctness, always he has the power of selection; but he has something more. He has in him something of the dæmonic, imagination, and colour, and fire. He rises from the common earth, he is lifted off his feet and loses himself in the inspiration of the subject, he impels and sways the passions. 'A good speech is light, an oration is force; the speaker is a guide, the orator is a master.' If the man has personality enough to make it powerfully, an appeal by an orator to the imagination can sometimes cover the careful reasoner with ridicule, as when in answer to George Grenville's argument to tax the colonies Lord Chatham exclaimed: 'I come not here armed at all points with law cases and Acts of Parliament, with the statute-book doubled down in dog-ears, to defend the cause of liberty.' Sometimes, again, a single phrase is a speech in itself. As when Grattan denounced the tyranny of Napoleon as an 'experiment to set heaven and earth adrift from one another and to make Almighty God a tolerated alien in His own creation,' or as when Henry Clay cried out to the slaveowners, who tried to drown his voice by hisses, 'That is the sound you hear when the waters of truth drop upon the fires of hell.'

Among living parliamentary speakers it is doubtful whether, in the sense described above, there is more than one orator, and he, it must be admitted, belongs to an older generation—the Duke of Argyll. The Duke, to wide knowledge and a strong logical faculty, adds passion and imagination. If proof were needed of his carrying the prowess of an orator into venerable age, it may be found in the beautiful and picturesque passage in a speech in a Home Rule debate where, in contrasting the different development of Ireland and Scotland, the speaker tells of the narrow strait between the countries, so that, looking across from the shores of Scotland upon the hills of Antrim, 'we can see the colours of her fields, and in the sunset the glancing of the light upon the windows of the cabins of her people:' or again in that still finer flight which, exhorting to hope, ends with the phrase that bids men ask not 'Watchman, what of the night, but what of the dawn and of the coming day?'[1]

It may be that there are many others, at present mute and inglorious, who have within them the germs of oratory, but the admirable speakers to whom we listen in Parliament would be the first to disclaim the imputation that they were orators. An illustrious master of the art, Mr. Gladstone, defined oratory thus:

'The work of the orator from its very inception [he says] is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered

[1] I quote the latter passage from memory, not having been able to find the original.

to him by the mind of his hearers. It is an influence principally received from his audience (so to speak) in vapour which he pours back upon them in a flood. The sympathy and concurrence of his time are with his own mind joint parent of his work. He cannot follow nor frame ideals: his choice is to be what his age will have him, what it requires in order to be moved by him or else not to be at all.'

What would Lord Salisbury say if he were accused of making speeches 'cast in the mould offered to him in the mind of his hearers,' of 'receiving an influence from his audience in vapour' and 'pouring it back in flood'? Magnetic action and reaction in an assembly of peers! Such an idea would, it is conceived, be grotesque to the Prime Minister, who never for an instant loses his balance or merges his personality. In 1885 or 1886 it was my good fortune to be present at a great meeting in the Opera House in London at the hottest moment of the Home Rule controversy. Lord Salisbury and Lord Hartington first addressed the meeting. Excitement ran so high that you could almost feel the current of it in the air. Men waited only for the barest excuse to burst into passionate cheers. But the speakers appeared untouched by the audience, and, remaining complete masters of themselves, expressed deliberately not more and not less than they would have to a drawing-room meeting. It remained for Mr. Goschen, in a speech which contained the famous passages 'Justice is no intermittent apparition,' 'We will make our wills and do our duty,' to unchain the fiery enthusiasm of his hearers.

It is believed that our foremost speakers in the House of Commons would equally disclaim the title of orators. In the description given above of a good speaker, the writer had in his mind Mr. Chamberlain, who is generally thought to be the best all-round speaker in the House, that is to say, the speaker who combines the greatest skill alike in statement or opening of a subject, and in reply. The powers of a very good speaker do not conflict with those of an orator, and that Mr. Chamberlain is not without oratorical power properly so-called may be gathered from several speeches to sympathetic audiences, notable among them being one to a Canadian audience on the 'mild sovereignty of the Queen,' where among others this fine passage, which is worthy of quotation, occurs:

'I refuse to make any distinction between the interests of Englishmen in England, in Canada, and in the United States. We can say with regard to all these peoples, the older and younger nations: Our past is theirs—their future is ours. You cannot, if you would, break the invisible bonds that bind us together. Your forefathers worshipped at our shrines. They sleep in our churchyards. They helped to make our institutions, our literature, and

our laws. These things are your heritage as much as they are ours. If you stood up to deny us, your speech, your countenances, your manner of life, would all combine to avow us.'

But in the House, though he exhibits all the qualities described above of a good speaker and adds to them a power of scorn truly formidable to his antagonists, he seldom attempts an oratorical flight. It is possible that the presence of the Irish members who have winced so often under the strokes of his keen rapier is the cause of this abstinence: it is enough for some Irish members to hear the beginning of a rhetorical passage from one whom they fear and dislike, to cause an interruption to be launched which makes its conclusion impossible. But it is more probably due to causes which will hereafter be examined and which operate on all members of the House.

Even more emphatically than Mr. Chamberlain would Mr. Balfour repudiate the practice by him of oratory in the House which he leads and where he commands in such rare measure the sympathy and affection of friend and foe. Familiar to every member are the finish of his literary style, the grace and subtlety of his wit, his grasp of complicated and his fine 'touch' of delicate subjects. But, and in this it is conceived that he resembles his illustrious uncle, he appears to regard the emotions as too intimate and the passions as too common for exploitation in public debate. Hence, though Mr. Balfour contributes more to the illumination and the delicate adornment of the subject of debate than any other member, he almost invariably abstains from those aspects of a subject which are either passionate or emotional. In this characteristic he is followed by the two best Opposition speakers, Mr. Asquith and Sir H. Fowler. Neither of them are the equals of Mr. Balfour as debaters, but both surpass him in statement and in the orderly and luminous presentment of lengthy and complicated matter. Mr. Balfour, as a rule, requires that his blood should be stirred and his spirit aroused by some antagonist before he is his best self. His two opponents are never so formidable as when opening a debate, and require no further inflammation than the occasion and the topic. No one in the House has so great a command of copious and felicitous language as Mr. Asquith, no one embarks on an intricate sentence with such a certainty of triumphantly emerging at the other end, no one has at command happier or terser phrases. As a matter of art his effectiveness might possibly be even greater than it is if, like Blondin, he were occasionally to pretend to trip. But though this might be art it would not be nature. Perhaps Sir H. Fowler has an advantage with a Unionist observer, for rightly or wrongly he is believed to share the views of the Unionist party in some important matters. Nevertheless, Sir Henry is a good party man,

for, unlike one conspicuous and respected member of the House, he is absent or silent when he disagrees with his party, present and warlike when he agrees with them. On business subjects, *e.g.*, taxation, local government, rating, he shares with Sir M. Hicks-Beach the first honours, and to hear him on finance and Sir Michael on the Budget is an intellectual treat.

It would not be right to leave unnoticed two younger Conservatives and one Irish member who do not fall exactly within any general classification.

Lord Curzon has, we trust, only left us for a while, and we may hope that he will return from his gorgeous exile, his personality accentuated rather than reduced. He spoke on many occasions in Parliament rather in the old style; he was not afraid of now and then a high flight or an ambitious sentence, and the House, dubious at first and disposed to mock, soon saw with true instinct that what might have been unreal in some men was with Mr. Curzon nature and her verities, and appreciated and increasingly admired him. Lord Hugh Cecil, on all subjects which he touches, a clever and finished speaker, in the treatment of one has proved himself almost an orator.

Mr. Healy is *sui generis*. He appears to derive from sheer bitterness of spirit inspiration which occasionally bursts forth in both power and pathos, while for knowledge, wit, readiness, spontaneity and imagination, he has scarcely an equal in Parliament.

Lord Rosebery has not been included in this brief glance at our Parliamentary speakers, though by universal admission he is a speaker of great ability and one who studies form far more than most of his contemporaries. The reason is that his successes have not been, at any rate for the most part, achieved in Parliament. He is not and has never been a frequent speaker in the House of Lords, and his speeches there have perhaps not been those on which he has built up his great reputation. But it is natural enough that he should feel somewhat weighted when addressing an assembly whose vitality he desires, if not to terminate, at any rate substantially to impair.

Enough has been said to establish that oratory has practically passed out of Parliament at the present moment. It is undeniable that this loss, if it be one, is of quite modern date; for within the memory of people not old, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Bright, Lord Derby, Lord Beaconsfield, Bishops Magee and Wilberforce, and Mr. Cowen lived and flourished as Parliamentary orators. Is the change, then, we are tempted to ask, permanent, or is it a mere temporary phase? So late as 1871 no less an authority than Mr. Disraeli said: 'Fortunately the country is not governed by logic. It is governed by rhetoric, and not by logic, or otherwise it would have been erased long ago from the list of leading communi-

ties.' On the other hand, Sir T. F. Buxton, in the early part of this century—that is to say, at a time when oratory abounded—wrote thus:

'The speaking required is of a very peculiar kind: the House loves *good sense and joking*, and nothing else; and the object of its utter aversion is that species of eloquence which is called Philippian. There are not three men from whom a fine simile or sentiment would be tolerated. All attempts of the kind are punished with general laughter. An easy flow of sterling plain sense is indispensable.'

This description of the temper of the House is so precisely identical with that which would be expressed by most sensible members of Parliament at the present moment, that it suggests a doubt whether, at any time in this century, the House has admired any rhetorical ornament in speech except that really natural to the speaker. On the whole, however, the balance of evidence seems to incline to the view that the men of the present Parliaments are less tolerant of oratory than their forefathers.

If we seek for the causes of this change, we are met by widely conflicting views. Some say that the age of great causes is gone by, and that the business problems which now mainly occupy Parliament render a literary, still more a rhetorical, style of speech incongruous and out of place. And it is worth noting in this connection that in the remarkable biography of William Morris, lately published, we find Morris, in reference to the literary quality of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, saying:

'Time was when the poetry resulting merely from this intense study and love of literature might have been, if not the best, yet at any rate very worthy and enduring; but in these days, when all the arts, even poetry, are like to be overwhelmed under the mass of material riches which civilisation has made, and is making more and more every day; riches which the world has made indeed, but cannot use to any good purpose: in these days the issues between art, that is, the godlike part of man, and mere bestiality, are so momentous, and the surroundings of life are so stern and unplayful, that nothing can take serious hold of people, or should do so, but that which is rooted deepest in reality and is quite at first hand: there is no room for anything which is not forced out of a man of deep feeling, because of its innate strength and vision. . . .'

Others, again, say that we are all less emotional than our ancestors, or at least so civilised that we can keep our emotions in control. Men do not swoon at the news that a lady whom they have never set eyes on is engaged to be married, as did Colonel Hutchinson, the defender of Nottingham, or shed tears in the House of Commons, as did even the supposed cold and impassive Pitt.

Again, men have now too much self-control to permit themselves the licence of injurious personalities. It is not easy to conceive a veteran statesman addressing a group of opponents as Lord Chatham addressed Lord North and his colleagues:

'Such are your well-known characters and abilities, that sure I am that any plan of reconciliation, however moderate, wise, and feasible, must fail in your hands. Who, then, can wonder that you should put a negative on any measure which must annihilate your power, deprive you of your emoluments, and at once reduce you to that state of insignificance for which God and nature designed you?'

Still less can we conceive a minister, who was also an Etonian, styling an opponent 'the revered and ruptured Ogden.'

These theories have no doubt some truth in them, but it is apprehended that the cause which has worked against oratory, and which will still more impair it, is general education. Imagine the House of Commons as described by a literary gentleman from Berlin at the end of the last century: 'A dingy room filled with men, not enthroned in state nor robed in dignified drapery, but sitting at their ease and dressed just as they chose, hatted, great-coated, in boots and spurs. Some lying sprawling on the benches, others eating nuts and oranges.' Many of these were country sportsmen unfamiliar with business or affairs, and rarely quite sober after a certain hour in the day. Few took any regular part in the debates, but the vast majority constituted as it were a sounding board which clamorously re-echoed violent or passionate words, while it was irresponsive to the appeal of logic and quiet reasoning. Contrast as an audience for a rhetorician these leisured sons of Nature, with the trained, busy, and sensible members of our time. We hasten from Committee to Committee, we move for returns, we absorb statistics, we ask innumerable questions, we all can speak, and, worse still, we all do. We *are* 'armed at all points with law cases and Acts of Parliament.' We *do* 'defend the cause of liberty with the statute-book doubled down in dog ears.'

Against men so fortified rhetoric dashes itself in vain; breaches have to be made in the walls of solid facts which encompass each hearer, before even genius itself can find an entry. The occupants of the front benches are under the delusion that it is required, nay, even demanded of them, that they should speak with more ornament than the private member, but if ever any one of them after stating the facts and arguments were to ask the House whether he should sacrifice a peroration and forthwith sit down, he would be amazed by the warmth of assent which would greet his proposal.

The education which is so destructive to oratory is greatly aided by the Press. Nowadays very few subjects come on for discussion in Parliament which have not been thoroughly canvassed in all the

newspapers. Thus, many of the best things have been said on a subject before the debate begins, by the able and versatile journalists who fashion the opinions and guide the tastes of the average citizen. The result is that although some members have the courage to treat a subject completely, the disposition of the men who have more sympathy with their hearers is to impute to them a good general knowledge, and to elaborate only the arguments which they think original. This practice promotes, so to say, 'expert' discussion, and advances real knowledge of the subject, but it is obvious that specialists find here their opportunity, rather than men who look at things from a more general and perhaps, therefore, a more picturesque point of view. A similar change is generally evident in writing as well as speaking on matters of practical importance. The style of Mr. Bagehot is the type of the best modern political or economic essayist, its character the short sentence and the homely pithy illustration. It is difficult to imagine a modern writer—even if he had the power to do so—treating a subject like taxation in the manner of Burke, or the liberty of the press in the style of Milton's 'Areopagetica.'

It would be interesting to examine the methods in speech prevailing in the pulpit and at the bar, where a very similar transformation has taken place, but space forbids.

The conclusion of the matter seems to be that in an age more educated, more busy, and with a tendency therefore to specialise, Parliament will be disposed increasingly to love 'good sense and joking' and to utterly abhor 'that species of eloquence which is called Philippian.' On the other hand, a man of real intellect, who has also within him the genius of an orator, will ever have the greatest fame. But orators with high intellectual gifts are, even more than in the days of Lord Byron, 'things of ages, and not of septennial or triennial sessions.'

ON THE ART OF GOING TO WAR
BY SPENSER WILKINSON

ALL our politicians of all parties are the product of their time and country; they all grew up in the period 1837 to 1887, the characteristic half-century of the Victorian age. It was a period of prodigious growth for this country; a period of peace, attributed in those days to the protection of the 'silver streak'; of commercial and industrial activity and prosperity; of social transformation and of political reorganisation.

During those fifty years the British public was for the most part wrapped up in itself. Political life was centred in the long and gradual revolution by which all classes were brought into contact with the business of making and unmaking Governments. Society was permeated with a zeal for improvement; the hunger and thirst after righteousness amounted almost to a famine. Humanity and philanthropy were the order of the day. This was the medium from which our present political leaders imbibed the thoughts of which their minds are composed, and to this atmosphere of good endeavour they owe their strength. From the same source, however, they derive an element of weakness, for an age that has morality on the brain is prone to look at the world through the turbid medium of conscience, which is a bad substitute for the eye; and a generation that is making money resents every circumstance that may interfere with that absorbing if sordid occupation. The ideal of the Victorian age was peace. War was a horror to be avoided and if possible not to be thought of. Even foreign affairs, the name in those days by a strange perversion given to the nation's business in the world at large, were anathema, for national as distinct from private business across the seas might lead to war, to the shedding of blood, and to what was more serious, the disturbance of trade. The accepted maxim of all parties was: 'The greatest of British interests is peace.'

When such was the dominant frame of mind it was hardly likely that any ambitious man, looking forward to a public career, should go out of his way to study the natural history of war, or to acquire an intimate knowledge of a process so much under the ban of popular disapproval as the conflict of nations. Indeed, the distaste for such subjects was so great that the English political literature of the period treats of government as a purely internal affair; it has much to say of the antithesis between the Government and the people, but is silent on the antithesis between the Government and other Governments. These gaps in the political thought of a generation are reproduced in the minds which best represent that generation, and thus it comes about that no British politician of what may be called front bench rank has any ordered stock of thoughts, such as in an age of science could fairly be called knowledge, either in regard to national

policy or to war. Practical knowledge cannot be acquired in a hurry; it cannot be communicated by a process of cramming, for its valuable quality is the judgment in action which comes only from long exercise. This truth is recognised in regard to every subject commonly known to belong to the domain of a science or systematic study. When action in such a department is necessary the ordinary man always calls in a professional adviser. He knows that the matter is for the lawyer or the doctor and does not dream of trying his hand himself. But our politicians have paid so little attention to the subject of war, and so little idea that its right conduct depends upon systematic knowledge, that during the last six months they have undertaken by themselves the most delicate, the most difficult, and the most important of all the operations of statesmanship without being in the least aware of the nature of the process. No member of the Government has betrayed a suspicion of the truth that the beginning of a war is as much a matter of right method as the middle or the end; and none of the Opposition critics, whose dream has been to have no war, seems to have been aware that for the avoidance of war, not less than for its management, a comprehension of its nature is indispensable.

The one great overruling condition of success in war is concentration of purpose: 'Whatsoever thy hand taketh to do, do it with thy might.' The nation that goes to war must be united. Every part of it must be permeated by the same view and the same will, and this view and this will must be centred in the supreme Government. From beginning to end of the activities of war a nation is merged in its Government: the Government alone has the initiative; upon it, and upon it alone, depend preparation, design, and execution. If the Government is lacking in forethought, in promptitude, in energy, or in tenacity of purpose, the national action will be paralysed. But if the Government is in earnest, and truly represents the community, it will find means to appropriate and to employ to the best advantage a large part of the enormous stock of wealth, energy, intelligence, and spirit which go to make up the national resources. This concentration is possible because war is a means to an end, and the first mark of the competence or efficiency of a Government in relation to an international conflict is the clearness with which it knows its own mind, the facility with which it distinguishes between aims which are vital to the national life and must therefore be pursued without hesitation either in peace or war, and those which are subordinate and accidental, and are not worth great sacrifices and great risks. A Government that knows its purpose will be quick to detect the beginnings of a quarrel upon a vital issue; will divine opposition in the distance, and, long before there is any palpable sign of the coming struggle, will have analysed all its possibilities, have thought out every difficulty, and made ready for every emergency. This is not mere rhetoric: it is a bald but true description of the action of

Governments which have succeeded in war. Consider the case of Napoleon Bonaparte during the first years of the Empire, when he truly represented the French nation: the world was astonished by the rapidity with which, in 1805, he crushed the armies of Austria and broke up the coalition between Austria and Russia. But that which astonished the world was perfectly foreseen by those on both sides who understood the nature of policy and of war, and were acquainted with the condition of France and of Austria. In 1804 the Archduke Charles sent to his brother, the Emperor Francis, a protest against the project of an alliance with Russia for a war against France, explaining in detail how it would be impossible, in the course of a few months, to make adequate preparations to confront in arms the forces at the disposal of the French Emperor, and showing that it would be impossible for the Russian army to give effective assistance in time to save that of Austria from defeat. In January 1805 Napoleon himself said to Miot de Melito that he had been two years preparing his army at great cost, that he had completed his military organisation, and was then as ready as on previous occasions he had been at the opening of hostilities. The project of a landing in England had furnished him with a pretext for those preparations, and the result was that he had twenty days' start of any possible enemy, and could be in the field a month before any of them, and before Austria could have put its artillery on a war footing.

Napoleon may be thought a bad example, or a case of exceptional genius; we may turn to Prussia at a later date. The revolutionary year 1848, and the years which immediately followed, brought Prussia bitter disappointments and humiliation. Her educated classes shared the German aspiration for German unity, and thought that that unity should come from the initiative or leadership of Prussia; but Prussia's Government was undecided, her forces inadequate and unready. She was confronted by the veto of Austria and Russia, which had in readiness armies larger than her own. The lesson was taken to heart by the wiser men of that time, and when, in 1857, a new ruler who had profited by that experience found that authority had come to him, his first care was to increase his army and to surround himself by thoroughly competent men. These men knew perfectly that the German unity for which they looked must be gained by a life-and-death struggle with Austria, and must be defended against the utmost efforts of France. The first of them chosen by the King was Moltke, appointed to his post in 1857, in which year he wrote a memoir on a possible war with France, revised by him from time to time, until the year 1870 required the plans thus matured to be put into practice. As early as 1860 he worked out in a similar memoir an arrangement for the deployment of the Prussian army in case of a war against Austria, and this arrangement also was periodically revised in the succeeding years.

The cases in which victory can be traced to previous forethought might easily be multiplied, and might be compared with a longer list of those in which defeat was directly due to the absence of any serious previous study of the coming conflict. In 1859 Austria went to war with France and Sardinia without taking the trouble to put more than half her army in the field, her Government thus betraying its lack of the concentration of purpose which is the first condition of success. The war began with defeat which could not afterwards be remedied. The French Government, in 1870, forgot to ascertain in time the strength of the German Army, and by 'going to war with a light heart' foredoomed its whole regular army to defeat and capture. The French example was emulated in 1885 by King Milan of Servia, who, when he invaded Bulgaria, had not only failed to mobilise his whole army, but had so badly provided for it that after a few days' fighting the kingdom of Servia did not contain enough cartridges to enable another battle to be fought. The Greek Government in 1897 furnished a brilliant example of the haphazard method of going to war, of which the disastrous results are fresh in every one's recollection.

The popular belief regards war pre-eminently as the domain of luck and pluck. The strength and courage of the soldier and the genius of the general are thought to be the essential matters. There is an element of truth in this view: it is impossible to exaggerate the value of courage and endurance in the soldiers of the army, or to give too much weight to the influence of the personal magnetism exercised by a great leader of men; but in a higher view which embraces the whole subject, and is therefore more likely to approximate to the truth, courage and right leading are consequences rather than causes; they are the result of that sound management of a nation's affairs from which alone it is entitled to expect success in the conflict with another nation.

War is merely a means to an end; it is a piece of political action. No statesman in his senses would resort to violence and bloodshed if he saw a way to attain his object without them; still less would any prudent man wish his nation to make the sacrifices and to run the risks involved in the recourse to arms unless he were satisfied that this rough and arduous road would in fact lead to the proposed destination. The director of a nation's affairs, whether he is a despotic monarch or the chairman of a committee, must be supposed, before he begins to correspond upon a contentious subject with the Government of another Power, to determine as well as he can whether the purpose which he proposes to himself is vital for the nation which he represents, so that it must be pursued at all costs, and also whether the opposite purpose of the other Government is regarded by that Government as indispensable. If both sides take the matter seriously a trial of strength is inevitable.

When the statesman has discovered, by the process just described, that the question he is about to raise may possibly lead to the use of force, he will, if he is prudent, avoid raising it until he has satisfied himself that for the war which he may have to conduct he has secured, as far as human foresight can secure anything, the certainty of success. He may safely assume that the other side, fighting for an object of vital importance, will exert itself to the utmost of its resources. He will therefore take the full measure of those resources and compare it with the forces which he can himself bring to bear against them. If the comparison shows in his own hand such a preponderance as, making due allowance for accidents and for miscalculations, gives a reasonable probability of success, he will raise his contentious question; but if the calculation shows the slightest doubt either as to the readiness or the superiority of his forces, he will use his utmost efforts to avoid a dispute until such time as his preparations are completed and the certainty of ultimate success has been practically assured.

An opposition of purposes between the British Government and the Government of the South African Republic was painfully brought home to the British public in the winter of 1895-6, and from that time onwards continued to occupy the attention of both Governments. Towards the close of the year 1898 the condition of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal again became prominent in public and private discussion in this country. At that time the High Commissioner, Sir Alfred Milner, was on a visit to England, and it was generally believed that he came for the purpose of laying before the Cabinet his view of the situation in South Africa, and of obtaining instructions as to the policy which was to be pursued. As to the nature of the situation there has never been in this country any substantial difference of opinion. I find in a newspaper article, published in December, the question stated in the following terms:

> The Transvaal and the Orange Free State lying together, and both sharing political institutions of the Boer type, are surrounded by a great ring of colonies in which the political institutions are of the British type; but whereas in the British colonies and in the Orange Free State men of British and of Dutch descent live side by side on equal terms, in spite of the fact that in one region the British and in the other the Dutch element has the numerical preponderance, in the Transvaal the Boers have political rights and the British have none. . . . It appears to us to be impossible that South Africa can permanently continue divided into two regions, in one of which equality and in the other privilege prevails. These districts will all either enforce equality or all accept privilege.

Coupled with this view was usually found the opinion that the cause of the Uitlanders was regarded by the British throughout South Africa as their own, and that the peculiar position of the British Government in relation to the South African communities laid upon it the duty of whatever action might be necessary to relieve the Uitlanders from the disabilities under which they suffered; it was

thought that inaction on the part of Great Britain would estrange the British colonists, and would injure the relation between Great Britain and the British inhabitants of Australia and Canada, who are glad to regard the British Government as the champion of the British race all the world over. There was then the prospect of a contentious question between Great Britain and the Transvaal upon a matter of vital importance to Great Britain, vital because British acquiescence in the conduct of the South African Republic, if voluntary, must prove Great Britain's indifference to the interests of her colonists; if compulsorily, her impotence to assert them. Indifference or impotence would alike be fatal to that pretension of the British Government which under the name of Empire has in recent years taken so firm a hold upon the public imagination. This view of the case and of the national duty in regard to it was eventually adopted by the Government, and the formal decision to raise the question was conveyed in Mr. Chamberlain's despatch to Sir Alfred Milner of May 10, and in an alternative form in the instructions sent a day or two later authorising the High Commissioner to meet President Kruger in conference at Bloemfontein.

If we are to credit the members of the Cabinet with the exercise of reasonable prudence in the conduct of the nation's affairs we must suppose that, before taking the decision conveyed in the despatch of May 10, they had thought out the course to be taken in case President Kruger should decline the advice offered him and reject the proposals made to him. It was evident from the beginning that if persuasion should fail the end set up could be obtained only by compulsion. The doctrine of reasonable care, therefore, implies that the Cabinet not later than the first week in May had fully considered in all its bearings the possibility of war with the Transvaal. What, then, was the probable nature of such a war, as with reasonable care it could at the beginning of May have been foreseen, or as in fact it was then foreseen by those who took the trouble to consider it?

The nature of the dispute made it very improbable that the Transvaal would agree to any proposals for a substantial enfranchisement of the Uitlanders. To the Boers the restriction of the franchise to themselves was the foundation of their independence, so that they could not but look upon the proposals made by Great Britain as proposals for the destruction of the State. The exchange of views which had been going on for many months concerning the status of the Republic had disclosed to the Cabinet, though not to the world, that the South African Republic regarded itself as a sovereign State in no way amenable to British authority, and under no obligation to Great Britain, except that of submitting for approval treaties which it might negotiate with other Powers. If, therefore, the pending disputes should lead to war, the burghers of the Transvaal would be fighting for national independence. In such a cause it was safe to

assume that the South African Republic would exert itself to the utmost of its capacity, that every available man would be placed in the field and that resistance would be carried to the last extreme. It has for fifty years been recognised as a fundamental law, a law of gravitation controlling the conflicts of States, that the strategical insight displayed by a Government in the conduct of a war will be proportionate to the intensity of purpose with which the nation led by that Government enters into the struggle. It was therefore reasonable to expect that the forces of the Transvaal would be handled with a high degree of strategical insight. The troops would consist of the burghers of the State, who were known to be expert with the rifle and to take the field on horseback ; it was known also that the Transvaal was abundantly supplied with modern guns, with modern rifles, and with ammunition, and no soldier needs to be twice told that an army of mounted riflemen who have learnt to rely on the bullet, and have the assistance of anything like a powerful artillery, is one of the most formidable forces that can possibly be met. Long before May it was regarded as certain by all who had taken the trouble to inform themselves closely about the condition of South Africa that the Transvaal could count in case of war upon the assistance of the Orange Free State, with which it had concluded an offensive and defensive alliance ; and it was notorious that, in the event of war upon the issue then pending, the Boer States would receive a considerable number of recruits from among the Dutch farmers of the Cape Colony. The two States together were known to have on their burgher rolls about fifty thousand men, and that was the number of mounted riflemen which they might be expected to muster for war, though no doubt deductions would have to be made in estimating the number which could be collected upon a given battle-field.

For a serious war the British colonies were almost entirely unprepared. There were seven or eight thousand volunteers at the Cape, and fifteen hundred in Natal. There were, in both colonies together, perhaps half-a-dozen British battalions, and no strong place except the naval base at Simonstown. The nature of the Boer forces permitted of their rapid mobilisation, though the great extent of the two States would make it impossible for these forces to be concentrated upon any of the frontiers in less than three or four weeks. The distance from Great Britain places an interval of three weeks between the embarkation of a battalion at Southampton and its debarkation at Cape Town. If to this be added a week for mobilisation, a month must be regarded as the minimum interval between an order given at the War Office for the movement of troops, and the arrival of those troops at the South African coast, itself distant from two to five hundred miles from the frontier of the Boer States.

If the Transvaal Government resolved to maintain its peculiar institutions, then the first plain indication that Great Britain was resolved that they should be altered would convince the Boer leaders that war was inevitable, and in that case sound strategy would counsel them to take advantage of the distance of Great Britain and of the defenceless condition of the colonies to cross the borders before British troops could prevent them, and in this way to bring over to their side as many as possible of their adherents among the Dutch farmers of Natal and the Cape Colony. The question at issue had been quite as fully considered in the Transvaal as in Great Britain, and there was no reason to suppose that the Transvaal Government would not know its own mind. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance not to open the question until the arrangements for the conduct of the war had been fully matured. A very large force would be necessary; and if allowance be made of a week for mobilisation, three weeks for the voyage, and a further three weeks for the interval between the despatch of the first and that of the last transport, the time to be reckoned between the Government's order for mobilisation and the opening of the campaign by the British forces in a condition of concentration suitable for an advance must be set down at from seven weeks to two months. If the Boer States should begin their mobilisation on the same day as the British Government, they would have something like a month's start in which the nearer portions of the British colonies would be exposed to their unresisted attack.

A serious attempt to grapple with the subject must at any time have led to the conclusion that, so soon as the two Governments should be really at cross purposes, the Boers would be compelled, by their interests or their view of their duty in the maintenance of their cause, to take the initiative, and that the British Government would then have to choose between two evils: either the Boer forces would overrun a large area of British territory in Natal and the Cape Colony, while the British forces were collecting at points near enough to the coast to be out of their reach, or the British forces sent up in small parties as they should arrive, to defend the borders, would be exposed to attack by very superior forces, and to the danger of being beaten in detail. No ingenuity could devise an escape from this dilemma, nor avert the probability that either the unopposed advance of the Boers, or the successes which they might gain over small forces, would bring them the assistance of a proportion of the Dutch colonists, and, at the least, create dangerous excitement among the Kaffir tribes. There was no way out of the difficulty, but there was a simple way through it. The period of danger must be shortened by promptitude and energy; all the arrangements, so far as their elaboration on paper was concerned, might be fully worked out beforehand. The moment the first

British overture should be rejected the mobilisation and the movement of the troops should begin, as though war had been declared, and should be pushed on without interruption. The British colonies are British territory, and the despatch of an army to them does not constitute an act of hostility, though its purpose could not be mistaken. This course would have the additional advantage that it would prevent any possibility of the Transvaal Government being misled into the belief that Great Britain was not in deadly earnest. There was, in any case, the risk that the first overt act of preparation would set the Boers in motion, but this risk could by no possibility be got rid of, and might as well be incurred through a large measure as through a small one. Some advantage, too, might be taken of the seasons, it being well known that the movement of troops in the South African veldt is, to some extent, dependent upon the rains and the grass which they produce, and that the spring rains begin in October. Before that time the Boers would have a difficulty in moving large bodies of men, while the sea is equally open for the transport of a British army at all times of the year.

On the hypothesis of concentration of purpose and of reasonable care, the Government must, in the early part of the year, have made some such inquiry as has here been sketched, of which the results cannot have greatly differed from those here suggested. But what happened? In the first half of May the Government, as has been seen, decided to put its categorical question to the Government of the Transvaal. This was done at Bloemfontein by Sir Alfred Milner, whose language expressed in the clearest and simplest way the true nature of the situation, and could leave no doubt in President Kruger's mind that the rejection of the moderate proposals made must ultimately lead to war. The President's reply was a categorical negative. That was the moment for active preparation, for the calling out of the Reserves and for the despatch of troops. What was at that moment the Government's frame of mind? The failure of the Bloemfontein Conference was announced at a public meeting, on June 7, by Mr. Balfour, who expressed the opinion that the proposals which had been made by Sir Alfred Milner in behalf of the Government were for a mere necessary minimum of justice; but instead of declaring that the Government was determined to have that minimum, and that as President Kruger had flatly refused it the Government had decided to assert the cause of right, Mr. Balfour made the astounding declaration that, as he himself was satisfied with the justice of the Government's proposals, it was a psychological impossibility that President Kruger should not also be satisfied with them, and that there was therefore reason to expect a peaceful solution of the difficulties. This speech of Mr. Balfour's made it doubtful whether Sir Alfred Milner's view

was that of the Government. Great Britain might, after all, agree to a compromise. Accordingly, five days later a Franchise Bill purporting to make concessions to the Uitlanders was introduced into the Volksraad. Thereupon the British Government opened fresh negotiations, which again gave the impression that rather than employ force they were prepared to accept less than had been suggested at Bloemfontein. No military preparations took place, though the negotiations were accompanied by ministerial speeches implying that the Government intended to take up arms in case a satisfactory agreement was not reached. On July 28 the South African policy of the Government was discussed in the House of Lords, and the Prime Minister, after describing the Conventions as 'mortal,' closed his speech with the words: 'We have put our hands to the plough, and we do not intend to withdraw them from it.'

The negotiations were continued after the rising of Parliament, and disclosed at every stage that kind of disagreement and of misunderstanding which mark a fundamental conflict of purposes. Meanwhile the Transvaal was arming. The hostility of the Orange Free State was becoming manifest, and a general exodus of British subjects from the Transvaal set in. The British in South Africa were anxiously waiting for a manifestation of British power, but only a few special-service officers and one or two odd battalions reached South Africa. At length, on September 8, when the Boer forces were collecting near the Natal border, the Cabinet decided to order the despatch of 10,000 men, to be drawn for the most part from India, to the colony of Natal, along the borders of which the Boer forces were beginning to appear. We now know that even at that time the Government still hoped that war would be averted, though, as their action showed, they had begun to fear that it might come. It is an open secret that the Government was restrained from immediately following up the 10,000 men with additional forces because they were afraid that any further move would precipitate the action of the Boers, and that they therefore waited for the arrival of Sir George White and the bulk of his force in Natal—that is, for a whole month—before ordering reinforcements. On October 7 orders were issued for the mobilisation of a portion of the Reserve, and for the despatch of an Army Corps and other forces to South Africa. The Boers replied with an ultimatum, and began the war on October 11. In this way Sir George White's force, amounting in all to about 16,000 men, was exposed, without the possibility of reinforcement for a period of six weeks, to the attack of the Boer army. The northern part of Cape Colony was laid open to invasion, while the tiny forces which had been extemporised at Kimberley were doomed to investment for six or seven weeks, and those at Mafeking to a siege of an indefinite duration. The two risks between which the choice has been discussed were thus combined.

It was as though the intention had been to give the Boers the opportunity for gaining the Cape Dutch to their side and for inflicting a series of reverses on the British arms at the outset of war.

The mischief did not end with these preliminary misfortunes. The exposure of a fraction of an army in isolation to the blows of a superior force invariably commits that army to movements, not in themselves desirable, for the purpose of extricating the detachments involved; it deprives the commander of his initiative, and compels him to abandon his plan and to suit his action to that of the enemy. Sir Redvers Buller's original design was to advance with his Army Corps from the Orange River towards the Vaal; but before his Army Corps had landed at the Cape he was obliged to divide it, and to incur all the risks which such a division involves, in order that half of it should attempt the relief of Sir George White, while the other half of it should attempt at the same time to relieve Kimberley, to resist the invasion of the Cape Colony, and to stem the rising tide of disaffection.

I am writing in the late autumn, at a critical moment in the progress of the war. When these pages are in the reader's hands the issue of the crisis will be known. Only those, whose attention has been riveted for many anxious months to the nation's affairs in South Africa, can hope as fervently as I do that courage and good leading will turn the balance in favour of the British arms. I make a very liberal allowance for the element of uncertainty which clings to any judgment based upon the limited information which reaches us from the seat of war, but I cannot close my eyes to what is palpable and unmistakable—that the fate of the whole enterprise in its present form, and so far as the resources hitherto devoted to its prosecution are concerned, depends upon the success or the failure of the attempt of Sir Redvers Buller to join hands with Sir George White. To all appearances, Sir Redvers Buller has to face in difficult conditions a great numerical superiority. I have confidence in the discipline of the British army, the daring of its men and the coolness of its officers, and therefore I look for good news; but the strategical element of success, the possession of greater numbers at the decisive point in that part of the theatre of war in which at this moment the principal decision is impending, is not upon the British side. To secure for its own cause this particular element of success is the principal duty of a Government in relation to the conduct of a war. It appears to me that this duty has not been fulfilled, and the purpose of this inquiry is to ascertain the true cause of this failure, in order that, even if in the present case, as I devoutly hope, it should produce no serious consequences, the right precautions may be taken to prevent the recurrence of similar failures in future.

It may conduce to clearness to tell backwards the story that has

already been sketched. Sir Redvers Buller, now on his way to Natal, is about to attempt with three brigades, which are at this moment separated from one another by forces of the enemy interposed between them, and which appear to be confronted with an enemy more numerous and more mobile than themselves, the relief of Sir George White, who has for six weeks contained, and been contained, by a portion of that more numerous hostile force. Yet the Government, early in October, ordered the despatch to South Africa of 50,000 men for Sir Redvers Buller's use, and of these by this time four-fifths have landed in South Africa. How comes it that the British commander, at the crucial point and in the critical moment, can dispose of little more than a third of this force? I am not finding fault with Sir Redvers Buller's strategy, though possibly Napoleon in his place would have had five brigades instead of three. When he reached the Cape he was confronted by two dangers, each of them graver than has commonly been understood at home. At the Cape a general rising of the Dutch was imminent: in Natal a British army was invested by numbers so great that its eventual capture or destruction was not without the bounds of possibility. The decision to make the best effort to face both dangers at once does credit to the commander's courage, and the time has not yet come when his judgment can be subjected to approval or censure. But this much is certain, that only the long interval between the arrival of Sir George White's force and that of Sir Redvers Buller's exposed Sir George White to the possibility of being invested; and that the spectacle of a military deadlock in Natal, combined with an unresisted incursion from the Free State into the Cape Colony, subjected the loyalty of the Cape Dutch to a strain which it would, in all probability, have been spared if the first contact between the two armies had exhibited an unmistakable superiority on the British side. The division of Sir Redvers Buller's force is therefore directly due to the delay of the order for its despatch until a month after that for the despatch of Sir George White's. This delay was caused by the Government's fear of provoking an invasion of Natal while it was yet without defenders, and this fear, in its turn, was due to the Government's neglect to place its army in the field the moment that the preservation of peace became doubtful. That moment was the closing of the Bloemfontein Conference. At that critical instant the Government failed to grasp the full import of the situation.

It may be said as some excuse that the situation was intricate and perplexing. International situations are rarely without these characteristics, which can be removed only by a great effort of will and of intelligence directed to discovering the main current of affairs and the channel in which it must needs flow. The function of a Government in the management of war is the subject of the wildest

theories, and to these the Cabinet, as was to be expected, fell a prey. It is quite commonly supposed that the Government decides whether there is or is not to be a war, and having resolved upon military action selects its general and hands over to him the 'military' conduct of the campaign. But in fact such a division is impossible. The plan of campaign is inseparable from the quarrel. When there is a struggle between two States, in which each hopes or intends to strike down the other and dictate terms to a disarmed and prostrate foe, the course of the war will be guided mainly by one consideration, how most effectively to employ the available force to crush the enemy. In such a case the whole resources of the nation will need to be freely used, and this cannot be effected unless the whole energies of the Government are devoted to the conflict. War carried on as a subordinate department of government is usually feebly conducted. The management of war reflects down to the smallest detail the spirit of the Government that wages it. This is no paradox, no mere accident, but lies deep in the essence of the matter. For the soldier's profession is above all others an affair of the spirit. His function is to die, or at least to offer himself to death, in obedience to an order. The common soldier, as he is called, exemplifies on every battle-field that principle of vicarious sacrifice which is regarded as the foundation and the glory of the Christian religion. To go out and be shot here and now because I am ordered—that is the soldier's duty. It is commended to him and accepted by him because he believes that his death will be for his country's good. The sacrifice is possible when it serves a purpose. When there is no purpose, when life is thrown away at random for nothing, the moral nature of the transaction is gone. There is no sacrifice, but merely slaughter. The more manifestly his death is related to the national good, the more ready is the soldier to face it. The less evident the connection the greater is the temptation to cling to life. Under a known great commander soldiers will do and dare everything, for they know that their lives will not be thrown away. But where the management breaks down, where there is an evident absence of a controlling mind, there is sure to be sooner or later a flagging of the energies and a slackening of devotion. In short, the bond of discipline is that the soldier in giving his life shall not have it thrown away. Give him a general who can command and he will obey. Give him a headless general and he will soon be heartless. But behind the general is the Government, and the best general will be embarrassed and perplexed whenever either in the preparation or during the course of a war his Government fails to know its own mind.

Fortunately, however, the common soldier is not directly affected by political errors, except when they evidently and palpably reduce the whole war to a blunder. He looks for officers equal to the

situation immediately before him, which he too sees and understands. The officers and men of the British army may therefore be able to avert from the nation the consequences of the failure of the Government. Meantime, the question for those left at home, and especially for those who are qualified by education and leisure to lead the nation, is how to prevent a recurrence of similar errors, not only in the more distant future but during so much as remains of the present war. That will not be accomplished by overturning the Cabinet, for the neglect to master the elementary principles of the relation between war and policy, with which I think its members may fairly be charged, is to be ascribed in an even greater degree to the members of the Opposition who would in that event replace them. None of our politicians appear to have troubled themselves about the connection between right and force, the appreciation of which is the fundamental condition of success in the competition between nations. The leaders of the Opposition during the whole of the recent crisis have shirked their most manifest duty, for while they have protested against the use of force in a cause which they have admitted to be right, none of them has so much as suggested a course by which the objects at which they profess to aim could have been secured without fighting. Yet is it not now clear that the only chance, if there was a chance, of securing without fighting the objects upon which the British nation and indeed the British race has set its heart lay in absolute adherence to the minimum demanded at Bloemfontein, and in the support of that demand by immediate and thorough-going preparation for war, accompanied by the most peaceful, the most conciliatory, and the most considerate language consistent with decision and plainness?

The remedy, then, does not consist in exchanging one set of politicians imbued with the ideas of forty years ago, for another set more thoroughly steeped in the same ideas. The time for new men will be when the new men reveal themselves. For the moment a humbler specific may be worth considering. The strategical insight which the members of the Cabinet do not possess and cannot acquire, might be imported into their body by the simple process of finding a seat in the Cabinet for a strategist. The relation at present subsisting between the Cabinet and the Commander-in-Chief is calculated to ensure failure in war. 'Mistakes made in the original assembling of armies,' wrote Moltke in a famous passage, 'can scarcely be made good during the subsequent course of the campaigns,' and such mistakes are usually due to the incapacity of a Government to judge rightly the time when the assembling should begin. That time cannot rightly be perceived without the aid of strategical judgment. But in this country, while the Cabinet is locked up in its room in Downing Street to make its decision, the Commander-in-Chief is sitting in his office in Pall Mall. It is

as though the station-master at Rugby depended for his knowledge of the time on the schoolhouse clock, to be consulted by special messenger as occasion should require. Lord Lansdowne indeed affirmed at Sheffield on November 2, that the situation which existed during the first six weeks of the war was inevitable, that there had been no failure, and that it was impossible for any Government, in conducting a dispute with a distant State, to maintain the harmony between its negotiations and its naval and military preparations. An error that is unacknowledged and unrecognised is rarely amended, and the language used by Lord Lansdowne must compel many supporters of the Government to adopt the despairing tone of Lord Rosebery, who, believing that we have 'muddled' into our present difficulties, has no hope of getting out of them except by a repetition of the process of muddling.

The most important function of the Secretary of State for War is to secure the connection between the national policy and the military means of giving effect to it. Lord Lansdowne, by declaring that this is impossible, may be taken to admit that he cannot do it. Yet nothing is simpler. No more is needed than that the Secretary of State should acquaint himself equally with the political aims of the Cabinet of which he is a member, and with the views of the Commander-in-Chief as to the military means to be adopted for the attainment of those aims. In case the Cabinet should hesitate to act in the manner, with the energy, or at the time proposed by the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State must instantly become aware in his own person that the harmony between policy and strategy is endangered. His function would then be to call the attention of the Cabinet to this danger by declining to be associated with their proposed decision in which strategy would be sacrificed. Thus, either the balance would be restored, or the Secretary of State would be cleared of responsibility for its disturbance.

From the present situation it is plain that one of three things has happened. Either Lord Wolseley has given advice which was not inspired by sound strategical judgment—a most improbable supposition—or his advice was not asked for in time, or it has been overruled. On either of the two latter hypotheses a great injustice has been done him; for the present system gives him no opportunity of clearing his reputation by public protest against a course which he may have thought imprudent or dangerous. He shares neither the authority nor the responsibility of the Cabinet, which yet has the advantage of the credit inseparable from his name. If he were himself a member of the Cabinet he would be in a position to ensure by his own action that, in all matters relating to war and to its avoidance, those military considerations which ought surely in the domain of war to be paramount should receive due weight at the proper time.

Changes in the mechanism of Government, however, are not likely in themselves to modify the spirit in which its work is carried on. Is there not perceptible in the men who have charge of the country's fate, able and high-minded as they are, is there not visible in them all a certain lack of simplicity and strength? Do they reveal that singleness of eye, that devotion to one purpose, that absorption in one object, which marks the great figures of history? To my view one idea seems to be absent from their minds,—the idea that to accomplish a great purpose you must run great risks, and that to lead a nation you must face at every moment of your career the chance of political annihilation. To disinterested eyes it was as clear as noonday that the Bloemfontein Conference was the British ultimatum, and that the Boer negative then uttered meant war. The Cabinet could not see this because its members were looking at something else. They were considering whether the country would support them if they then called out the Reserves and sent 70,000 men to the Cape. They were balancing between sound policy and safe politics, and trying thus to make the best of both worlds have incurred the danger of failure in both. The straightforward course pursued in time would have led to victory in South Africa, and to that success in the next election which vacillation has jeopardised. The statesman, like the soldier and every other true man, has to learn in his own person the tragic law of human existence—that the path to great achievements runs along the brink of the abyss.

THE UNFLINCHING REALIST
BY H. D. TRAILL

AMIEL INGHAM could hardly remember a time, he used to tell his admirers complacently, when his artistic sense was undeveloped. Life, he said, had presented itself to him from his earliest years, or at any rate from the date of his earliest recollections, in its pictorial and dramatic aspect. Unlike the ordinary boy, to whom the energies of unreflective action are all-sufficient, Amiel Ingham had preferred a meditative passivity from the first, disinclined, except under the crudely coercive pressure of his bigger brothers, to join in their idle games, content always with the rôle of observer of these futile struggles and dispassionate analyst of the emotion which they excited. When pressed by sceptical inquirers as to whether this was really his intellectual and moral attitude in his nursery days, he would excuse himself with a gentle smile from giving any confident answer. Memory, he would modestly say, could hardly be expected to preserve a clear record of the soul-history even of the born artist from so far back as the age of three; but he thought it not impossible, he would musingly add, that the life-work of the future master had had its beginnings in his infant brain. With an adorable mixture of pride and shyness he would flatteringly recall the many well-authenticated instances of the precocity of, for instance, musical geniuses. Mozart, he would remind us, was observed when still in his cradle to take appreciative note of the performance of musical pieces in his presence, and to beat time correctly to the melody with his chubby and mottled hand. There was, unfortunately, no such simple and rudimentary means by which a literary baby could manifest its nascent powers; but that was a mere accidental defect of its 'artistic medium.' And though it was not for Amiel Ingham to suggest that he stood in the same relation to literature as Mozart to music, still—well, still he *did* suggest it, and left the suggestion to impress itself for what it was worth upon the intelligent mind.

What, at any rate, was certain, was that as soon as he had exchanged the nursery for the school, the promise of germinating genius was unmistakably revealed. His repugnance to 'fagging out' in the cricket field as a junior boy provoked general, and sometimes animated, remark; nor was it often overcome by anything short of a positive threat on the part of his inartistic elders to 'punch his' inspired 'head.' On the whole he was not popular with the boys, though this, it is only fair to admit, was not entirely due to his artistic endowments: rather it was a consequence of the special direction taken by his creative impulse. For Tommy Chermside, who was also a 'maker,' was a prime favourite with the fellows; but that was because Tommy was a 'romantic,'

for whose improvisations there was a continual demand, whereas Amiel prided himself on his unflinching realism.

Of course the two artists mutually despised one another; but their antagonism, by a not uncommon paradox, drew them together. Each of the two, while disdaining the other's performances, coveted his approval. When Tommy was holding the dormitory breathless with a pirate story—there had never been a boy in the school who could touch him in pirate stories—it was to Amiel that his thrilling narrative was really addressed; and it was in the vain effort to awaken him from the profound reverie into which he always appeared to fall at the most exciting points of the story that the narrator put forth his utmost powers.

Amiel himself was unable to return the compliment even if he would have condescended to do so. He had only once stooped to court the suffrages of the dormitory, and that was with a 'study' of the sensations of 'the undermost boy in a football scrimmage.' The result was discouraging. The study gave offence to begin with, from the fact of its requiring to be read from a MS. by the light of a carriage-lamp which the author had bought for the occasion; and at an early stage of the reading it was pronounced to be 'awful rot.' Amiel was irrelevantly taunted with never having himself been in a football scrimmage in his life. Contemptuous of the interruptions, he continued to read amid a fire of hostile comment, until at last the carriage-lamp was struck in full face by a particularly weighty criticism—with nails in the heel—and smashed to pieces; whereupon Amiel, placing the MS. reverently under his pillow and drawing the bedclothes round him with Cæsarean dignity, murmured 'Beastly cads!' and sank haughtily to sleep.

He finished the reading, however, to Tommy Chermside in the playground the following afternoon.

'They were quite right, old chap,' said Tommy cheerfully at its conclusion. 'It *is* awful rot, and no mistake. You knew nothing about the thing, you see, when you began to write about it. When were you ever in a football scrimmage?'

'Well, what do you know about pirates?' replied Amiel with his exasperating smile. 'And what was the last time you were on the Spanish Main?'

'Oh, that!' said Tommy carelessly. 'That's another pair of boots altogether—seven-leagued boots. That's the divine gift of imagination, my boy! I have heard you say you wouldn't care to have it at a gift; and don't you wish you may get it? Besides, if you had it and imagined how the undermost boy feels, what's the good? Anybody who wants to know what he feels like can go and try for himself.'

'I cannot understand,' mused Amiel, with that far-away look in his eyes for which his schoolfellows longed to kick him, and

occasionally did, 'I cannot understand how a boy of any ability—you needn't blush, Tommy, I'm not speaking of you—could waste it on the invention of foolish fables of adventure when the real world about him is so jolly rich in material for study. Why, old Josser alone——'

'Ho! old Josser!' exclaimed the other artist disdainfully; 'who the juice wants to study old Josser?'

'Well, Tommy,' said Amiel, again making play with the exasperating smile, 'I was under the impression that you did—or used to do. At least I thought I remembered your once getting a good licking and an impost of the First Iliad—with the accents—for chalking on the blackboard "Old Josser is a fool"—with an illustration.'

'Yes,' said Tommy, colouring slightly, 'but that was an early work; and the illustration was as crude as the letterpress, though, by-the-bye, the old boy's cuts didn't strike me as at all an improvement. However, I dropped realism altogether after that.'

'Realism!' echoed Amiel pityingly. 'And you imagine "Old Josser is a fool" to be realism. Let me tell you then that Old Josser is anything but a fool. The Rev. Polydore Jossman, D.D., combines a fairly accurate if somewhat limited knowledge of the Latin and Greek classics with a certain native astuteness in discovering where the knowledge of his pupil falls short of his own, which—but in my locker upstairs I have an "Appreciation" of Josser.'

'Which, I suspect, would hardly meet with Josser's appreciation.'

'That, of course, is not improbable,' said the appreciator; 'it is in many respects a painful study. But what then? Art is merciless; it must be so. It does not—it cannot scruple to lay bare——'

'Nor does Josser, old chap, I can tell you. You'll find his study as painful as your own if you ever have to interview him in that apartment. If I were you I should keep that appreciation in my locker, and I should keep my locker locked.'

Amiel smiled faintly without replying, but as a student of human nature he so far agreed with Tommy's estimate of Dr. Jossman that he determined to act upon his advice.

II

The artistic temperament declines, as we all know, to submit itself to scholastic routine, and Amiel Ingham failed on two occasions to qualify himself for matriculation at either University. His widowed mother, however, who admired her son's genius with an admiration well on the other side idolatry, was not so much disconcerted by his failure as shocked at such a demonstration of the narrow pedantry of the academic mind; and acceded trustfully, if

not quite comprehendingly, to his suggestion that he should take lodgings in London and 'live among his phenomena.' Amiel, however, was not yet prepared to give literary expression to his more mature and elaborate studies of the human phenomena among which he had taken up his abode; for just at this time he was passing through a stage of development as familiar to the young literary person as is that which is known in religious circles as being 'in trouble about one's soul.'

Amiel was in trouble about his style.

For an artist of so profound an originality, so striking a personality, so rich an individuality, and generally of so many other remarkable characteristics ending in 'ality,' it was a little singular that his style should not have come to him by nature. And, indeed, he never doubted that the various styles which did come to him in succession, between his twentieth and twenty-third year, were what Lord Foppington calls the 'natural sprouts' of his own brain.

For instance, he would feel an inspiration to write thus:

She wavered to him pityingly on a little sigh.

It was but the swaying of the sapling-tip—no more: stem of purpose still straight, and deep roots of resolve immovable below.

But Rodomont, man-like, triple-brazed in vanity, saw only the flickering of the frond.

He would have clasped her. Mimosa shrank from him, elusive.

'Not, cousin, if I know it,' she flashed. And then Rodomont knew, and cursed his confidence. She had tried to temper the blow to him; but he had chosen to meet it, full face, thwack on sconce, after Dame Fortune's oldest-fashioned way of hinting to us that she is adverse.

And when he wrote like this, the resemblance of his style to that of the illustrious Mr. Surriehill appeared to him to be purely fortuitous.

Or again, in a descriptive passage, he would feel moved to express himself in this fashion:

It is only the dulness of the average urban eye—a dulness born of long use and wont and fostered by the Londoner's strange habit, distinguishing him from the citizens of all the other great capitals of the world, of looking straight before him when he walks—which has so long hidden, and still hides, from him the touching beauty of the chimneypot. It is red—the colour of life—but not too brightly so: the soft brown atmosphere of its surroundings soon mellows and softens all aggressive newnesses and attunes it to the colour-chord of the picture.

But he would have been highly indignant if you had suggested that one of Mrs. Pretiosa Winham's exquisite pieces of word painting was still lingering in his memory when he penned this passage.

Or, for a specimen of his third manner, take this:

Far as her eye could reach, from the grassy upland on which she stood to the faint line on the horizon which divided the waves of the Channel from the rolling billows of the down, it was an empty landscape on which Angelina looked; and the desolation sank deep into her soul. All day she had been plodding wearily on,

and it seemed to her as if she had reached the end of the world. Or rather she could have fancied that this which lay before her was the world itself—that whole world of life so aimlessly vast, that futile and paralysing wilderness in which men and women are condemned to wander in vain.

Once more the girl's gaze swept wistfully across the wide expanse, and this time to find that she was not absolutely alone. The oppression of solitude was relieved by a solitary human figure.

It was that of a man standing with outstretched arms in a cruciform attitude, in the middle of the little plot of tilth on the brow of the slope.

He looked like a tramp, and stood motionless, the evening wind playing listlessly through his rags. Angelina called to him timidly, enquiring her way; but she got no answer.

She drew closer to him, and as she did so a flock of starlings which seemed to have been meditating a descent wheeled suddenly upwards and soared over the down, the whole cluster quivering like a heat-haze in their peculiar flight.

A rougher gust lifted higher the garments of the unmoving figure and she saw beneath them. It was no man, but simply a rough hedge-stake buried for a quarter of its length in the earth and with a nailed cross-bar doing duty for its extended arms.

It fittingly rounded off the dreary scene. The vacant landscape had spoken to her of the emptiness of man's environment: this told of the emptiness within.

The shock was too much for Angelina's over-strained nerves. She flung her tired limbs on a heap of stones and sobbed aloud.

Some people would have it that this passage betrayed signs of the influence of Mr. Dossett; but Amiel only smiled exasperatingly when this suggestion was made to him, and said that 'this was how he saw the thing,' though, of course, it was quite possible that Mr. Dossett, whom he admitted to be a writer of merit, might have happened to see it in the same way.

Ultimately, however, he did manage to attain to a style of his own. Nobody knows how he did it: though his enemies declared that he was largely indebted to a revolving cylinder, fitted up with pigeonholes, containing in their separate compartments the various parts of speech, and the revolutions of which determined the collocations of adjective and substantive just as the twirl of the roulette-wheel decide the destination of the ball.

III

As soon as Amiel was satisfied with his style—a state to which he only attained after several months of study and the consumption of many half-sheets of note paper, more than one of which he would often cover in a single morning's work—he began the novel which was to be not only the first but the greatest work of his life. And, after he had written a few chapters of it, he began to 'live with his characters.' He knew that that would happen to him because it happens to all great artists, and the inference was obvious. They were 'infinitely more real to him, my dear fellow, than the shadows calling themselves realities' by which he was surrounded. And his intercourse, his almost identification, with them 'took it out of him' the more, because of the unflinching realism with which he

had conceived and constructed them. It was all very well for writers of the idealist, the sentimental school. They begin by creating an imaginary world of so-called human beings—kindly men and honest women, affectionate parents and children, mutually attached husbands and wives—and with these, of course, they can spend their time pleasantly enough as in a sort of fairyland.

But for Amiel, who could only see life as it is—*as it is*, my boy—in all its sordid and squalid reality, and who was obliged, who was compelled by a 'power stronger than myself, old chap,' to set down faithfully what he saw, it was another matter. For him the life of the artist, so long as he remains true to himself and his mission, must be one long and painful penance.

'All rot! all rot! my gentle juggins,' was, however, the comment of Tommy Chermside, who had now exchanged romancing—if indeed that be an exchange—for the wine trade, 'you begin by creating a world of brutes and bounders, and then you complain of having to "live with them." Why, if they resemble your account of them, you ought to cut their acquaintance.'

Amiel listened to him with a sad smile, but did not see his way to break off his intimacy with the characters in his forthcoming novel. He continued to live with them, daily, and not infrequently far into the night; and whether from the burden of their companionship, or from late hours and lack of exercise, combined with an excessive consumption of lemon squash and cigarettes, he grew haggard under the process.

But that of course only made him more interesting to himself, and he would occasionally in conversation compare his own aspect to that of Dante, as showing visible marks of the man 'who had been down into hell.' In this capacity he became the object of much commiseration at afternoon teas. Enthusiastic young ladies wondered how Mr. Ingham could do it, and remarked on the terrible strain which must be undergone by the nerves of the artist who was so absolutely dominated by his inspiration. Others thought it must be 'rather nice' to 'live with the creations of one's own brain' to the exclusion of all the surroundings of actual life—'quite an ideal world, don't you know, dear.' And upon this Amiel would shake his head with an air of melancholy tempered with cheerfulness, as who should say that the artist's was indeed a stern calling, but that it had its ample compensation in moments of transcendent ecstasy, which it was given only to artists—and only to the supreme among them—to experience.

As a rule, however, his appearances at the afternoon tea of culture were rare and brief. Usually, when he ascended again to earth from the Inferno of his realistic studies, he would seek refreshment in the society of his *fiancée*, whose belief in his genius, though less gushingly expressed than those of his other feminine admirers—for she was a young woman of more sense than sensibility—was yet sufficiently

thorough and unreserved to have inspired any but the most fatuous of egotists with doubts of his own worthiness.

Margery Marchmont had watched over the unborn but predestinately immortal novel from its earliest conception with an almost maternal tenderness. Amiel had even condescended on several occasions to consult her on points connected with the evolution of its plot and the development of its characters; indeed, he had shown an unwonted delicacy and consideration in pointing out how absolutely impossible it was for him to follow her advice in any single instance.

The intended *dénouement* of the story had hitherto been kept secret from her; but he had read her many chapters, and had instructed her in the proper mode of criticising them, pausing at the passages at which he felt it to be right for her to express sympathy and admiration, and, on the rare occasions on which she ventured to hint objections, pointing out indulgently to her their essentially unfounded character. She herself, he informed her at an early stage of the work, had stood to him as the unconscious model of his heroine.

IV

'It's a beautiful story, dear,' said Margery, laying down the manuscript of the nearly completed novel with a sigh of admiration, 'but I'm dying to read the last chapter. I particularly want to see how you are going to bring about the marriage.'

'The marriage!' exclaimed Amiel, astonished. 'What marriage?'

'What marriage!' echoed Margery, 'why, our—I mean the marriage of Amanda and Ferdinand.'

'My dear Margery, you are labouring under a most unhappy delusion. Amanda does not marry Ferdinand.'

'What!'

'Is it possible, my poor girl,' continued Amiel gently, 'that you can have so entirely failed to foresee the tragic finale towards which my whole story is working up? A finale, heart-rending indeed, but marked, I venture to flatter myself, by all the gloomy inevitableness of Greek drama.'

'Bother the Greek drama,' cried Margery petulantly, 'I thought this was an English novel, winding up with a wedding. And how to gracious is it going to end then? What happens?'

'Why, surely, there is only one ending to it which should be artistically right. Amanda throws Ferdinand over and marries the millionaire.'

Margery was silent; but a little spot of crimson came out on either cheek.

'I thought, Amiel,' she said coldly, after a few moments' pause, 'I thought—I have always understood that—that Amanda was sketched from me.'

'Quite true, my darling,' said the novelist a little uneasily. 'At least, that is to say, all the finer—the apparently finer traits of her character have been studied from you; all the superficial graces which——'

'Superficial!' exclaimed his indignant *fiancée*. 'You think my graces are superficial, do you?'

'Not at all, but——'

'And you think that's the way *I* should behave at the end of a six-shilling novel?'

'That by no means follows, as you would see at once if you had —excuse me—the faintest conception of the meaning of art. Art, my dear Margery, is selection,' continued the artist, complacently caressing his wisp of a moustache. 'Art is selection, and as such——'

'Oh, is it?' said the young lady scornfully. 'Then I suggest, Mr. Ingham, that you choose the models for your heroines somewhere else. At any rate, I will thank you not to select my "finer traits," apparent or real; my graces, superficial or otherwise; and tack them on to the character of a heartless cat. If you insist upon a heroine who behaves as you are going to make Amanda, kindly "study her," as you call it, in future from somebody else.'

And Margery stopped from want of indignant breath.

Amiel watched her with an expression of countenance which he tried to make condescending, but which was really a little scared.

'Why—*why* do you make her turn out such a wretch?' resumed Margery after nursing her resentment for a minute or two. 'Why can't you make her marry him?'

'Oh, impossible!' said Amiel. 'I should be doing violence to my artistic conscience.'

'Fiddle on your artistic conscience. If it doesn't reproach you for libelling a girl you—you pretend to care for, it can't be worth much. I ask you again, Amiel, why are you going to make her—to make *me*, for it *is* me, everybody will know it's me. I told Nelly Newnham only the other day that I was the heroine of your new novel—why,' she continued passionately, 'am I to be held up to the world as false, and mean, and mercenary, when you might just as easily have done the other thing?'

'I must draw life as I see it,' said the realist with an unsuccessful attempt at dignity.

'As you see it—as you see it,' repeated Margery with ever-mounting wrath. 'What do you mean by "as you see it"? Where have you seen life like that? In me? . . . . Answer me! Is it from me that you have got that idea of "life," as you call it?'

No, indeed, thought Amiel, it was certainly not from her; and as he reviewed his conception of the incensed maiden before him,

and endeavoured in vain to measure his immeasurable confidence in her truth, and purity, and unselfish love, he perceived with a pang of unutterable humiliation that in one matter, at any rate, he was an idealist after all.

Margery by this time had grown calmer, but as the traces of her agitation left her countenance it assumed a look of resolution which her lover liked even less.

'Amiel,' said she, speaking slowly, with some apparent difficulty of utterance, and with something suspiciously like tears trembling in her eyes, 'I will only ask you this one question: Do—do you think that I should be capable of behaving to you as your heroine behaves to your hero?'

'You! my dearest! God forbid!' replied he hastily; and the tone in which he uttered the words was so natural in its eager earnestness, so absolutely free from the note of affectation, that his most intimate friend would not have recognised it.

'Very well, then. Make your heroine behave as I should behave.'

Amiel was silent. Unflinching realism was not to be abandoned without a struggle.

'Look here, then, Mr. Ingham,' said Margery, dry-eyed now and determined, 'I don't want you to do violence to your artistic conscience; and if you say that the girl to whom I have stood model *must* act as you are going to make her act, so be it. But I owe it to *my* artistic conscience to make the portrait an exact one, and I shall do so by making a model of the young woman who was modelled from me. Understand, therefore, that if Amanda does not marry Ferdinand, Miss Margery Marchmont will refuse to marry Mr. Amiel Ingham.'

'Oh, come, I say, Margery,' said Amiel, aghast, 'this is nonsense. People don't do this thing in real—I mean you're joking—you're——'

'On the contrary,' replied Miss Marchmont, 'I was never more serious in all my days. And this *is* real life—life "as I see it." I have my own millionaire who would marry me to-morrow, as you know.'

Amiel did know; and he had a miserable conviction that the young tyrant before him would be as good as her word.

'Choose!' she repeated, 'choose! which is it to be?'

She stood before him mocking, triumphant, irresistible, a termagant if you will, but a termagant whom he felt he would rather die than lose.

And at the bare thought of losing her the unflinching realist flinched.

'It will spoil the book,' he grumbled. 'I must give it one of those wretched "happy endings" that I do so detest and despise.

And after I have been living all these months with a set of characters who are incapable of ending happily.'

'Yes, dear,' said Margery, toying with the vine-like tendrils of his hair. 'But that's just it. Why should you live with such hateful people? If that's what you call realism I should give it up. Indeed, you will have to when you marry me. I am not hateful, anyhow; but surely you don't think me any the less real on that account, do you?'

It was against Amiel's principles to admit it; but with his arm round Margery's waist, and her head resting on his shoulder, he had not the strength of mind to deny it.

PAST AND FUTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA BY LIONEL PHILLIPS

THE political, commercial, and industrial outlook in South Africa is at this moment of supreme interest; but as the grave of the past is the womb of the future, it is necessary to look back. From the days of the East India Company to the discovery of the diamond fields the development of the country proceeded at a very slow rate, and the difficulties with which the early settlers had to contend are sufficient to account for it. Very indifferent communication with the outer world and the absence of local markets very naturally caused the inhabitants to become inactive, more particularly as their requirements were of the most limited order and were secured in the virgin country with great ease. The diamond fields naturally attracted a new population. Enterprising young men in search of fortune came from England in considerable numbers, and brought with them a spirit of activity which soon made itself felt. In 1875 the terminus of the railway from Cape Town was the village of Wellington, only forty-five miles from the capital, the rest of the journey to Kimberley (about six hundred miles) having to be made by road. Considerable increase of trade speedily resulted, but it was due rather to the landing and forwarding of requirements for the new mining centre than to any great increase in the agricultural or industrial development of the colony. Leaving aside the activity that was awakened in Cape Town itself, the small population, principally of farmers, scattered about the country, continued to follow the slothful habits they had contracted, leading the life of their forefathers and producing enough to keep body and soul together, without any ambition to advance. The immediate neighbourhood of the diamond fields is unfavourable to agricultural pursuits, the rainfall being scanty and uncertain, coming in heavy showers, between which the scorching sun and hot winds parch the shallow porous soil. There was also but little faith in the permanence of the new industry, because it was believed that owing to the abundance in which diamonds were found they would lose their popularity and value, and finally it became necessary to control the output, and the various mines were amalgamated. Diamonds fetch a higher price to-day than they have done for many years, in spite of the fact that for over twenty years about four millions sterling has been spent annually in rough diamonds, equal probably to eight or nine millions by the time the public purchases them in the finished state. Cable communication was established with England, telegraph lines were energetically erected in different parts of the colony, and the trunk line of railway was pushed up to Kimberley. But whilst the general trade of the country increased, no corresponding energy was aroused amongst the farmers, and to

this day nearly the whole of the flour used in South Africa is imported.

Many portions of the huge country from the Zambesi to the Cape are well adapted for agriculture, some portions to cattle raising and horse breeding, and some portions to the production of cereals, coffee, fruit, tea, &c. Even the soil of the desert-like karoo is extremely fertile, and could in places be cultivated if advantage were taken of some of the natural positions for the conservation of water. The chief causes of the slow progress in all branches of permanent industry are the indolent Dutch farmer and the ample opportunity for labour which the European finds at the mining centres. Mineral wealth is a splendid pioneer, but most young men rush to a newly-discovered El Dorado in the hope of rapidly making a fortune, and turn their backs upon the necessarily slow means of achieving their object which agricultural or pastoral pursuits offer. I am confident that South Africa, apart altogether from mineral wealth, is capable of supporting a large population. Otherwise the pessimistic prophecies of those persons, who predict that when the minerals are exhausted the country will sink back into a condition similar to that which obtained prior to the discovery of the diamond fields, would be likely of fulfilment. So long as men flock to the country with the vision of rapid fortune before their eyes and find employment in mining centres, so long will every other enterprise move slowly; but directly those men realise that they may spend their lives in the country, or when the mines are fully supplied with labour or the mineral wealth begins to fail, other sources of profit will be turned to account.

During the time to which I am referring, the Dutch and the English lived upon good terms, and in some of the Kaffir wars of that period were to be found fighting side by side in defence of the country.

The farmers in the Orange Free State, being nearest to the diamond fields, derived some benefit from the better demand for produce and live stock, to the production of which that country is more favourable than Griqualand West, and under the enlightened guidance of President Brand the little Republic was making some progress. The Republic of the Transvaal was not faring so well. Its inhabitants comprised the most lawless and ignorant of the South African Dutch population, and are, indeed, to this day only semi-civilised. They defied the laws passed by their own representatives, and refused to pay the taxes, with the result that, in the year 1877, the Treasury balance was reduced to twelve shillings and sixpence, the £1 notes of the State were selling for one shilling, and a condition of anarchy prevailed. The Boers were at war with Sekukuni, and, after receiving a repulse, dispersed. Thereupon, the Transvaal Government resorted to the employment of filibusters,

who, by way of payment, were to receive the cattle or land they might be able to take from the natives. The war was then carried on with such barbarity that Lord Carnarvon insisted upon Sir Henry Barkly, then Governor of the Cape, taking some action to stop the atrocities that were being perpetrated, and Sir Theophilus Shepstone was sent out from England upon a special mission to the Transvaal. The story of the annexation is well known. There appears to have been, at that time, only a small section of the Boers hostile to it, but Shepstone allowed President Burghers to lodge a written protest, and thus pandered to the dissentient minority. Had he but stayed his hand a few weeks the Boers, who were seriously threatened by a Zulu invasion, would have begged him to take over the country. Shepstone promised that the Boers should have a voice in the administration—a promise that was not fulfilled, and which, together with the unpopular government of Sir W. Owen Lanyon, and the removal of the Zulu danger, led to the rebellion. The painful story of successive British officials, upon the authority of the British Government, declaring that the act of annexation could not be annulled, and the surrender of Mr. Gladstone's Government to rebels in arms who had defeated British troops in our own territory of Natal, is too well known to need any recital in detail. Lord Kimberley is reported by the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* of November 15 last to have said:

> So far as he [the noble Lord] was concerned, and to a certain extent Mr. Gladstone, their reason was not, as some people thought, a mere sentimental reason. They found themselves in this position: the Free State was then very friendly. There was at its head President Brand—as good a friend of ours as any man in South Africa. President Brand used his utmost influence with the people of the Free State to keep them back from joining the Transvaal Republic in the event of war going on. At last Mr. Brand sent a message in which he said he had done his utmost, that he had gone to the end of his tether and could not hold his burghers in any more, and that if England went on she would have the Free State against her. More than that, the Government had plain indications that in the colony itself there was sympathy there which might give rise to an extreme and serious difficulty; and the conclusion they came to, whether it was wise or not, was that, painful to the last degree as it was for them to make peace under such circumstances, they were taking the right course to avert the calamity they saw impending.

This disposes of the theory that the retrocession was an act of supreme generosity.

Sir Bartle Frere, a most eminent statesman, who made himself master of the South African problem, was appointed Governor of the Cape at the end of 1875, and held that office until his recall in August 1880; but during the most troublous period of his stay there he was not by any means loyally supported by the British Government of the day. To the vacillating policy of that time, up to and including the retrocession, is attributable the war in which we are engaged to-day.

Apart from the events which have taken place in the Transvaal since 1881, a study of Martineau's 'Life of Sir Bartle Frere' is sufficient to convince any impartial person that the surrender must either have been succeeded by war or by the loss of South Africa to the British Empire. The ink upon the 1881 Convention was hardly dry before the Transvaal Government began to evade its provisions and agitate for still further concessions; and with a view to conciliating Dutch feeling the modified London Convention of 1884 (the articles of which were substituted for those of the Pretoria Convention) was signed. It is needless to refer in detail to the causes of the Warren Expedition and to the various attempts of the Boers to seize other portions of British South Africa, most of which were frustrated, the exception being the portion of Zululand since known as the New Republic, which was handed over to the Transvaal. During the British occupation the finances of the Transvaal had been put in order, and the individual Boer had benefited to some extent through the use of his waggons and oxen in the Zulu War, and through the order and good government established.

The discovery of gold in the Barberton district, followed by the much more important discovery of the Witwatersrand fields, caused a great influx of foreigners into the State and changed the complexion of the country's finances.

The way in which the Boer oligarchy ruled, or rather misruled, the country, and disposed of its enormous revenue, are so admirably set forth in Mr. Fitzpatrick's 'Transvaal from Within,' that I earnestly recommend a study of it to all those interested in the subject. No adequate review of President Kruger's government is possible within the limits of this article; but so far back as September 1, 1892, seven delegates from the National Union went over to Pretoria at his invitation, and the chairman of the deputation told me that he said: 'Go back and tell your people I shall never give them anything; I shall never change my policy; and now let the storm burst.' And he has kept his word!

On many subsequent occasions he has made promises of reform, only to break them later on, and the whole policy of the Transvaal Government (apart from its incapacity and corruption) has been directed to suppressing the population which has brought to it wealth and power, and to evincing unwavering hostility to Great Britain. The dream of a Republic under a Dutch flag ruling the whole of South Africa—the British flag meanwhile on the sea!—was much more real than the British public had imagined until its eyes were opened by recent events. Deplorable and indefensible as the Raid undoubtedly was, it had at least one merit—viz., that of being instrumental, through the medium of the Parliamentary Committee of Enquiry, in enlightening the people of this country as to the monstrous state of affairs in the Transvaal. Many persons imagine that the arming and

construction of forts was due entirely to the Raid. Quite the contrary is the case; and one of the complaints in the manifesto of the National Union, issued prior to that event, was that £250,000 was being spent in completing a fort at Pretoria and £100,000 was to be spent on the fort at Johannesburg.

The differences between the Dutch and English in South Africa, although they cannot be said to have been altogether non-existent before 1881, were enormously accentuated by the surrender, which was very naturally interpreted as an act of cowardice on the part of Great Britain, and indeed, in view of Lord Kimberley's confession, it is difficult to find another term for it. No sensible man imagines that Mr. Gladstone would have given up the country had he been aware of its great value; not that territorial greed or lust of gold would have governed his action, but because he would have realised that a large population was destined to inhabit it which he would not have considered the Boers fit to govern.

This is not the time for criticism or recrimination. It is the time to stand together, and not to carp and cavil over debateable points. It is contemptible for persons holding *quasi*-responsible positions, while this country is engaged in a serious war and our soldiers are gallantly meeting its foes, to criticise the Government, seeking in effect to put this country in the wrong, and sacrificing their patriotism at the party altar. Most persons who have lived in South Africa during the last twenty years were absolutely convinced that, if the Government were determined to have a real, and not a sham, settlement, war was inevitable. Reference to the Budget of the Boers and the records of the arms they have imported clearly indicates that the innocent peasants have been deliberately preparing to fight England and turned their country into a veritable armoury.

'Race hatred' in South Africa does not arise from any vital differences in the character of Dutch and English, but from the doubt hitherto existing as to which was to be dominant. England has been paramount in name, but by a succession of weak and vacillating acts has allowed the Pretoria Government to be so in reality. Once establish British supremacy beyond dispute, and I am strongly of the opinion (which is shared by many others who know the country well) that the Dutch and English will shake hands and settle down, both in their own way very useful elements in the development of the South African Continent. The sharp dividing line between the Dutch and the English is this question of supremacy. Remove it, and a common interest results. The Boers have lived for the last three centuries amongst natives, particularly the more turbulent section which found its way north of the Vaal River, and they have necessarily acquired some of the native habit of thought. Generosity in the native mind is synonymous with fear, and though the native may be treated with every kindness, he must regard his employer as

master or he becomes useless and intolerable. With the Boer it is much the same. 'Let us see who is master!' is a very common phrase of theirs, and having seen, they are ready to bow to the result.

Many persons consider it premature to discuss the future government of the Transvaal and Orange Free State. I do not share that view. If one's opinions are of any value they can only be of service *before* the settlement. Persons in responsible positions are naturally and properly reticent, but I as a mere onlooker may frankly express views to which much consideration of the subject has so far led me. I offer them as suggestions for discussion and consideration, and not, even so far as I am concerned, as definite conclusions. I must assume in the first place that the British arms have been victorious, and that a new Government is to be established in the conquered Republics. The ultimate desire will, I know, be to allow the white population of those countries the fullest measure of liberty in their own government consistent with Imperial interests and the welfare of the huge native population which would come under their rule. Military occupation will doubtless be necessary for possibly twelve months, during which most of those who have had to leave the country owing to the war will have returned and resumed their occupations, and during which the appointment of a new set of officials will be accomplished. It is hardly likely, however, that at the end of that period the population will have become sufficiently settled and all those steps have been taken, such as the preparation of a proper census, &c., to justify the bestowal of self-government, and the administration therefore for the next two or three years will be probably best conducted by direct Imperial control. The simplest form in which this can be carried out will be uniting the Transvaal and Orange Free State into one province under a new name. This suggestion must not be taken to exclude the perhaps wiser course of governing the Transvaal and Orange Free State separately under two new names. If any reluctance to annex might have existed, it has surely been removed by the action of Presidents Kruger and Steyn, who—while the campaign is in progress—have issued proclamations annexing British territory with the sinister object of stirring up rebellion amongst the Queen's Dutch subjects. Fortunately they have not been very successful so far, but many a misguided Cape Boer may join the Republican forces believing the proclamation to shield him from the consequences. I think it would be the gravest error after past experience to re-establish any form of Republican government. There has been too much pandering to Dutch sentiment in the past at the expense of the English settlers, and this must not be repeated. The Dutch will respect a strong, firm, and just conqueror, but have contempt for any weakness which our Government might be induced to commit with the idea of being

generous and conciliating them. In dealing with these countries as I suggest, the Imperial Government would do well to pledge itself to grant self-government in some form at a later period under which equal rights would be accorded to Dutchmen and Englishmen. The statistics as to the population of the Transvaal prior to the war are not entirely reliable. The 'Staats Almanak' for this year gives the total white population at 288,750. It gives the number of burghers entitled to vote in the First and Second Raads as 29,279; and a newspaper published in London has arrived at an estimate of the total Boer population by adding one-third to this figure as representing males under sixteen years of age, making 39,038, and doubling this sum for the purpose of arriving at the total male and female population, which thus amounts to 78,076 persons. Assuming this estimate to be near the mark, there would then appear to have been that number of Boers and 210,674 Uitlanders in the Transvaal before the war. The 'Staats Almanak' gives the black population as 754,325. The population of the Orange Free State, according to Mr. F. E. Garrett, who obtained the figures in turn from the President of the United Chamber of Commerce, Mr. H. W. Jagger, comprised 78,100 Dutch, 15,600 English and other white foreigners, and 140,000 blacks. Briefly thus dealing with the Orange Free State and the Transvaal as one province, there would upon this basis of calculation be a population of 156,176 Dutch, 226,274 English and other foreign whites, and about 894,325 blacks. Whilst English should become the official language of the country, it would be distinctly advisable to permit the use of the Dutch language in Courts of Law and in the transaction of public business wherever expedient, as at the Cape. As time goes on, and the suspicion and contempt with which the Dutch have hitherto regarded the English disappear, the intercourse between the two races will become more common and more cordial, and in consequence the Dutch will gradually voluntarily learn and use the English language. The majority in the Cape Parliament is likely to become a progressive one, waverers, who have stuck to the Bond party whilst the dream of a Republic obtained, joining the forward party. It would be advisable to appoint municipalities in the larger towns of the province as soon as practicable, in whose hands the government of those towns might be vested, on the condition that all resolutions adopted should be submitted to the Government and be subject to its veto. The laws for the time being should be interfered with as little as possible, and only those repealed which are inconsistent with morality and good government. A High Court will naturally be established, and the existing provision on the Transvaal Statute Book by which its independence is curtailed, abolished. Steps should be taken to appoint a commission to fix a fair amount for the expropriation of the Netherlands Railway and the dynamite concession, and these should be acquired. Some

persons appear to hold the view that England ought to take slices off the Transvaal and Orange Free State so that the boundaries might be strategically strengthened from an English point of view, and then restore independence to the Republics. I mention this because I hold the strongest opinion that a step of this kind, which would involve as much bitterness of feeling, as far as the Boers are concerned, as if the whole of their countries were taken over, would in fact be creating an Alsace and Lorraine upon our respective boundaries, leaving the rest of the territory as a happy hunting-ground for future intriguers against British interests.

The Government of the new province should be entrusted to a very capable man of high character, having local knowledge, and responsible directly to the High Commissioner, whose office should, in my opinion, at this juncture be separated from that of Govenor of the Cape of Good Hope. Freed from some of those duties which now engage Sir Alfred Milner's attention, he would have leisure to take action with regard to and watch over a Conference which should be held for the purpose of discussing the means of ultimately bringing about the confederation of South Africa. Any scheme which is to secure the favour of the majority of the white inhabitants of South Africa must have its origin in South Africa. To propound a scheme in London is to court opposition and to ensure failure. The difficulties in the road are very considerable; but they are chiefly centred in the two great questions of customs and railways, and are by no means insuperable. That a Confederated South Africa could be governed better, more economically, and with greater safety, than as a number of separate States, is indisputable.

Four or five delegates from each colony or province might in the first instance meet and discuss the matter upon broad lines under the presidency of Sir Alfred Milner or his nominee, and, having laid down certain outlines, elect four or five of their number to come to England and discuss the subject with the Colonial Office, returning to South Africa and reporting in turn to the Congress. It is by such means that the difficulties may be overcome.

It is in the hope that a confederation would result that I should like to see England hold the Transvaal and Orange Free State and administer them for the next two or three years while the whole problem could be examined. The alteration of boundaries, as a matter of geographical or political expediency, could be considered during the interval, and the respective numbers of Dutch and English in the various divisions be ascertained. An accurate census taken over the whole of South Africa might point to the wisdom of delaying confederation. Delagoa is a very important position from a commercial standpoint. If England should by some agreement take over the administration of that port and the Portuguese

territory up to the Transvaal frontier, it could be dealt with in the Confederation; but assuming that Portugal does not come to any arrangement with England, I do not think it would be impossible to make some arrangement with her, without impairing her sovereign rights, by which Delagoa Bay would be permanently administered in return for certain agreed annual payments or share of customs duty.

It would be found desirable in any confederation scheme to divide British South Africa from the Zambesi to the Cape into a number of provinces, each with its own local Parliament with power to frame local laws, and a Federal Parliament to which each province would send so many representatives, who would be elected separately from the members of the local Parliaments. The Federal Parliament would meet at the seat of government, and would be entrusted with power with regard to questions affecting finance, good government, the safety of the whole country, and native laws, which should be similar throughout the length and breadth of South Africa. Local enactments would be subject to veto by the Federal Parliament, and the Governor-General, High Commissioner, or Viceroy as he might then be styled, would, I take it, on behalf of the Crown exercise supreme authority in case of need. A Court of Appeal would of course be established at the seat of government, from whose judgments appeals to the Privy Council would be permitted.

Her Majesty's Government might exercise great influence in bringing about confederation through the assistance which it could render in securing cheap money for South Africa, and as a first step in this direction I submit that the credit of this country should be available for the money required to purchase the Netherlands Railway, the dynamite concession, and to provide that share towards the cost of the present war which this country may see fit to put upon the shoulders of the new province. A loan granted by the Imperial Government at, say, three per cent. including redemption, coupled with good government, would render the burden which the population would have to bear much lighter than if the money had to be found under its own guarantee alone. Seeing that the Imperial Government not so very long ago guaranteed a loan for Greece, it is not too much to expect that it should do the same for its own dependencies. As the future of this great country is wrapped up in the welfare and trade of its colonies, it must be good policy, where the security available justifies it, to contribute to their success by giving its good name, so that loans may be obtained at low rates of interest. Besides offering safe investments for British capital, such a policy would be a great stride in the direction of that Imperial Federation which all British people have at heart. I hope that the ideas which I am formulating on this great subject will be accepted

in the spirit in which I am offering them—as food for reflection and discussion, and not as a presumptuous attempt to settle great questions which I fully recognise can only be solved by much discussion and long study.

In the Transvaal and Orange Free State at present every voter is liable to personal military service, and in the Cape Colony there exists a law by which, in certain eventualities, the burghers can be called out. On the whole this principle is excellent, and it should certainly be included in any scheme for the settlement of the whole country. It is possible that, in addition to the standing army which it would be necessary for the Confederation to maintain, some system of volunteering might be introduced to supersede the present burgher law; but a glance at the black and coloured population, as compared with the white, shows the necessity, in that country, for every man being prepared to serve as a citizen soldier in case of emergency. In the Cape Colony and Bechuanaland, Basutoland, Orange Free State, Natal and Zululand, Transvaal and South Rhodesia, it is computed that there are 428,176 Dutch, 480,270 English and other whites, making together 908,446 whites, as against a coloured population of 3,547,580. The native question requires to be handled with justice and firmness. Taken as a whole, the natives lead extremely indolent lives, and merely work for the purpose of saving enough money to buy a few cows, which in turn they exchange for a wife, their fortune then being made, for at the native kraals the women do most of the hard work; and but little labour is required to win their food from the fertile soil upon which they are almost invariably located. Since tribal wars have been abolished they have thriven in a remarkable way, and, in consideration of the protection and good government which they enjoy, it is only reasonable that they should be made to contribute a moderate quota to the revenue of the country. The Glen Grey Act was designed to effect this purpose. If the natives are moderately taxed they will have to do a moderate amount of work, either upon farms or mines, or as vigorous agriculturalists. I remember, some years ago, suggesting to President Kruger that he should increase the hut tax with this object in view, but he objected to doing so upon the ground that the native produce would then be brought in competition with that of the burghers, to the latter's disadvantage. According to Transvaal law, natives are not recognised as persons at all, but as creatures, and not more than four or five families are permitted to reside upon any one farm. This enactment, while it may have been very desirable when only an extremely scanty and scattered population of white men lived in the country, no longer applies when a large white population is settled in the country, and it would decrease the labour difficulty immensely if, upon some of the outlying farms within an easy distance of

mining centres, native families were induced to settle. More can be done towards civilising the native by teaching him habits of industry than by any other means, and, if this question is wisely handled, the development of South Africa, when peace once more reigns in the land, will spring forward at a speed which not even the most sanguine of us to-day would venture to predict.

There are vast coalfields situated in various parts of the country; there are diamonds and gold and lead and iron in enormous quantities—possibly much in the mineral world so far undiscovered. There is the Cape peninsula, which grows the finest grapes in the world; but the fruit industry has developed so slowly because no law exists compelling owners of land to attend to their trees. Like a portion of California, where such an immense trade in fruits has grown up, the rain comes in the winter, and during the summer, when the fruit is ripening, the weather is warm and dry. An American expert, who came out to the Cape with the idea of embarking in that industry, told me that until a law is passed similar to that of California, by which Government can compel farmers to wash their trees and destroy blight once in two years, no great stride in this direction can be looked for; and the Dutch resent such laws. It was only after a violent struggle that a Scab Act was passed. There are huge tracts of uncultivated soil capable of producing cereals of every kind, as well as coffee, tea, and tobacco—in fact, a sleeping land merely waiting to be awakened, and capable of absorbing the surplus population of this country for ages to come. There are those who think that when the gold is exhausted—which will not be the case for at least half a century—the population will disappear and the country sink to what it was before the minerals were discovered. Such a view is altogether in opposition to the facts. In Australia gold was discovered in 1851, and an average annual production of nine millions has since been obtained. It seems likely to increase; and in South Africa I think even greater prospects are in view. The goldfields of Rhodesia are in their infancy, and much land in the Transvaal known to contain the precious metal has yet to be explored. I remember crossing the Witwatersrand before gold was discovered—it was a desolate and treeless waste, scarcely inhabited. Wherever trees have since been planted they have grown at the most extraordinary speed. To sum up, it may justly be said that it is not South Africa which is at fault, but those into whose hands the country fell, that it has remained since its discovery in so backward a state. The difficulty in regard to native labour has been one of the great drawbacks, but it is a difficulty which is surmountable. Cattle and sheep, horses and ostriches thrive well in many parts of the country; and if only the dwellers in that wonderful land devote their energies to its development and abandon the political strife that has for the last twenty years stood in the light, astounding results

will be obtained in the near future. If we were to judge South Africa by its past, our conclusions would be entirely erroneous. The means of communication and the markets have only existed in recent years; and although in a country which contains gold and diamonds new-comers will in the first instance turn their attention to them in the hope of sudden fortune, when they find that the door is shut and such aspirations must be abandoned, they will devote themselves to those industries, where fortune is to be won, but only by years of patient labour. Once establish good government, under which the new-comer feels that he can hold his head up in the land and become a member of the body politic at will, and he will no longer keep one eye on fortune and the other on the country from which he hails, always yearning to get away.

The climate in the greater part of South Africa is temperate and healthy, and the bright sunshine and the free life have many attractions which the more civilised surroundings of older countries cannot offer, and for which they are some compensation. Locusts and hailstorms and drought at times do immense harm, but they are not so frequent as to bar the way to successful agricultural and pastoral pursuits. In Canada it is possible to insure against hailstorms, and no doubt this will follow in South Africa. Wild beasts and savages stood in the way of the earlier settlers, whose progress was necessarily slow, and, when the country might have made rapid advancement, political dissensions and race differences have blocked the way. If we look back nearly twenty years we find that loyal official, Sir Bartle Frere, abandoned and discredited by the Government of the time, and the seeds of the trouble sown which we are reaping to-day. Fate has once again placed a great man at the head of affairs in South Africa, and fortunately Sir Alfred Milner has been supported by the Government now in power and by the country at large. Mistakes have been made. They are inevitable in the pursuit of any great policy, and this is not the time to discuss them—more particularly as in the main there is, in Great Britain and the colonies, a concensus of opinion that the Government has acted with great forbearance, with great wisdom, and in the true interest of South Africa and of civilisation. The Empire has been won by wise counsels and bold deeds, and not by the policy of scuttle which has frequently marked England's associations with that country. Colonists and natives have, in the past, been abandoned, and left to the vengeance of the Queen's enemies. They have recently been driven from their homes, and are suffering indescribable misery, many of them being absolutely ruined, for they are mostly poor people who will have to make a fresh start in life. And all this owing to President Kruger's policy, which had in view the permanent subjection of the British element. Whilst no retaliatory measures against the Dutch should be contemplated, the

first consideration in any settlement should be the welfare of British subjects, many of whom are risking their lives and behaving with the utmost valour in the present conflict. They must not again be deserted, humiliated, and subjected to the despotic tyranny under which they have groaned since 1881; and amongst the many glorious events which will mark the great reign of Queen Victoria must be the consolidation of the British South African Empire. When the good government and liberty which are the invariable companions of the British flag become felt, that wonderful sub-continent will be one of the greatest, most united, and most loyal of her dependencies, if not the brightest jewel of the Crown.

The foregoing pages were written some weeks ago, before the recent reverses to the British arms. These, however, do not affect the questions considered, because Englishmen are unanimously resolved that the war must and shall be pushed to a successful conclusion. As to the power of Great Britain to vanquish the forces opposed to her in South Africa there can be no two opinions. A modification of the constitution given to the Cape Colony might be necessary if the rebellion, in which a number of her Majesty's Dutch subjects have joined, should assume more serious proportions.

THE OUTCASTS
BY HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE

I

OWN the coast, ten miles east of Reykjavick, there lies a desolate bay guarded by a murderous reef. Never has the land turned so sinister a face to the sea as just here where the cliffs seem blackened by a fire long extinguished. The sword-backed reef guarding the bay is notched and dented from old wars with the sea; cracked and crannied, it has gained in voice what it has lost in form and fills the bay at low tide with atrocious whispers. At high tide it is dumb, and nothing except a swirl on the water and a fleck of foam would lead you to suspect that it is there.

Sixty years ago there stood, huddled against the sheer cliff of the bay, a wooden hut; built of wreckage and thatched with seaweed, it possessed a window glazed with the bladder of a whale and a hole in the roof which served for a chimney.

The shag of seaweed forming its thatch was grey from the droppings of the gulls who built above, heedless of the hut below or the smoke that rose from the hole in the roof, for the gulls knew that the hut was their safety and that never a man or boy of Iceland would set foot within a mile of it, or of the man to whom it belonged.

He was a man thirty-five years of age; he had a wife and child, but his wife and his child never visited him in his hut on the beach. He was part owner of a fishing boat, yet he received no profit from its takings. A householder in Reykjavick, yet had no place in the community. He was an outcast, and his crime was leprosy. His name had been Ericsen till the leprosy touched him on the Norway fishing grounds. A native of Reykjavick and married to a girl of Reykjavick, happy, prosperous and respected; in a month he had found himself destitute even of a name. People referred to him as 'He.'

Once a fortnight food was left for him on a flat stone two miles from the bay, food and fuel for a fortnight, nothing else; neither word from his wife, nor word of his child. His fellow creatures gave him life, laid the grim gift on the stone and fled, leaving him to take it or refuse it as he chose.

How did he live? What were his thoughts all the sunlit nights of summer, all the sunless days of winter? God knows. But if you would guess something of it all, go and stand by the shore of the bay with the murderous reef, listen to the water breaking on the cold Icelandic beach and the cry of the gulls, the challenge and answer of sentinels guarding desolation.

II

The bay has two ways of entrance, one a narrow channel in the reef, the other a chine in the cliffs, called 'the chimney.' It goes upwards, steep as a ladder, this chimney, and at its upper part it is so narrow that one has to move sideways; about its middle occurs a flat space or step. In the centre of the step, sharply cut like a pit in a Gruyère cheese, is a well of boiling water; just here upon the walls grow ferns nowhere else to be found in Iceland, and higher up, if one pauses for a moment in the ascent, one hears the sound of another well boiling and bubbling in the cliff, sinister as the voice of a witch talking hurriedly to herself.

Sometimes, standing on the beach, one hears a rushing and clattering, and sees a huge stone leap upon the shale; a boulder loosened from the walls has rolled down the chimney. The stones come in a most capricious manner, two in a day or one in a year as chance loosens them, and this makes the ascent of the passage not over safe and certainly exciting. Starting upon it one pauses a moment to give a rock time to come, then, remembering the fact that the missile may come next moment or next month, one starts. It is on the step just by the well of boiling water that Fear sits, for this is the middle of the passage and now it is too late to retreat, and yet there is a considerable way to go forward.

Ericsen, whose instinct, perhaps, told him that he had nothing to fear from chance, used this passage when he had occasion to leave the bay, though by wading at low tide he might have left his prison by skirting the reef.

During the first two years of his outlawry he had climbed it once a fortnight to obtain the food set for him on the flat stone two miles away, but during the third summer he used it for another purpose than this.

News came to Reykjavick that 'He' was wandering. Twice a week, so rumour said, he climbed the chimney and made for the east over the boulder strewn country in the direction of Black Bay. A little goat herd, half idiotic, had seen and spoken to the 'man with the face.' The goat herd had said 'Where are you going to?' The man had answered 'Don't tell.'

Tania Jurgensen, the moss gatherer, also bore testimony. She had seen him often in the distance making for Black Bay. 'He is very white now,' said Tania, 'he drags one foot behind him and never looks back.'

One night at the Three Herrings Inn at Reykjavick when discussion was running on Ericsen and the possible objects of his mysterious journeys, Jaarl Jurgensen bet Peter Greigson a bottle of Nantes brandy that before three days were out he would set the matter at rest once and for all.

'How will you do it?' asked Peter.

'I'll follow him,' said Jaarl.

III

On the morning after Jaarl's bet a fog hid the sea and sun. 'Almost as if it were sent,' said Jaarl, who was posted behind a rock a hundred yards or so from the upper exit of the chimney. He was a good Lutheran, and believed in the protecting hand of Providence; all the same he had brought his gun, and as he squatted behind the rock, like a sportsman waiting for the game to break cover, he heard the door of the hut below open on its rusty hinges and close, then a sound: someone was ascending the chimney. Jaarl was a brave man, but no man came ever so near beating a retreat as Jaarl, shuddering behind his rock and listening to that footstep drawing nearer.

Suddenly a hand, seemingly enveloped in a grey woollen glove, appeared grasping a boulder, then the face and form of the leper rose from the entrance of the chimney. The leper stood for a moment, and as he stood he stared at the country before him, over which the fog was rapidly thinning. He was an immense man, built for heroic deeds, but stray pebbles upon the beach have sometimes more resemblance to the human face than had his countenance, and as he stood staring before him at the volcanic hills he rocked slightly from side to side as if exhausted by the ascent.

The fog was lifting rapidly, disclosing more plainly the desolate country stretching to the hills, a country treeless, and green in patches, with moss and rank grass; birdless and apparently deserted by human beings; voiceless, too, and lit by a light that seemed neither the light of day, nor dawn, nor evening; a bloom cast upon the land by the luminous fog hiding the sun. Standing where Ericsen stood and gazing inland, one sees amidst the chain of hills two especially noticeable, the Fisherman and the Herring's Head. Setting his course as if he wished to reach some spot midway between these points Ericsen started moving with amazing swiftness, considering the burthen of his left leg which he dragged as though it were wounded. There was no road and the plateau that, from a distance, seemed smooth between the boulders, was, in reality, strewn with loose rocks and broken into fissures that made the eye as necessary to progress as the foot. From some of the clefts arose thin wreaths of steam and an odour of sulphur, and there were holes here and there from which came a sound that suggested the flapping lid of a pot, boiling merrily below; but the sound was not conducive to mirth. If a bird had flown past, or had there been a breeze to stir the tufts of rank grass, the fantastic appearance of things might have been lessened, but there was neither bird no

breeze and the land seemed stricken dumb before the awful silence of the hills.

They had made a mile and a half when Jaarl, some furlongs behind the form he was following, heard, of a sudden, the shrill notes of a whistle, three or four notes alternating and forming a barbarous tune. It was the little goat herd, the idiot who had spoken to the 'man with the face.' He was seated with his back to a rock blowing through a whistle made from the thigh-bone of a cormorant, and when he saw the leper, remembering the beating he had received from his father for having spoken to him before, he dropped his whistle and ran.

The leper stopped, gazed after the child, and made a terrible gesture as if to say, 'Even he!' Then he pursued his way with his head cast down.

'Curse him,' said Jaarl, 'he is making for the stone where the food is. I have lost my morning and a bottle of Nantes brandy for an old woman's tale. He's not making for Black Bay, he never went there, 'twas all a lie of Tania Jurgensen's.'

Still, he followed, having followed so far, and he was rewarded. He saw the man before him pause at the great stone where the food was deposited once a fortnight; the food was there and something else to-day beside the fish and bread. A piece of paper with a message from the people of Reykjavick to the outcast. Jaarl knew the contents of the paper, he had helped to frame them. The words on the paper said, 'Keep to yourself and speak to no one; if you travel beyond this stone to east or west you will get no more food.' Ericsen held the paper in his sound hand, he seemed meditating upon its contents, then he let it drop to the ground. He took the fish and the bread from the stone, cast them also on the ground and stamped on them, then turning he made for the east in the direction of Black Bay.

'Ho,' said Jaarl, 'she was right after all, she was right after all, he is making for the bay. Who will give him food there unless maybe the devil? It's well known he has been seen there; no matter, devil take the devil, I'll follow.'

IV

From the flat stone south-eastward to the dismal cul-de-sac called Black Bay, the distance is four miles as the gull flies, five by foot. The way leads past a cup-shaped depression in the earth, an amphitheatre large as the Roman coliseum. This is the grave of dead Jan. Jan has been dead thirty years; in life he was a geyser. A Royal and intermittent geyser, who rose at his own good pleasure and sank. Round the basin of Jan the Iceland moss grows in great abundance, and, as the leper passed the basin of Jan, a bent figure,

engaged in gathering the moss, rose erect and stared at him. It was Tania Jurgensen.

'Away, away!' screamed Tania, stretching out her hands, 'Away, away! get back to your place by the sea; shame on you to show yourself to a woman's eyes! Away, away!'

Her wild cries filled the amphitheatre, and were answered by a sound like the roll of drums. Jan was answering her, and from the black pot hole in the centre of the crater foam rose gently, and with a snoring sound. Then, bursting into life, in three bounds the geyser rose forty feet in air and stood screaming and struggling like a maniac tangled in a sheet.

The leper knew Jan, he had passed him often on his mysterious journeys to Black Bay, but to-day was destined to show him a new meaning in the waters' fury. For the woman, with a diabolical laugh, pointed to the raving geyser as if to say 'even he cries out on you, even he!'

Ericsen paused, then turned and gazed upon the sun, now free from fog, as if to say, 'And thou?' Then he pursued his way, Jaarl following.

V

They had reached the sea and those cliffs that guard perhaps the most desolate beach in the world. Nothing comes here from the sea but the waves, nothing from the land but the wind; from here the volcanic hills seem a long procession of cloaked horsemen, riding hurriedly and bending low, Hecla amidst them as a torch bearer. Looking over the cliffs one sees the cul-de-sac, called Black Bay, a horrid pocket, mean yet formidable, desolate without grandeur. It is cuneiform and its beach is a veritable shelf, a shelf from which the dropped lead gives a sounding of sixty fathoms; it is from this depth and the shadows of the cliffs that the bay receives its name, for the waters seen from above are black as ink. No gulls are here because there are no fish, no fish come because of the current. There is a current here which is one of the mysteries of the sea, it lives beneath the shelf of the bay and sucks towards the land. Were you to dive in you would never reappear: the watery octopus would seize you into some vast cavern or conduit known to itself.

Jaarl, hidden in a depression of the ground, watched the figure of Ericsen standing upon the cliff edge and silhouetted against the sky. The desolation only required that Promethean figure to complete it. The man seemed the complement of the land, two gigantic blunders of nature completing each other and forming a terrible whole.

Suddenly, and with a gesture as if he were calling a boat alongside a quay, Ericsen began to descend the cliff's side to the shelf-like beach of the bay. The descent was easy; Chance, with that barbarous

prodigality which she loves to extend towards the useless, had joined the cliff to the beach by a veritable flight of steps in the volcanic rock. Down this staircase thrown away came Ericsen. On the beach he paused.

From where he stood the angle of the bay was fully in view, and in the angle, like a jewel in the filthy pocket of a thief, an enormous mass of ice shone and flashed in the light of the sun which had just risen above the cliff's edge, as if, like Jaarl, it wished to observe the doings of the leper. The ice was the remains of a berg stranded two years ago at a spring tide. Caught in a veritable trap, the berg had broken up bit by bit, all but this colossal mass welded by storm and winter into the jaw of the bay.

The leper seemed dazzled and perturbed by the vision of purity and beauty before him, its beauty enhanced a thousand-fold by the sombre setting of the cliffs. As a man who approaches some hidden treasure, he looked round to make sure that no one was observing his movements. He looked up at the serrated edge of the opposite cliff—no one; out to sea—no one. Then, suddenly turning to the steps he had descended, he looked up and saw Jaarl.

VI

Jaarl was standing on the steps a biscuit-throw away; he was in the act of cocking his gun. The terrible thing was that each man knew the other; they had drunk together at the 'Three Herrings' in Reykjavick. Neither spoke. The click of the gun-hammers said all that was necessary: 'You are a beast, and if you come near me I will shoot you.' For a moment Ericsen stood motionless. He seemed lost in thought. Then, waving his hand as if to say 'Come, see for yourself,' he turned and walked along the beach in the direction of the ice.

The sun had given the mass of ice more than colour: it possessed a voice. Three tiny rills of water were dancing on its slopes, making cascades that glittered like diamond-dust and a sound now like the echo of a child's laughter, now like the faint chiming of bells. The ice, here white as frost, here dark as sismondine and channeled with streaks of wan unearthly blue, seemed from a distance a vision made of cloud and sky. As one drew nearer, mysterious hands stripped the beauty from it, hardening the colours, dispelling the illusions, whilst its breath filled the air with the chill of winter.

As Jaarl drew nearer he saw that the mass of ice was in two portions. It formed two cliffs, between which ran a ravine wide enough for the passage of a man. At the entrance of this pass Ericsen paused; he made a gesture as if in warning; then he disappeared into the ravine, and Jaarl halted. The ice seemed to have swallowed the man.

Jaarl listened. He heard the little cascades dancing upon the

ice; faint and charming echoes repeated their sound from the walls of the frozen ravine, which, running a few yards between walls of ice, bent upon itself, disclosing nothing but a blue twilight, a passage vague and chill, repellent yet alluring. What could be more fascinating than that mysterious turning past which the leper had vanished? Beyond it lay the secret, the something which had drawn him so often all those weary miles travelled in suffering, the something for which he had foregone the bread and fish that were for him life.

Jaarl shook his head; then he re-capped his gun; then, with the gun grasped in readiness, he came down the passage. The floor of the passage was strewn with little stalagmites of frozen water taking various shapes. Some looked like mushrooms, some like globe-shaped fruit, some bore a grotesque resemblance to minute polar bears. Down the passage came Jaarl, crushing the stalagmites to splinters. As he advanced the twilight grew deeper. He turned the corner; the passage grew wider; a veritable room was here, ceilinged with a pale streak of sky, filled with a blue and chill twilight, in which stood Jaarl, as if the cold had suddenly turned him to stone, motionless as the forms before him.

The leper was with a woman.

In the wall of ice, vague and beautiful, and seeming afloat in the frozen water, was the body of a woman, naked, and clasping in her hand a great leaf, plucked, perhaps, a million years ago. The leper was prostrated before her, and the eyes of the dead woman in the uncertain glimmer seemed resting upon him; between them the blue gloom lay like the veil of the ages.

Jaarl before this terrible love scene stood motionless in the twilight where the outcast of Life lay prostrate before the castaway of Time.

. . . . .

Jaarl died at the age of ninety. He told me this tale and I am the only man to whom he confided it.

'I left them together,' said Jaarl; 'He and She. I told nothing but took provisions, and with my gun I sat for a month by Jan the geyser, for that is the only road to the bay. I would have shot anyone who went near them. God put me there by the geyser so that no one should disturb them, for it was not a sight for the eyes of man to see. All that month I was mad, and great Jan used to rise from his hole and talk to me. Then came the great storm and the last of the berg broke up, and they went to sea together He and She.'

That is all he said. From what past age of the world did this woman come defying Time who is stronger than Death? Who knows? And how, you ask, did the leper know of her presence five miles away from his hut? What led him to her? What indeed, unless the power that by darkness leads the eye to the star, and sometimes, by sorrow, the genius to his masterpiece.

From a charcoal drawing by Emil Fuchs

Paderewski

[illegible] Engraving Co.

CHINESE DOCTORS AND MEDICAL TREATMENT. BY MRS. J. F. BISHOP, F.R.G.S.

THERE are many h[illegible] with much gross ig[illegible] found in Chinese me[illegible] extravagant and fantast[illegible] can be built upon them. [illegible] a belief in malignant [illegible] disease, tending, as is usual in the East, to [illegible] tions as a last resort.

But while sketching a system which [illegible] supplanted, as much on the [illegible] which it is interwoven as [illegible] understood as condemning [illegible] for as men are often be[illegible] practice of the Chinese [illegible] instance, he knows the vi[illegible] valuable native herbs, specially [illegible] irritants, and in some cases eve[illegible] He knows to some extent Chine[illegible] will bear, and it may at least be s[illegible] his system is, it has not arrested the [illegible] would drop lies and humbug, parts of his tre[illegible]

China claims to have a science of [illegible] the haziest antiquity and medical works dating [illegible] cedent to the Christian era. A book in tw[illegible] on Internal Diseases and the practice of Amputations,[1] [illegible] the dawn of authentic history, and a work on [illegible] Doubtful Medical Questi[illegible] the third centu[illegible] eleven commentaries were wr[illegible] the fourt[illegible] Court physician published a [illegible] Pu[illegible] has gone through many sub[illegible] A work on the Eye and its [illegible] A six-volume work on Fever[illegible] the thirteenth century, by one on [illegible] four volumes, which appears a[illegible] In the same century a twelve-vo[illegible] In 1340 a book in twenty volumes [illegible] of the Diseases of the Larg[illegible] Diseases, Midwifery and Wom[illegible] Teeth, and Throat, and the t[illegible] wounds. About 1360 works w[illegible] on Fevers, Skin Diseases, and [illegible]

[1] At the present time Chinese do[illegible] have had foreign instruction do not k[illegible]

Paderewski

CHINESE DOCTORS AND MEDICAL TREATMENT. BY MRS. J. F. BISHOP, F.R.G.S.

THERE are many horrors and barbarities, coupled with much gross ignorance and superstition, to be found in Chinese medicine. Its theories have an extravagant and fantastic basis. Nothing sound can be built upon them, and at the back of all lies a belief in malignant dæmons as the source of disease, tending, as is usual in the East, to exorcisms and incantations as a last resort.

But while sketching a system which on the whole merits to be supplanted, as much on the ground of the chicane and fraud with which it is interwoven as for more obvious reasons, I must not be understood as condemning the whole *practice* of Chinese medicine, for as men are often better than their creeds, so, often, is the practice of the Chinese doctor better than his theory. As for instance, he knows the virtues and application of many of the valuable native herbs, specially in fevers, and the worth of counter-irritants, and in some cases even uses the cautery successfully. He knows to some extent Chinese constitutions and what they will bear, and it may at least be said of him that, however bad his system is, it has not arrested the increase of his race! If he would drop lies and humbug, parts of his treatment are not reprehensible.

China claims to have a science of medicine dating from the haziest antiquity and medical works dating from a time long antecedent to the Christian era. A book in twenty-four volumes, on Internal Diseases and the practice of Amputations,[1] was written before the dawn of authentic history, and a work on eighty 'Difficult or Doubtful Medical Questions' in the third century A.D., on which eleven commentaries were written before the fourteenth. A noted Court physician published a work on the Pulse in A.D. 290, which has gone through many subsequent editions, and is greatly valued. A work on the Eye and its diseases appeared in the tenth century. A six-volume work on Fevers followed, which was succeeded, in the thirteenth century, by one on the Diseases of Women, in twenty-four volumes, which appears at intervals in abridged editions. In the same century a twelve-volume book on Fevers 'came out.' In 1340 a book in twenty volumes appeared, taking the wide range of the Diseases of the Large and Small Blood-vessels, Nervous Diseases, Midwifery and Women's Diseases, Diseases of the Mouth, Teeth, and Throat, and the treatment of Fractures and Arrow-wounds. About 1360 works were written by two doctors of renown on Fevers, Skin Diseases, and Apoplexy a little later!

[1] At the present time Chinese doctors rarely, if ever, amputate, and unless they have had foreign instruction do not know how to tie an artery.

The *opus magnum* of Chinese medical literature is, however, a highly esteemed work written by *Chu Su*, an Imperial Prince of the Ming Dynasty, in one hundred and sixty volumes, containing two thousand lectures on about the same number of subjects, two hundred and forty diagrams, and about twenty-two thousand prescriptions! A famous 'Materia Medica,' in fifty-two books, was compiled in the sixteenth century, from the works of eight hundred authors, but it only gives eighteen hundred and ninety prescriptions. In 1602 a work in one hundred and twenty volumes on Fevers, Ulcers, and the Diseases of Women and Children, was published, succeeding an important one on Hygiene in 1591. The latter treats of diet, drink, regimen, amusements, rest, study, proper clothing, and how to prevent disease and live virtuously.

About the same time several short treatises on Children's Diseases, with rules for their treatment, appeared, and a work on Acupuncture, with a number of diagrams, in seven volumes. In 1674 an important work in eight volumes on the Diseases of Maternity was published, and in 1684 another on the same subject, and on the Management of Children; and one in six volumes on Eye Diseases. Several works on Small-Pox, and two on Cholera, were published during the period of the Ming Dynasty. In the latter half of the seventeenth century famous works on the properties of drugs, and on saving life in cases of suicide and accident, were published. The most complete of modern Chinese works on 'The Practice of Medicine,' in ninety volumes, was put forward in 1740. It contains many plates and diagrams, and a praiseworthy and vigorous attempt to classify diseases.[1]

Besides these renowned works there are a number of general and special treatises which carry much weight in China, all showing that, whatever the quality may be, quantity is not lacking.

As to the quality, those Englishmen and Germans who have studied Chinese medical literature testify unanimously that on the whole it is inconceivably deplorable.[2] They have some anatomical

[1] The late Dr. Henderson, of Shanghai, and Dr. Hobson, to whom I am largely indebted, give very lengthy lists of Chinese medical works. The above are only a few of the most celebrated.

[2] Dr. Henderson sums up the worthlessness of this great body of professedly scientific literature thus: 'In all their writings there is no evidence of disinterested industry, or yearning after knowledge and more light—their best theories are based upon empty speculations and wild fancy—in their endeavours to support what they consider consistency and harmony in their system of physics, they sacrifice not only truth, but also intelligibility and reason. In many of their writings their aim seems to be to make every subject as mysterious as possible, professing to admire and reverence most that which is least known and understood. In none of their works is there any evidence that human dissection was ever practised, so that both human and comparative anatomy are utterly unknown.'—*Royal Asiatic Society's Journal*, North China, 1864.

diagrams, it is true, but so competent an authority as the late Dr. Lockhart says of these :

> They are just as if some person had seen an imperfect dissection of the interior of a human body, and then had sketched from memory a representation of the organs, filling up parts that were obscure out of his own imagination, and portraying what, according to his own opinion, the parts ought to be, rather than what in reality they are.

Chinese medical science makes no distinction between veins and arteries, nor, consequently, between venous and arterial blood. Of the functions of the brain, heart, lungs, liver, and kidneys, the doctors know literally nothing. They believe that the human soul resides in the liver, and that from this organ emanate all great and noble purposes.[1] The gall-bladder plays a very important part in their theories. It is the seat of courage: its size determines the boldness or timidity of any character, and its ascension in the body is the cause of anger. As the Chinese eat stag and rhinoceros horn and the dried blood of tigers to increase their courage, so they sometimes procure the gall-bladders of bears, tigers, and even of notorious bandits who have been decapitated for their crimes, and eat them with the same object in view.

Chinese science regards man as a little universe, and the human body as composed of five elements—fire, water, metal, wood, and earth, connected in a mysterious manner with five solid visceræ, five plants, five tastes, five metals, and five colours. Diseases are regarded as being due to a derangement in the balance of the five elements, and successful medical treatment consists in restoring their equipoise.

There are, besides, certain mysterious dual powers, sometimes called the male and female elements in nature, the *yin* and *yang*, represented under a figure familiar to all travellers in China and Korea, which pervade animate and inanimate nature, as strength and weakness, earth and heaven, light and darkness, on which medicines are believed to have a corrective and ofttimes a powerful influence. These interlocked commas are used on terminal tiles, priestly vestments, temple drums and other sacred instruments, and on much besides.

Chinese doctors are ignorant of the manner of the circulation of the blood, of the function of the heart, and of the change which the blood undergoes in the lungs ; and some of their diagrams represent tubes taking their rise in the fingers and toes, and running up into the trunk, where they are either lost, or wander aimlessly about till they find their way into one of the larger organs. Though ignorant of the circulation of the blood, they believe that it is necessary for life that the whole body should be 'irrigated' with it.

[1] May the expression 'white-livered,' to describe cowardice, be traced to the same belief?

CHINESE DOCTORS

Chinese doctors state that the whole superstructure of medical science depends upon having a correct theory of the pulse, yet they know not what causes pulsation. They believe that man has twelve pulses, corresponding to twelve organs of the body, two of which have no existence! Three of these pulses are situated above, and three below each wrist; and it is necessary for ascertaining the nature and result of disease (diagnosis resting solely on the study of the pulse) to feel both wrists; and the Chinese physician lacks words to express his astonishment at the foreign physician, who is so ignorant of the first principles of his profession as to feel only one! The rules for this important operation (translated by Dr. Hobson) are many and elaborate, and the foundations on which they rest indicate their value.

Each season of the year has its proper pulse. In the first and second moons the pulse of the liver, answering to wood, is 'long and tremulous'; in the fourth and fifth the pulse of the heart, corresponding to fire, is 'overflowing'; and in the third, sixth, ninth, and twelfth, the pulse of the stomach, which answers to earth, should be 'slow and full.' Metals govern the seventh and eighth moons, and the pulse of the lungs, which answers to them, is 'slender, superficial, short, and sharp.' In the tenth and eleventh moons water reigns, and the pulse of the kidneys, corresponding thereto, is 'deep and slender.'

An important axiom on the pulse is, 'In Spring to have the pulse of the lungs is mortal,' the pulse of the heart being set aside, 'for the heart is the son of the liver, which has the kidneys for its mother and the stomach for its wife.'

The above are the gist of the statements regarding the pulse proper to the different seasons, due regard being had to the opposition or coalition of the five elements.

The Chinese standard 'Materia Medica' fills several volumes and is of considerable antiquity. Chemistry as a science being unknown, there are few mineral preparations, and these are in crude forms, the artificial salts being unknown.[1]

Chinese medicines are usually the vegetable productions of China and the adjacent countries, specially Tibet, while Korea provides the tonic root *ginseng*, to which nearly miraculous virtues are attributed, but which is so expensive that its use is confined to the rich.

Among the least objectionable of the animal substances in the Pharmacopœia are—the powdered blood, eyes, and bones of tigers;

[1] Dr. Hobson, to whose researches I am much indebted, says that in a popular abridgment of this work four hundred and forty-two medicines are described, with their properties, uses, and doses, all methodically classified, many of the substances being appropriate and useful, while many are worthless and disgusting. Dr. Hobson considers the plan of the therapeutic arrangement, in putting the medicinal uses of drugs before their mere physical properties, worthy of commendation.

powdered rhinoceros horns; dried silkworm moth; red-spotted lizard; stags' horns in the velvet; asses' glue; human milk; extract of stags' horns; dogs' flesh; bones and teeth of the dragon (!); dried leech; dried and powdered scorpion; dried earthworm; a preparation from toads; dried cicada and centipede; shed snake skins; bears' gall; dried silkworm chrysalis; powdered ivory; shavings of antelope horns, &c.[1] Many of the herbs used have a very definite value, but being carelessly kept, and their decoctions enormously diluted, they are not as effacacious as they might be.

Chinese doctors administer their medicines in the form of boluses, the size of a walnut, which, however nauseous, are well masticated before being swallowed; powders and decoctions, the latter frequently in doses of a pint at a time, three and four times daily, quantity being always demanded by the patient. Hence, a man to whom I gave ten five-grain tabloids of quinine, to last five days, took them all at once, breaking a tooth in masticating them, and returned the next day, reeling, deaf, and in a high fever. He had understood what I said, but thought that if one tabloid was good, ten were better!

The Chinese have no emetics, except substances which produce unutterable disgust, hence the difficulty of dealing with opium suicide, and the rush to a foreign doctor if there be one.

Red sulphuret of mercury has been shown by the researches of Dr. Edkins to have been regarded since the fourth century A.D. as the philosopher's stone, not only as transmuting the base metals into gold, but when, absorbed into the system, as conferring immunity from death; nor does its failure in both cases shake the popular belief in the discovery of the early alchemists. Modes of rejuvenation are not confined to the use of this drug, for it is generally believed that old people can renew their youth and prolong their lives for a century by drinking human milk, which is sold at a very high price.

Surgery, properly so called, may be said not to exist, and it is not our medicine but our surgery which wins for our doctors the high place which they occupy in China, and brings such a large number of painstaking Chinese students to our Medical Mission Hospital Schools, which, by their teaching of our surgical methods to those who will hereafter set up for themselves as practitioners, are conferring an incalculable blessing on the Chinese. The ignorance of anatomy is a bar to the use of the knife, and in case of broken bones or dislocations the doctor is not thought of. Fellow workmen use their own rough methods with a dislocation. I have seen seven men hand-in-hand attempting to pull a dislocated shoulder into

[1] Before expressing seemly disgust, let us bear in mind that in this country the thyroid gland of a sheep is now used in medicine, and that substances as objectionable as those on this list are now used in inoculations.

place, the victim being tied to a tree. In cases of broken bones, if the fracture be of a lower limb, the patient is laid on a bed, and the bone unites or remains apart as the case may be, the ends resting against or receding from each other. Few men who break their legs can do more than limp or crawl afterwards. On one occasion, however, I saw a rude splint applied to an arm, a stout unpadded piece of bark bound on very tightly with coarse string, which had cut into the flesh, producing deep sores, and the arm was livid and blackened as if gangrene had already begun. No bandages are used to support limbs, nor is sticking plaister of any kind applied to bring the edges of incised wounds together. Amputation, except in the common form of decapitation, is not practised.

All kinds of tumours are mixed up together. Those which are external are 'strangled,' cauterised, or 'needled,' and those which are internal are happily let alone. There is no distinction between simple and malignant growths, and tumours are further confounded with abscesses, which are not opened, and if they break of themselves, the great idea is to close the outlet for their contents with a thick, black, resinous plaister, airproof and waterproof. Plaisters are largely used, especially patches of a green one on the face or head, applied for headache, toothache, sore eyes, earache, &c.

In the same unscientific manner all eye diseases are mixed up in hopeless confusion, and the plaisters which are applied to diseased eyes are simply abominable.

Acupuncture and the use of the cautery are the chief surgical operations, and undeniably are at times of great benefit, specially the cautery when applied as the well-known *moxa*, the burning of small cones of the wool of a common *artemisia* on the flesh. This is frequently of great benefit in rheumatism. Acupuncture as practised by the Chinese is barbarous. The needle, as I have seen it in the hands of the doctors, is long and thick, something like a stiletto, often both rusty and uncleanly, and taken bare from the operator's pocket from among *débris* of tobacco, paper, &c. It is thrust into an inflamed joint, or into the stomach or liver, and is mercilessly worked about, at times causing death, and often agonising suffering from increased inflammation, and in the case of a joint, frequently producing 'stiff joint,' or making the victim a cripple for life. Yet this is a popular practice.

Another counter-irritant is the 'medicinal nail,' made by mixing corroside sublimate, arsenic, and salt with gluten, letting the 'nails' dry, and forcing them into the flesh, inflicting severe wounds. A modification of 'needling' is used in general rheumatism. The body is stuck over with large coarse needles, with tow dipped in oil wrapped round their heads, which is set fire to, and acts as a sort of cautery, producing a wound which is further stimulated by the application of the medicinal nail aforesaid.

Vaccination is now very largely practised, and many benevolent people provide it freely for all who apply for it. It is customary to insert the vaccine lymph in the nostril. Some Chinese devote themselves exclusively to vaccinating, and the Government encourages it, but it is not taken up generally by the 'Medical Profession'—at least in the interior. The mortality in maternity is believed to exceed twenty per cent., and some of the practices are ignorant and barbarous, but such cases are chiefly in women's hands. Many of the methods of treatment when death is approaching are, to our thinking, very objectionable, as, for example, in order to find what a patient's chance for life is, a needle is plunged into the flesh, and, if blood does not follow its withdrawal,[1] the patient will die.

There are varieties in practitioners in China, as well as in fees. There is the fashionable city physician, and there is the coolie who buys a few foreign drugs, and tramps through the country professing to work cures with them. As there is no special education, so there are no restrictions. There are fashionable doctors in the cities, who receive crowds of patients until a late breakfast hour, and spend the remainder of the day in visiting the sick at their own homes, taking them in the order in which their names have been entered on the visiting tablet at the door.

A fashionable doctor is carried in a sedan chair by three or four bearers, who simulate great haste. He wears a most oracular expression, and is apparently always absorbed in consulting books or notes. To save time, in narrow and crowded streets, a copy of his own signboard is placed outside the patient's house so that the bearers find it without delay. He is received with much ceremony. If the patient be a lady a bamboo screen conceals her from him. After a prolonged examination of the 'twelve pulses' has acquainted him with all he requires to know, he writes a prescription. Some rich men require a statement of the nature of the disease, and the treatment to be pursued, for the use of the family; but this involves an additional fee, and usually a verbal statement is sufficient.

It is here that the medical humbug has an admirable opportunity for imposition. He exaggerates the seriousness of the malady and the length of time to be occupied in curing it, and by the use of abstruse scientific terms can describe it with an air at once so learned and oracular as to win general belief in his power over diseases. On his departure he receives his fee, called 'Golden Thanks,' wrapped up in red paper. In the case of a doctor of this type, it may be from two up to four shillings, the written opinion being two shillings more. The cart or the chair bearers are always extra. It is not 'good form' for doctors to make up their own

[1] It must be understood that many Chinese customs vary in different provinces, and that, regarding some at least, it would be impossible to make a statement which would apply with equal truth to all parts of the empire.

prescriptions, but it is done by the lower classes in the profession, men who receive from sixpence to a shilling a visit.

The doctor may not pay a second visit unless he is sent for. In many cases, however, he contracts to make a cure, and receives half the sum agreed upon in advance. It is a matter of usual occurrence when a patient is not cured by the first prescription to call in another doctor, and so on, till four or five have been tried without a satisfactory result, when recourse is had to a god possessed of remarkable powers of healing, or to a sorcerer.

In cases of hysteria or mental derangement, the sorcerers or witch doctors are consulted; and it must be remembered that (as is generally the case in the East) throughout China, except among the educated men of the cities, there is an underlying belief that all illness is the result of the entrance of a foul dæmon into the body, and the last resort is the sorcerer, or the Taoist priest with his incantations.

My own experience of a Chinese doctor was a mild and fairly satisfactory one. While travelling in great heat I was bitten on the foot by a large centipede, and swelling, pain, and inflammation were the result, quite stopping my progress. The doctor arrived, attended by a coolie, who deposited on the floor a formidable-looking chest in compartments, containing drugs, scales, weights, and instruments, rather rusty, for acupuncture and the cautery. After the usual formal compliments, I explained the cause of my suffering, but apparently to deaf ears. The doctor looked alert and sapient, felt my 'twelve pulses,' above and below each wrist and back again, with a look of profound enlightenment, asked no questions, and after forty minutes spent on the pulse, proceeded to weigh and boil certain drugs over a charcoal brazier, the result being a liberal quart of a red, turbid infusion, which he directed me to take at one dose! I pointed to my foot lying on a basket under a handkerchief, and, as I thought, rather a pitiable spectacle, and displaying its inflamed condition again asked for a lotion. He barely deigned to glance at it, but compounded something, of which poppy-heads were an ingredient, which proved at once beneficial.

I showed him my clinical thermometer, and made an attempt to explain its use; and he took it, tapped it, held it up to the light, and finally asked if it were for use in foreign magic! I showed him also a medicine box containing a dozen of Messrs. Burroughes and Welcome's invaluable tabloid medicines; and after considering them attentively for some time, and getting the names of some of them from my interpreter, he said they were 'charms,'—that it was impossible for medicines to be in such small bulk, and persisted in his assertion. However, he asked me for some morphia tabloids, and doubtless saw reason to change his opinion.

Various odd ideas as to the structure of the human body have

held sway for two thousand years, such as that the pit of the stomach is the seat of the breath as well as of the emotions of joy and delight; that thoughts proceed from the heart, as well as tubes of dubious purpose which merge themselves in the spleen, liver, and kidneys; that schemes originate in the liver (the residence of the soul); that the skull, pelvis, leg, and forearm are each single bones; with many other non-scientific beliefs. Throughout the system, disease is regarded as the product of a disagreement between the universal forces of *yin* and *yang*, or it is the direct agency of evil spirits. The dual theory being held by 'regular practitioners' and vagabond quacks alike, the diagnosis is on those lines, it and the dose being administered together, the one being required to produce faith in the other—rather a workable plan.

It must be said that in some things treatment by Chinese doctors is in advance of their theories, or rather ignores them; that they can give sensible directions regarding diet, exercise, and the external treatment of some maladies, based on their observation of cause and effect; and that some of their herbal remedies, if their virtues were not drowned in water, would be valuable. It may be also said of acupuncture, that while in hundreds of cases it is fatal to locomotion, and in some to life, there are others in which it is useful, and there would be more if it were not practised with such very dirty needles, or rather skewers. Of cauteries and caustics little that is favourable can be said. Their use frequently entails great and prolonged suffering, gradually destroying large areas of tissue, and turning trifling wounds into deep sores which discharge inwardly, owing to the abominable practice of sealing up wounds, ulcers, and abscesses with an impermeable plaister. During the war I saw very many instances of the evils of this practice, where gunshot wounds had had their margins severely cauterised, and then had been hermetically sealed, with the bullet still inside them.

I understand that there are some sensible treatises on midwifery, embodying the results of experience; but in difficult cases, in which the skill of foreign medical women has been resorted to, malpractices of barbarous and unspeakable ignorance have been discovered. Superstitions and extraordinary methods of increasing the beneficial effect of drugs prevail generally, but they vary greatly, and to describe those of Manchuria would not be to describe those of Szechuan or Kwantung.

The late Dr. Henderson, of Shanghai, in a careful study of the 'Medicine and Medical Practice of the Chinese,' writes thus strongly of Chinese doctors:

> They sacrifice unscrupulously not only truth, but also intelligibility and reason. What excites our surprise is that century after century, and generation after generation, should have passed away in a vast country like this, and especially among such a large number of men who set themselves up as authorities and teachers of others,

and that there should not be found one with a mind independent enough to make fresh observations, or sceptical enough to doubt the numerous unreasonable assertions of his predecessors. . . . Everything is false because it rests on a false foundation—falsehood is at the root of every system, rendering correct information and reliable facts impossible. What is still worse is a system which every Chinese physician knows to be utterly false, but which must be respected because it is old, and because being false it is more in unison with the other systems and institutions of China.

Dr. Wells Williams, who cannot be suspected of undervaluing anything Chinese, writes of Chinese scientists: 'They have never pursued a single subject in a way to lead them to a right understanding of it;' and with this damnatory remark I will dismiss the subject, believing that the light of Western science in the region of medicine is very slowly and partially, but in the long run surely, beginning to permeate the thick darkness of the empire.

SIKHS AND BOERS: A PARALLEL

BY STEPHEN WHEELER

'NOBODY knows what to think of it, the slaughter so dreadful, the success so equivocal, and the conduct of the authorities so questionable. At all events it was a great feat of arms, as far as bravery and resolution go; but we seem to have been surprised.' This may read something like an extract from a diary—if such things are still kept on the old-fashioned scale—of the year 1899. As a matter of fact, however, the bewilderment of the public mind, the dubious wisdom of people in power, the equivocal victory of troops attacked or attacking at a disadvantage, herein referred to, all were noted down more than half a century ago. The diarist, Mr. Charles Greville, went on to say: 'And it appears monstrous that a Sikh army should be provided with a *matériel* so superior to ours, an artillery with which ours could not cope.' It is fifty odd years since people in England were startled by the news that British territory had been invaded by the troops of an Independent State in India, which, though precise information was lacking, was known to possess a numerous and powerful army, equipped with artillery, and trained by French, Italian, and other European officers—there being not a few English, Irish, and American soldiers of fortune. The battles that had been fought were more serious affairs, judging by the numbers engaged and the losses sustained, than anything since the Peninsula. What was worse, it looked, at any rate at one time, as if, notwithstanding the gallantry of the troops and the high reputation of their commanders, they were making little headway against the invasion. Preparations to meet the danger, it was said, had been inadequate. Generals had blundered. Our power in India was shaken. There was no telling what might not happen. It might be months before we fought our way to Lahore. We have seen what Mr. Greville thought of the situation. The extracts from his diary, quoted above, are dated February 25, 1846. Despatches conveying news of the battles of Mudki (December 18) and Ferozeshah (December 21–2) had reached London a fortnight or so earlier. The newspapers of the time reflect the public excitement in stronger colours.

At first, indeed, there was no suspicion that things might be going wrong. No doubts, it was said, were entertained that the Sikhs would shortly be driven back across the Sutlej. They were reported to number 30,000 men, with seventy guns. The latest intelligence printed in the *Examiner* of February 7, 1846, was that, when the mail left, a fierce battle was raging. In a leading article the *Examiner* remarked that the news of our victories would swell the tide of enmity towards us in Europe, and—*tempora mutantur*—in

the United States; where, it will be remembered, we had a dispute about the Oregon boundary. A fortnight later came full accounts of the actions at Mudki and Ferozeshah. The Generals' despatches were published in the *London Gazette*, and then it was seen how grave was the crisis. 'Let us hope,' said the *Examiner*, 'that any repetition of the present dreadful list of casualties may be spared, and that the countries of the Indus may cease to demand this terrible purchase-money, hitherto so mercilessly levied, of our best and bravest blood.' In its next issue the same paper remarked that in private circles there was but one opinion as to the generalship of the campaign, and it was one of regret that so important a command had been given to Sir Hugh Gough, 'whose sole quality is consummate bravery.' The *Daily News* was in a most desponding mood. The Sikhs, it said, were as strong as ever, with an army of 60,000 men, not merely on the left bank of the Sutlej but in possession, also, of the important bridge across the river at Ferozepore; while another Sikh army of 30,000 men, with a formidable number of guns, were encamped within sight of Ludhiana. We had a paucity of troops, officers, and guns. We were 'lamentably unprovided.' Still the frowardness of the enemy in invading our territories would ultimately tell in our favour, 'though it may make the commencement of the war peculiarly severe and sanguinary.'

The thanks of Parliament to the Army of the Sutlej were voted on March 2, 1846. In the Upper House, the Duke of Wellington protested against the remark of one of the Brigadiers, that a British regiment had been panic-stricken at Ferozeshah. The 62nd, said the Duke, had lost in the action five-twelfths of its rank and file, and a vast number of officers, all mown down by a murderous fire of artillery. 'In these circumstances, he could not help wishing that Sir John Littler had consulted the list of killed and wounded before speaking in such terms of a regiment which had been unfortunate but not cowardly.' In the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel and Lord John Russell bore eloquent testimony to the valour of British troops, native and European.

Need it be said that among the Irish Nationalists the Sikhs of the Punjab found the same sympathy which from the same quarter has been extended to-day to the Boers of the Transvaal. Here is what the *Nation* wrote:

> From the whole facts we arrive at the conclusion that the hopes of the Indian army are now very low, and are wearing lower every day, that if the people or Lahore and the 'protected' States on the Hindoo side of the river make good use of their time, and have ordinary sagacity to see the value of union and co-operation at such a crisis, the game is in their hands—that the whole Moslem population of northern India, who are only waiting for the first reverse that befalls the British arms to raise the cry of *Deen! Deen!* (the Faith! the Faith!) and fall upon their oppressors with all the fury of vengeance hoarded well for thirty years, will clear the way to Bengal with 200,000 blazing scimitars; that ere twelve months shall

have gone round, not the Sutlej only, but the Jumna and possibly the very Ganges, shall no longer be overshadowed by the robber standard of the tyrants of Southern Asia, and that the blood-stained Company, the plagues of the East, the plunderers of Hyderabad, the scourge of the Carnatic, and the poisoners of China, may begin to set their house in order at Calcutta. *Allah Bismillah!* God is great—amen and amen!

Whoever cares to pursue critically the parallel here indicated, between the Boer War of 1899 and the First Sikh War of 1845–46, will find abundance of material in Major Broadfoot's biography of his uncle, and the late Lord Hardinge's volume on his father's Indian administration.[1] A slighter sketch, however, may serve to bring out the main points of this curious, and in many respects instructive, analogy. In each case, we have the might, majesty and dominion of Great Britain defied by a people who, just emerging from barbarism, retain in some measure the sterner virtues of primitive men, but have acquired some of the practical advantages of civilisation. If the better sort of Boers are simple-minded farmers, stout of heart, strong of limb, sternly pious, so were a large proportion of the Sikhs. The Boer takes his Bible to the battle-field; the Sikh had his *Grunth*. The Government at Pretoria is wretchedly corrupt; the Sikh administration was only a few degrees worse. There was no counterpart, indeed, to President Kruger; but the beautiful woman with no character to speak of, whose ambition or craft brought destruction on the Khalsa, may have been playing much the same game as his. Maharaja Runjit Singh had died in 1839. Some people, indeed, might take him as a prototype of Mr. Kruger, if they go by Victor Jacquemont's description of the *vieux renard près de qui le plus rusé de nos diplomates n'est qu'un innocent.* The old Lion of the Punjab, however, if he had faults from which the President is free, also possessed virtues never too conspicuous in Pretoria. 'Undoubtedly the wisest Indian prince,' Henry Lawrence wrote, 'that the English Government had ever come in contact with, he proved that he was so by being the only one that stood to his engagements; and while all others have at one time or other been induced by hopes or fears to break their treaties, he saw his interest in steadily abiding by his.'

On the series of conspiracies and revolutions that followed on Runjit Singh's death, there is no need to dwell here. One murder succeeded another. In September 1843, Maharaja Sher Singh was assassinated, and his son shared his fate. The Maharaja was sitting in durbar, when a man came forward saying, 'See Raja! I have bought this beautiful English gun for fourteen hundred rupees! I would not sell it again for twice as much.' The Maharaja stretched

[1] 'The Career of Major George Broadfoot, C.B.,' by Major W. Broadfoot, R.E. (Murray, 1888). 'Rulers of India: Viscount Hardinge,' by Charles, Viscount Hardinge (Clarendon Press, 1891). See also 'The Sikhs and the Sikh Wars,' by General Sir C. Gough and A. D. Innes (London, 1897).

out his hand to take the weapon. The hammers were at full cock, the muzzle pointed straight at his heart. A touch of the trigger sent four bullets into him. With a cry, 'What villainy is this!' he fell back dead. His murder was followed by a bloody revolution which ended in the elevation of Dhulip Singh, then a boy of nine, to the Sikh throne, with Raja Hira Singh as minister. During these troubles the Sikh soldiery once again looted Lahore; and from this time forward the army was virtually master of the kingdom. Raja Hira Singh's administration was little else than a prolonged endeavour to conciliate the troops. For a time there seemed a chance that he might succeed, and there was an interval of comparative quiet. But the Regent's plans and hopes were foiled by the daring of a young and handsome woman, the mother of the boy Maharaja Dhulip Singh.

The Rani Jind Kaur was the daughter of a Sikh trooper. An account of her charms was brought to the ear of Maharaja Runjit Singh, who sent for her and made her one of his wives. Before long, she gave birth to a son, the Dhulip Singh who, as already noted, was proclaimed Maharaja in 1843; Hira Singh acting as Minister Regent. Still young and comely to look on, Rani Jind Kaur, being jealous of the Minister's authority, intrigued with the soldiers against him; and the result was yet another revolution. The Minister, with a few sworn followers, tried to escape to the hills. The troops at once started in hot pursuit. Hira Singh and those with him stripped off their jewellery and the gold trappings of their horses and elephants and threw these tempting baits in the road, as men throw food to wolves. But the device was futile. They were overtaken and after a gallant resistance, in which the Minister slew many with his own hand, they were put to the sword. Their heads were cut off and taken in triumph to Lahore; their bodies thrown to the dogs and vultures. The Minister's house and treasure were made over to the army. The young Rani Jind Kaur, who has been called the Messalina of the Punjab, plunged into a round of gaieties; the Court joined in the revels. The soldiers obeyed no man's order, and were a law to themselves. The administration—such as it was—was carried on by a Council, composed of the military chiefs and one or two old servants of the State, which discussed everything with the young Queen, who would scold them from behind a curtain, for she had not yet cast aside the outward decorum of a veil. But she left no art untried to retain her influence over the army. Presently we hear of her receiving the soldiers unveiled and reviewing the troops dressed as a dancing girl.

There is not much in all this, it may be said, to remind one of the last days of the South African Republic. But the license of a military autocracy, stimulated by the wiles of a woman, was steadily tending in precisely the same direction that has been followed within

the last few months by an administrative despotism, equally reckless, not less corrupt, though corrupt in another way, and, it may be, incited to self-destruction by motives not wholly dissimilar. In the Punjab the young queen was ill-content. On the parade-ground the tall Sikhs would seize her horse's bridle and upbraid her for her misbehaviour. Clearly as long as they were all-powerful, she herself and the young Maharaja, her son, would count for nothing. Then it was that, as a last desperate resource, she hit on the plan of inducing the Sikh army to invade British India, hoping it might be annihilated in the enterprise. This, at any rate, was the view taken by Herbert Edwardes of the immediate cause of the Sikh War. Writing with his habitual taste for ornamental metaphor, he said :

> The vessel of State, too long unwatched, had drifted to the rapids' edge, and all that skill and courage could now do was to seize the helm, put the bark's head straight, and plunge boldly into the foaming flood. Finding that it was hopeless to oppose the army, the Rani wisely yielded ; encouraged its excesses ; called its madness reason ; and urged it on in the hope of guiding it to destruction.

The idea of a Sikh invasion of British India had encouraged hope and bred apprehension on either side of the frontier for some time past. On the British side, indeed, ever since the death of Runjit Singh, there had been in many quarters what Sir Henry Durand—then a young officer of the Bengal Artillery—called a feverish dread of a Sikh invasion. The Sikhs on their part would often boast of their intention to march against the English. A small Sikh colony, in the Dekkan, far away from the Land of the Five Rivers, planted a *babul* hedge round their settlement. Asked why they had done so, they answered that the plantation was for supplying the army of the Punjab with tent-pegs when in its career of conquest it reached the spot. There are no greater braggarts, Durand said, than these Sikhs. Still there was a party at Lahore which counselled prudence. Even at the last moment their spokesman urged that it was wrong to make war to please the army, and that the Governor-General's Agent on the frontier, Major Broadfoot, had told them that the English wished to remain on friendly terms with them. But good advice was of no avail. According to a native historian, the absorbing topic of conversation at Lahore was an expedition to Hindustan, and the soldiery were wildly bragging of the spoils they hoped to bring back from Delhi and Benares, 'for nothing short of the subjugation of all India was boasted of as the project they had in view.' These braggart Sikhs were as certain of victory as the Boers were of a triumphal march to Durban and Capetown. A solemn meeting of the leaders was held in Runjit Singh's tomb, where, after passages had been read from the Sikh Scriptures, and the military chiefs and sirdars had again pledged their loyalty to the young Maharaja, war was formally declared against the British Government, and the order was given for

the troops to march. By December 11, 1845, the bulk of the Sikhs were crossing the Sutlej.

Writing in October 1844 Henry Lawrence had estimated that the Sikh army numbered 76,000 men, distributed as follows:

Regular infantry	35,000	Irregular cavalry	10,000
Regular cavalry	4,000	Irregular mixed	25,000
Artillery	2000.		

'The Irregular Horse might be doubled,' Lawrence said, 'and the Irregular Foot quadrupled within a few months.' The account he gave of the Sikh Irregular Horse would not be inapplicable to some of the men who have been fighting under Generals Joubert and Lucas Meyer. It was largely composed, Lawrence wrote, of yeomen farming their own land; sometimes owning a whole village. 'The Sikh Goorchura considers himself in all respects a gentleman, and has much of the feeling of a soldier. His horse is his own and he can afford to feed it; he is therefore well mounted.' Lawrence—who on this point was mistaken—did not think much of the Sikh guns, most of which, he declared, were old and honeycombed; but of the Sikh gunners he spoke in high terms; 'real rough and ready boys.'

When a gun breaks down or the tackle gives way, the Sikh or Mussulman gunner is as ready as an Irishman. The carpenter who is at hand puts it all to rights for the time in a twinkling; or a piece of rope makes good the rotten thong, when away goes the team again, and at the next rut (and there are plenty of them) off goes a wheel and down comes the gun; again all hands are at work, not a man is idle; now they are right again, all ready, off at a gallop—and the column is overtaken.

Various estimates have been given of the strength of the Sikh army of invasion. Major William Broadfoot calculates that by December 18 a force of sixteen battalions of infantry, over 3000 cavalry, with fifty guns, threatened Ferozepore, while another force of unknown strength threatened Ferozeshah, and a third lay in wait for the Governor-General between Ferozeshah and Mudki. This advanced force, which was under Raja Lal Singh, is said by the historian of the Sikhs to have numbered 2000 infantry, 8000 or 10,000 horse, and twenty-two guns. The Commander-in-Chief, however, put the enemy's strength at Mudki at from 15,000 to 20,000 infantry, about the same number of cavalry and forty guns.

With regard to the strength of the British forces in the field, there is, of course, little or no uncertainty; but even to this day there is some doubt as to whether our military dispositions were adequate. The Governor-General was sharply criticised in many quarters for neglecting to make better and more elaborate preparations to meet a Sikh invasion. His defenders pleaded that he was compelled to take political as well as military considerations into account. We hear much the same story now. There are passages in an article in the *North British Review* for May 1846 which with a few alterations might be introduced into a speech or leading article

to-day. 'Had it been merely a war question,' the writer says, 'a question as to the best means of prosecuting an inevitable war, we have little doubt that the main body of the British troops would, at the commencement of last December, have been posted on the very banks of the Sutlej.' But that, he argues, was not the question. The Governor-General believed that, by keeping the main body of his army at Umballa, he would be able to preserve peace; whilst he held that a forward movement would precipitate the collision he was so anxious to avoid.

Still, Sir Henry Hardinge had done much to get ready against a possible war. Quietly and unostentatiously he had strengthened the force on the frontier. The native infantry regiments at Ferozepore had been increased to seven. The native cavalry had been doubled, the Company's artillery quadrupled. A British regiment was added to the garrison, 'and to crown the whole,' Herbert Edwardes wrote, 'instead of leaving a haphazard, bed-ridden, or dotard brigadier at the head of this force, Sir Henry Hardinge selected one of the best officers in the Indian Army to command it.'

The strength of the British troops—European and native—on the frontier on the outbreak of the war was really as follows:

	MEN.		GUNS.
Ferozepore . .	10,472	...	24
Ludhiana . .	7,235	...	12
Umballa . .	12,972	...	32
Meerut . .	9,844	...	26
	40,523	...	94

Even without following the campaign closely, it will be possible to indicate some rather striking points of resemblance which it bore to the operation in South Africa; or at any rate to suggest a possible standard of comparison by which the magnitude and importance of recent conflicts may be estimated. The first action of the first Sikh War was fought at Mudki, a village about twenty miles south-east of Ferozepore, where, as already said, the bulk of the Sikh forces crossed the Sutlej. Their General left the garrison at Ferozepore for the time undisturbed, and had pushed on to Mudki in the hope of being able to crush the British force advancing to meet him by sheer force of numbers.

Sir Hugh Gough reached Mudki about noon on December 18, after a march of twenty-one miles. Since December 11 his army had covered over 150 miles, marching along roads deep in sand. Lal Singh, the Sikh Commander, was found in position to the rear of a jungle. It was thought that he was waiting to be attacked; but that very afternoon, as Broadfoot was taking tiffin in the Governor-General's tent, news was brought that the Sikhs were on the move. The alarm was given, the troops formed into column; and a round shot followed by another marked the beginning of the

battle. The Commander-in-Chief's despatch says 'the whole Sikh force was driven from position after position with great slaughter, using that never-failing weapon, the bayonet, whenever the enemy stood.' Night only saved them from worse disaster, for the stout conflict was maintained during an hour and a half of dim starlight, amidst a cloud of dust from the sandy plain, 'which yet more obscured every object.' Sir H. Hardinge, writing privately to Lord Ripon, said that the darkness of the night and the risk of the troops firing into each other, 'which they did,' rendered it impossible to continue the pursuit. In the same letter the Governor-General remarked that the troops 'were not in that state of organisation and formation so essential to discipline and field movements.' The brigadiers and their staff officers, he said, did not know their men, and were unknown to them.

Our losses were heavy. In a force of about 11,000 men we had 215 Europeans and natives killed, and between 600 and 700 wounded. Among the officers killed were Major-Generals Sir Robert Sale and Sir J. McCaskill. The Queen's regiments taking part in the action were the 3rd Light Dragoons and the 9th, 31st, 50th and 80th Regiments of Foot.

But there was harder work yet to come. The next few days were spent by the Sikhs—those who had been worsted at Mudki, and the others who had taken no part in that fight—in entrenching themselves at Ferozeshah, a strong position equidistant—some ten miles—from Mudki and Ferozepore. This had now to be attacked, and Sir John Littler's force at Ferozepore was brought across country to join the Commander-in-Chief's army, for the purpose. Sir Hugh Gough now had 19,700 men and 65 guns, with which to attack a formidable position held by 33,000 Sikhs, with 108 guns. 'Our artillery,' Sir Henry Hardinge wrote, 'with the exception of two 8-in. howitzers, was unequal to contend against them, many of which were 12-pounders.' In the two days' fighting, which gave us the victory, we lost 694 killed and 1721 wounded. On the first day 180 men of Her Majesty's 62nd Regiment were killed and wounded in ten minutes by the enemy's grape and canister. The horrors of the night may be described in the Governor-General's own words:

> I bivouacked with the men without food or covering, and our nights were bitterly cold. A burning camp in front, our brave fellows lying down under a heavy cannonade which continued during the whole night, mixed with the wild cries of the Sikhs, our English Hurrah! the tramp of men, and the groans of the dying.

At midnight the 80th Foot and 1st Europeans of the Company's Service carried one of the enemy's batteries and spiked the guns. 'These brave fellows,' Sir Henry Hardinge wrote, 'had borne the brunt of the action during the attack; and now, though suffering from fatigue and excessive thirst, they patiently obeyed the orders they had received with celerity and courage.'

Morning saw a renewal of the fight. Shortly after daybreak, the Commander-in-Chief told the Governor-General that the position was a critical and perilous one, but they agreed that the enemy's camp must be attacked and carried at all hazards. 'We carried battery after battery without a check and completed the victory which the darkness and conflagration had suspended.' By the evening the English were masters of the field and had captured over seventy guns. The Sikhs, it is said, lost 8000 men. 'The British infantry,' Sir Henry Hardinge said, 'quite reminded me of the glorious days of the Peninsula.'

Aliwal and Sobraon had yet to be fought. The former action took place on January 28, 1846, when Sir Harry Smith attacked another Sikh army, numbering 15,000 men with 56 guns and a large force of cavalry, which was trying to cut off our communications. Our losses were 151 killed and over 400 wounded. In his despatch, written on the battle-field, Brigadier Sir Harry Smith said: 'I am unwont to praise where praise is not merited, and I here most avowedly express my firm opinion and conviction that no troops in any battle on record ever behaved more nobly.' A squadron of the 16th Lancers charged through a square of Sikh infantry and wheeling about charged again.

The battle of Sobraon, fought on February 10, two months after the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej, was the crowning achievement of the campaign. Here the Sikh army of 35,000 men with 67 pieces of artillery again lay entrenched, with the river and a bridge to their rear. The force under Sir Hugh Gough numbered 15,000 men, of whom about 5000 were Europeans. Once again the enemy outmatched us in artillery. 'Notwithstanding,' said the Commander-in-Chief, 'the formidable character of our iron guns, mortars and howitzers, and the admirable way in which they were served and aided by a rocket battery, it would have been visionary to expect that they could, within any limited time, silence the fire of seventy pieces behind well-constructed batteries of earth, plank, and fascines, or dislodge troops covered either by redoubts or epaulements, or within a treble line of trenches.' Our cannonade told heavily on the enemy, but it soon became clear that their entrenchments would have to be carried at the point of the bayonet. The assault was successful; but we paid heavily for the victory. Our losses amounted to 320 officers and men killed, and over 2000 wounded. The Sikhs fought with desperation, but after a couple of hours they were driven back on the bridge and into the river. One further extract from the Commander-in-Chief's despatch must suffice:

> The fire of the Sikhs first slackened and then nearly ceased, and the victors then pressing them on every side, precipitated them in masses over their bridge and into the Sutlej, which a sudden rise of seven inches had rendered hardly fordable. In their efforts to reach the right bank, through the deepened water, they

suffered from our horse artillery a terrible carnage. Hundreds fell under this cannonade; hundreds upon hundreds were drowned in attempting the perilous passage. Their awful slaughter, confusion, and dismay were such as would have excited compassion in the hearts of their generous conquerors, if the Khalsa troops had not, in the early part of the action, sullied their gallantry by slaughtering and barbarously mangling every wounded soldier whom, in the vicissitudes of attack, the fortune of war left at their mercy.

All resistance was now at an end, and the victors marched unopposed to Lahore to dictate the terms of peace. The Governor-General was in something of a dilemma. Reluctant to utterly destroy the Sikh government by annexing the Punjab, he was equally unwilling to support them by a subsidiary force, though it was certain that, without the aid of a British army, the Sikh government would be powerless to resist the soldiers of the Khalsa. In the end the Governor-General decided to recognise the Sikh government as he found it; that is to say, with an infant Maharaja and a Regency, now to be vested in the Queen-mother and a Sikh sirdar with whom her relations, to use Oliver Goldsmith's phrase, were not in the least equivocal. The composition of the ruling power was as bad as could well be imagined; but the other alternative was annexation—and this was not to be yet. It was arranged, however, that a British force should remain in the Punjab till the end of the year. By the terms of the peace, the territory between the Sutlej and Beas Rivers was ceded in full sovereignty to the English, and a war indemnity was fixed at one and a half millions sterling. This, however, the vanquished could not pay. The treasure amassed by Runjit Singh, and estimated at his death to amount to twelve millions sterling, had been squandered during the reign of anarchy that followed. All that was left in the treasury came to barely half a million. The Sikh government being unable to pay the full sum asked for, or to give security, the hill country between the Beas and the Indus, including Kashmir and Hazara, was ceded to us. Unluckily, the Indian Treasury also needed replenishment; and Kashmir was made over to the chief of Jummu in return for seventy-five lakhs in cash, and an acknowledgment of our supremacy. By the terms of the peace it was further agreed that the Sikh army should be disbanded and reorganised on a smaller scale; and that a free passage through Sikh territory should be given to British troops whenever desired. How the settlement of 1846 broke down may be read in the history of the second Sikh War, when once again the Sikhs challenged the forces of England and were once again overthrown, this time to lose their independence as a nation. The Sikh army that met us at Chillianwalla numbered 30,000 men with sixty guns. The battle fought there on January 13 was sanguinary, but indecisive. At Gujerat, on February 22, a victory was gained which put an end to the campaign and the kingdom founded by Runjit Singh.

SOME BATTLE-PIECES
BY SIDNEY LOW

THE majority of mankind, who have never been so fortunate as to take part in a battle, have to form their ideas of such an event from printed descriptions. Of these there is no lack. The literature of all ages is full of battles. Man changes from time to time, and from century to century, in his habits, ideas, and beliefs. But in one he is constant. In almost every clime and every period he is a fighting animal. There are exceptions, like the Chinese and the Bengali; but even people who do not themselves fight are the cause of fighting in others. At any rate, the student need be in no difficulty to find accounts of conflicts and combats, written either by those who have seen them, or more frequently by those who have not. Some of the greatest intellects of the world have been employed upon the subject. This is natural. A battle is the concentrated expression of individual and national energy. It brings into action all the best and the worst qualities of our nature. It is a strange combination of courage, self-devotion, and restraint, mingled with ferocity, wild passion, and reckless abandonment. Man is at once at his highest and his lowest. The mere brute fury for destruction—the instinct of the savage and the child—is here linked with the coldest and keenest of intellectual processes. The brain of a Moltke or a Bonaparte is at work side by side with the bovine anger of the peasant, maddened by panic, hunger, inarticulate rage, and the sight of blood. Add to this the dramatic picturesqueness of it all, the sudden revelations of character, the feats of skill and valour, the life and colour of the scene, the roll of the war thunder, the flash of swords and spears and bayonets, the sight of thousands of men in ordered march or swooping onset, the 'battle's magnificently stern array,' the tragedy, the triumph, and the pathos, and one need not wonder that the subject has formed a temptation to writers and painters. A literature without battles is like a literature without love. One hardly conceives it possible.

It is singular, all the same, how vague and imperfect is the picture that the non-combatant student is able to form, from the reading of his books, of what actually passes on a stricken field. The poet, with his magic of word and phrase, and his power of realising the unreal, ought, we sometimes think, to help us more than he does. But, as it happens, poets have not been as a rule strategists or tacticians. They deal with emotions or with heroic action, rather than with the elucidation of a most difficult scientific problem, which is what every battle in greater or less degree must be. If they are lyrists, they rouse patriotic feeling, they dwell on the joy of combat, the glory of fighting for the country, the splendour of the soldier's career, the passionate exaltation of his death. If they are epic writers or ballad makers,

they are usually more intent on celebrating individual prowess, or illustrating character, than in describing the operations of the contending armies. Homer enjoyed fighting as much as any poet who ever turned a verse, but his battles are a series of single combats. There is no particular plan or arrangement about them. The horse-taming Trojans and the long-haired Achaians come out upon the windy plain, and thereupon the heroes step out and engage one another. Each of them slays a score or so of the common men in an incidental fashion, but that does not count—the victory is decided by the performance of the chiefs; and the poet is only interested in telling us, with all the particularity of a sporting reporter 'doing' a prize-fight, how these personal encounters were conducted. Every blow, every gesture, of Hector and Achilles, of Agamemnon and Diomed and Ajax, is the subject of a reverberating hexameter. The strategy is unimportant. Even Odysseus, when the Argives are retreating to their ships in the Eleventh Book, has nothing better to suggest than sheer hard fighting. 'I know that they are cowards who flee the fight, but whosoever is a hero in war, him it mainly behoves to stand stubbornly, whether he be smitten, or whether he smite another.' So he faces the enemy, and a whole crowd of rank-and-file Trojans beset him, like hill jackals round a wounded stag;

ὡς εἴ τε δαφοινοὶ θῶες ὄρεσφιν
ἀμφ' ἔλαφον κεραὸν βεβλημένον.

Presently Menelaus and Ajax come up; when, at the mere sight of two additional heroes, the whole Trojan detachment retires in confusion. There are plenty of good fights in Homer—some of the best in all literature; but there cannot be said to be a really good battle in the modern sense.

Virgil's battles are conventionally Homeric. The heroes do all the fighting—and the talking—just as they do in the 'Iliad.' But in Homer's time it was probably true that one well-fed chief, sheltered by a corslet and a huge oval shield, and provided with a spear and sword of tempered steel, was a match for a dozen or a score of half-starved, half-naked serfs. Things had changed when the 'Æneid' came to be written. The performances of Turnus, Evander, Pallas, *fortisque Gyas, fortisque Cloanthus*, and the rest, are purely theatrical. They are part of the artificial game which all epic poets have been playing, more or less, since Homer. Virgil, Tasso, Ariosto, Spenser, and even Tennyson, have been in the bondage of this literary tradition, so far as their battles are concerned. Their combatants, in the guise of Romans and Latins, Crusaders, Paynim soldans, Red-Cross champions, or Arthurian knights, are the old Homeric swash-bucklers over again. Macaulay, in one of his early skits, invented an imaginary epic with the Duke of Wellington as its hero, and Waterloo as its climax. In the battle we are told:

Napoleon kills Picton and Delaney. Ney engages Ponsonby and kills him. The Prince of Orange is wounded by Soult. Lord Uxbridge flies to check the carnage. He is severely wounded by Napoleon, and only saved by the assistance of Lord Hill. In the meantime the Duke makes a tremendous slaughter among the French. He encounters General Duhesme and vanquishes him, but spares his life. He kills Toubert, who kept the gaming-house in the Palais Royal, and Maronet, who loved to spend whole nights in drinking champagne. . . . Napoleon rushes to encounter Wellington. Both armies stand in mute amaze. The heroes fire their pistols; that of Napoleon misses, but that of Wellington, formed by the hand of Vulcan and primed by the Cyclops, wounds the Emperor in the thigh. He flies, and takes refuge among his troops. . . . Napoleon flies to London, and, seating himself on the hearth of the Regent, embraces the household gods, and conjures him, by the venerable age of George III. and by the opening perfections of the Princess Charlotte, to spare him.

And so on. It is not bad fooling and quite justifiable satire on the epic convention, which prevailed down to the other day, in literary history. Addison in his eulogy of the Duke of Marlborough was one of the first of poets to break through the tradition, and to praise his hero as a great general instead of a sort of glorified prize-fighter. But it cannot be said that the success of Mr. Addison's 'Campaign' was conspicuous enough to tempt imitation.

In Milton there is a curious attempt to combine the old-fashioned unreal poetical manner of fighting with fragments of almost modern warfare. The great Three Days' Battle between the Angels and the hosts of Satan, in the Sixth Book of 'Paradise Lost,' is the work of a poet who had steeped himself in the imaginative combats of the classic epics, but who, at the same time, could not entirely forget that he had lived through the stern realities of a most business-like campaign. The Angelic army came on, apparently in square, with the bands playing:

> The powers militant
> That stood for Heaven, in mighty quadrate joined
> Of union irresistible, moved on
> In silence their bright legions, to the sound
> Of instrumental harmony.

The Rebels advanced in line; but, instead of taking advantage of their formation to outflank the enemy, both hosts politely halted, in the conventional Homeric manner, while Satan and Abdiel engaged in single combat. Then there is a general *mêlée*, in the course of which Satan is wounded by Michael, and his troops draw off in disorder, apparently because of the loose formation they had adopted, as against the close ranks of the Angels:

> Far otherwise the inviolable Saints,
> In cubic phalanx firm, advanced entire
> Invulnerable, impenetrably armed.

Darkness temporarily puts an end to the fighting. During the night the Rebels bring up their artillery, and prepare cannons and ammunition. Early the next morning the Angels stood to arms,

and very properly sent out vedettes and patrols to examine the dispositions of the enemy. The scouts come in, headed by Zophiel, 'of Cherubim the speediest wing,' and report that the opposing force is already on the move. Satan advances, this time also in hollow square, with his guns in the centre, masked by his infantry: a formation open to criticism, but no doubt justified by the knowledge that the enemy were unprovided with artillery:

> Behold,
> Not distant far with heavy pace the foe
> Approaching gross and huge, in hollow cube,
> Training his devilish enginery, impaled
> On every side with shadowing squadrons deep,
> To hide the fraud.

The Seraphic commanders, who might have had good reason to complain of the very perfunctory manner in which their scouts had done their work, kept their troops in close order; with the result that when Satan suddenly retired the front and flanking faces of his square, the Angels were exposed to a murderous fire of solid shot, shell, and grape, and were thrown into confusion. Their position was one of great difficulty. If they tried to charge the guns, they would have been raked by the batteries which Satan had placed in position in the rear to cover his advance:

> What should they do? If on they rushed, repulse
> Repeated, and indecent overthrow
> Doubled, would render them yet more despised,
> And to their foes a laughter; for in view
> Stood ranked of Seraphim another row,
> In posture to displode their second tier
> Of thunder.

So far the fighting has been intelligible and almost possible; but after this it loses its interest for the serious student of war. Milton gets the Angels out of the serious difficulty in which they have been placed, owing to their deficiency in artillery and their want of good cavalry patrols, by a resort to the ancient poetical expedients. The Angels pluck up hills by the roots, and hurl them on the Satanic legions, siege-train and all. After this—

> Horrid confusion heaped
> Upon confusion rose.

And there is nothing for it but to invoke the *deus ex machinâ* to stay the tumult, by methods which cannot be said to throw any light upon tactical operations as applied to human warfare.

A very different treatment of the subject is found in Sir Walter Scott. Few poets have contrived to present the external picture of a battle with more spirit, and at the same time to give in ordered sequence the main incidents of the affair. Scott's description of Flodden, in 'Marmion,' is penetrated by an anxiety, like that of

a conscientious war correspondent, to describe what actually happened and not to miss any of the salient points. With the addition of a map it would be as good an account of the battle in its earlier stages—for the later portion is scuffled over with undue haste—as could be written in a military text-book. The skill with which the manœuvres are set out in that romantic and delightful diction of Scott's, which has fascinated most of us at some period of our lives, is characteristic. The poet tells us how

> From Flodden ridge
> The Scots beheld the English host
> Leave Barmore wood, their evening post,
> And heedful watched them as they crossed
> The Till by Twisel bridge.

We follow the procession across the stream and into the defile, which shuts them out on the other side till they emerge on the higher ground:

> By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
> Troop after troop are disappearing;
> Troop after troop their banners rearing
> Upon the eastern bank.
>
> . . . . .
>
> The hawthorn glade, which now we see
> In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
> *Had then from many an axe its doom,*
> *To give the marching columns room.*

The last two lines are a good touch of realism. In spite of the necessity of attending to his uncomfortable hero and his uninteresting heroine, Scott sticks to the military details. He shows us the two lines facing each other, with their fronts respectively turned due south and north, and opens the battle with a slow and languid cannonade, such as was to be expected at a period when the loading and firing of a single piece of ordnance was a long and laborious business. The preliminary movements completed, we get to the famous passage which describes the abandonment of their 'laager' by the Scots, and their advance from the slopes on which they had been cramped and from which they had watched unmoved the march of the English as they swung round the base of the hill:

> 'But see! look up—on Flodden bent
> The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
> And sudden as he spoke
> From the sharp ridges of the hill,
> All downward to the banks of Till
> Was wreathed in sable smoke.
> Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
> The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
> As down the hill they broke;
> Nor martial shout nor minstrel tone
> Announced their march; their tread alone,

At times one warning trumpet blown,
  At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain throne
  King James did rushing come.

. . . . .

At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumèd crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;
  But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose and stooped, and rose again,
  Wild and disorderly.

. . . . .

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied.
'Twas vain:—But Fortune on the right,
With fickle smile, cheered Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,
  The Howard's lion fell.

This has the advantage of being brilliantly coloured and picturesque, and at the same time it really does give a clear account of the tactics and incidents of the field.

The picturesque historian of battles in prose has usually attempted to do what Scott here succeeds in accomplishing. Like Cordelia, he does perceive a 'divided duty.' On the one hand he is aware that as a conscientious annalist he is bound to give a clear relation of what exactly happened, and to place the events in an accurate and intelligible sequence. But, if he be a man of any artistic instinct, he also feels that he ought to bring home to his readers something of the flavour, the passion, the movement, the drama, and the adventure, of one of those crowded days of glorious life, in which nation hurls itself upon nation. Whether the one interest or the other chiefly occupies him depends upon his character, his point of view, and his literary method. Among the ancients, Thucydides is a good example of an historian who was concerned mainly with the facts, while Livy was absorbed in the picture. The great Athenian Master does, indeed, paint superb battle-pieces, vivid and toned like a Whistler etching, and bitten in with his cold, steel-pointed style; but the

picturesqueness is incidental. There is no attempt to catch the effect, no conscious effort to colour the narrative; the facts, to use a common phrase, speak for themselves, or rather it is the artist, with his fine reserve and his power of selection, who makes them speak. At least one never has any doubt as to what happened on a Thucydidean battlefield. You see what each army intended, and what they did or were unable to do. One cannot quite say the same of Livy. The Roman's 'pictured page' is splendid reading. But he is a little too anxious to get to the picture. He hurries over the tactics and almost 'scamps' the strategy, in order to exhibit the armies, or fragments of them—for it is always rather difficult to make out what the host as a whole is doing—engaged in some dramatic episode of success or failure. You carry away unforgetable 'bits' after a sitting with Tully; you hear the javelins hurtle through the air, the hacking stroke of the Roman sword as it falls on the huge naked bodies of Numidians or Iberians, the shouts of the maddened soldiers mingled with the clash of arms and the groans of the wounded, *semitus vulneratorum ictusque corporum aut armorum et mixtos strepentium paventiumque clamores;* you have seen the gleam of the spears, the dashing onset of some devoted cohort, the confused struggle of men, outflanked or surrounded, fighting for dear life; the horses slipping on the bloody ground, the Consul pressing through the throng to find death if he cannot find victory. In his account of the battle at the Thrasymene Lake, Livy sums up, in the most perfunctory manner, the singularly interesting operations by which Hannibal shepherded the Romans into the trap artfully prepared for them, and compelled them to fight under the greatest disadvantages of position. It was a sort of Roman Sedan; but Livy hardly takes the trouble to make us understand the topography. '*Pervenerant ad loca nata insidiis,*' he remarks in his tantalising fashion; and this is all the detail he provides:

> Via tantum interest perangusta, velut ad id ipsum de industria relicto spatio; deinde paulo latior patescit campus; inde colles insurgunt. Ibi castra in aperto locat, ubi ipse cum Afris modo Hispanisque consideret; Baliares ceteramque levem armaturam post montes circumducit; equites ad ipsas fauces saltus, tumulis apte tegentibus, locat, ut, ubi intrassent Romani, objecto equitatu clauso omnia locu ac montibus essent.

One can conceive how the modern scientific historian might have 'spread himself' over this opportunity. But Livy hastens to bring us into the midst of that wild confused scene of carnage, *nobilis ad Trasumennum pugna inter paucas memorata populi Romani clades*, in which the Consul and 15,000 of his troops fell in the fighting line, and 10,000 were 'missing.' The description may not be of much use to the student of war, but it lives for ever in literature.

We have our English Livy in the person of Sir William Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War. Assuredly he is no whit inferior to his classic model in the vigour and intensity of his battle

scenes and his mastery of potent and dramatic language; and he has two advantages in this respect which Livy did not possess. In the first place, he was a soldier by profession as well as a man of letters; and secondly, battles and sieges are not mere incidents in his narrative, but they are the materials of which it is compacted. He is writing not the history of a people or a State, but the story of a war—a war which was singularly fertile, considering its duration, in the most exciting episodes, and had few dull or stagnant periods. It was a fine subject for just such a writer, and has been fortunate in finding for its historian one so eminently fitted to make the most of it. To some extent Napier is open to the criticism which has been applied to Livy. In him the parts are better than the whole. In his anxiety to seek stirring incidents, and to employ his superb gift of word-painting, he is sometimes apt to ignore that precision of narrative which may enable the reader to understand how his battles were fought. A military friend of mine tells me that, having to 'get up' Salamanca for some Staff College, or other, examination, he read the pages on Wellington's great victory in Napier—read them in a glow of enthusiasm and delight. Then he sat down and tried to reconstruct the battle; but he could not, and though he took to the book afresh, and read and re-read the chapter, he still found that he could not fight Salamanca over again, and had to go to some much humbler and more pedestrian text-book to gain the requisite information. It is indeed true that in Napier often you cannot see the wood for the trees. But what a waving wealth of foliage, what a height and symmetry, what a glancing splendour of tropic blossom, these same trees present! One does not read the 'Peninsular War' for its history or its strategy, but for the battle-pictures, which live in the memory like some unforgetable passages of poetry or music. Who can forget the Badajoz scenes, lurid and smoke-tinged, with the forms of chiefs and heroes moving against the background of flame? Here is a fragment taken almost at random:

> Still the Picurina sent out streams of fire, by the light of which dark figures were seen furiously struggling on the ramparts; for Powis had escaladed in front where the artillery had broken the pales; and the other assailants, throwing their ladders in the manner of bridges, from the brink of the ditch to the slanting stakes, thus passed, and all were fighting, hand to hand, with the enemy. Meanwhile, the axemen of the Light Division, compassing the fort like prowling wolves, discovered the gate, and hewing it down, broke in by the rear.

Or this from the same inimitable Badajoz series?—

> All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the earth had been rent asunder and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, showed them the French were ready; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn hopes and storming parties of the Light Division, five hundred in all, descended into the

ditch without opposition: but then a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side, on the other the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava: it was the touch of the magician's wand, a crash of thunder followed, and the storming parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels. For an instant the Light Division soldiers stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the Fourth Division came running in to descend with a like fury.

It is unnecessary to refer to the most famous of all Napier's purple patches—the oft-quoted description of the English at Albuera. We all know how 'nothing could stop that astonishing infantry,' how 'with no sudden burst of undisciplined valour' they slowly pushed Soult's columns to the farthest edge of the height. 'There the French reserve, mixing with the struggling multitude, endeavoured to restore the fight, but only augmented the irremediable disorder, and the mighty mass, giving way like a loosened cliff, went headlong down the steep: the rain flowed after in streams discoloured with blood, and eighteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill!' Familiar as this glowing piece of rhetoric is, it cannot be made commonplace. And if it is said that Napier's account of the earlier proceedings of the day is somewhat confused, it might be urged in reply that the confusion, if it does not assist the student, really adds to the artistic effect of the climax. It is the confusion of battle itself: the hurried movements, half-understood and half-executed; the hasty action, sometimes misdirected or futile, of individuals or small bodies of men; the swaying and vague thronging of crowds, filled with a blind passion and scarcely conscious of their own efforts. From all the turmoil and the disorder emerges the final scene on the blood-stained ridge, the slow, desperate struggle, and the ultimate victory of the stern British energy over the fierce, nervous valour of the Gaul. If Napier's style is a little over-coloured, he had at least some excuse for letting himself go. Some contemporary historians of battles, who use up all the strenuous epithets of the English language to describe an engagement in which an army of 8000 men leaves less than eighty on the field, will hardly blame him for this lack of restraint.

Napier, at least, has the merit of bringing clearly before his readers the fact that an army is composed of living men, each with a mind, a soul, nerves, passions, and feelings, of his own. It is a thing which a good many highly meritorious authors of all periods have entirely failed to achieve. A large number never attempt it. There is a workmanlike, orthodox, method of describing battles, much in favour with some of the most respectable historians. They set out the preparations and the transactions with sedulous care and pre-

cision, and do their best to make everything intelligible and regular. One learns that the Marshal drew up his army in three divisions, with General Twostars in the centre, General Threestars commanding the right wing, and General Fourstars with the cavalry in reserve; that the action began by a turning movement on the part of the enemy, which was repulsed, and was followed by the advance of the left flank in the direction of the village of Weissnichtwo, where a fierce combat took place; in the meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief in person led the infantry against the enemy's centre, and, after severe fighting, captured the position, compelling the opposing commander to retire his right, under cover of the artillery, thus leaving the brigades of Blank and Dash entirely unsupported, and exposed to an attack from much superior numbers. It may be clear enough, but it is all rather like an elaborate game of chess. The lines, the columns, the regiments, seem like so many collections of nicely adjusted automata, marching, halting, advancing, retiring, firing, and falling dead, by means of a well-regulated machinery. For myself, I must say that when, as a boy, I used to read of battles in the honourable pages of Archdeacon Coxe, or Alison, or Lord Stanhope, or even Gibbon, I always figured to myself the British, Spaniards, French, Romans, or Goths, as larger and movable specimens of the lead soldiers of my own nursery days. No doubt there is a good deal to be said for this businesslike method, especially on the part of the purely military historian, whose main concern is to set forth the rules of the great tactical game, and to demonstrate how it has been and how it should be played; but the manner in which the human element is left out is at times exasperating; and, moreover, it detracts from the truth of the picture. For, after all, you cannot really explain a battle in this mechanical fashion. War may be a science, but it is not an exact science. It deals with a great number of very varying factors, of which about the most important of all is the character of the common man in the ranks. Of his infinite variations, his sudden doubts, fears, impulses of valour and panic, we are often told too little. At the best, an attempt is made to supply a certain living interest by enlarging on the exploits of a few conspicuous officers. 'Marlborough instantly saw the danger, and putting himself at the head of seventeen squadrons, led them on himself to arrest the progress of the victorious horse; while, at the same time, he sent orders for every disposable sabre to come up from his right with the utmost expedition. Twenty squadrons were there in reserve; they instantly wheeled threes about, and galloped off to the support of their leader. The moment was critical, and nothing but the admirable intrepidity and presence of mind of the English general could have retrieved the Allied affairs. As he was leading on this reserve with his wonted gallantry,' &c. So the admirable Alison,

and I have no doubt that it is all quite correct. But it is a plan, not a picture, a photographic print rather than an exhibition of the cinematograph. You want to *see* those twenty squadrons of long-skirted, long-booted, troopers, as you see the archers and the cross-bowmen in Froissart, or the Guards, and the Highlanders, and the Russian gunners, in Kinglake. Froissart is sometimes regarded as a merely picturesque chronicler, chiefly occupied in making a good story with plenty of adventure and incident; but, in fact, his method is much more scientific, in essence, than that of many highly serious historians, because he allows us to see that an army is an organism, or a collection of organisms, not a mere combination of passionless fighting machines. His little illuminating touches explain the reason for the success of the English, and the failure of the French, at Crecy much better than pages of tactical disquisition. 'You must know that these kings, earls, barons, and lords of France did not advance in any regular order, but one after the other or any way most pleasing to themselves.' 'There were about fifteen thousand Genoese cross-bowmen; but they were quite fatigued, having marched on foot that day six leagues, completely armed, and with their cross-bows. They told the Constable they were not in a fit condition to do any great things that day in battle. The Earl of Alençon, hearing this, said, "This is what one gets by employing such scoundrels who fall off when there is any need of them."' In short, a disorganised, disjointed force, badly disciplined, badly commanded, full of pride and vainglory and vapouring courage, with amateur officers anxious only to exhibit their own personal valour. The battle, in Froissart, grows, as it were, naturally out of these preliminaries:

> When the Genoese were somewhat in order, and approached the English, they set up a loud shout, in order to frighten them; but they remained quite still and did not seem to attend to it. They then set up a second shout, and advanced a little forward; but the English never moved. They hooted a third time, advancing with their cross-bows presented, and began to shoot. The English archers then advanced one step forward, and shot their arrows with such force and quickness, that it seemed as if it snowed. When the Genoese felt these arrows, which pierced their arms, heads, and through their armour, some of them cut the strings of their cross-bows, others flung them on the ground, and all turned about and retreated, quite discomfited. The French had a large body of men-at-arms on horseback, richly dressed, to support the Genoese. The King of France, seeing them thus fall back, cried out, 'Kill me those scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason.' You would then have seen the above-mentioned men-at-arms lay about them, killing all they could of these runaways. The English continued shooting as vigorously and quickly as before; some of their arrows fell among the horsemen, who were sumptuously equipped, and, killing and wounding many, made them caper and fall among the Genoese, so that they were in such confusion they could never rally again.

'The English never moved'; they 'sat tight' like Baden-Powell the other day at Mafeking, while the Italians were shouting and capering, and the French, in a tigerish fury, were killing their own allies. One does not need to ask why King Edward's compact little force overthrew the French host.

From Creçy to the Crimea, from the author of the 'Chroniques' to the author of 'Eöthen,' is a far cry. But in spite of the difference of time and subject there is a good deal of likeness between Froissart and Kinglake. Both historians used what I have called the organic, rather than the mechanical, method of reconstructing their battles. Both are aware that you cannot understand the movement of a body of men, in a moment of tense excitement and concentrated passion, by merely looking at it from without; both have realised that the soldier, whether prince or peasant, field-marshal or private in the ranks, does not cease to be a human being when he puts on his uniform. Kinglake's columns, regiments, and batteries are always alive; no one could take them for automata; nor does he ever, in dealing with masses of men, permit the reader to forget that they are composed of units of common humanity, much like the rest of us, though now sinking below the average level in panic or shame, now lifted above it in an impulse of fiery zeal or animated by the example of some devoted leader. Open the volumes of 'The Invasion of the Crimea' at any of the battle-pages, and you will come upon examples of this vitalising admirable method. I turn at random to a fragment from the Inkerman record:

> For the first time on that day the Russians were met by a whole English battalion, or one at least nearly complete; and it seems that at the very sight of this force approaching, the buglers of the Taroutine regiment began to sound 'Left about!' But whether obeying their bugles, or yielding rather under the fire which presently crashed through their ranks from the extended front of the 41st, the loosened company columns of the Taroutine regiment made haste to turn; and Adams, pressing on his advance, it not only resulted that those subdivided masses fell back in confusion, and abandoned the site of the Sandbag Battery, but that the three solid columns which had stood in support were carried away with the rest down the sides of the nearest declivities. Adams, warily marking the density of the copse-wood, and the steepness of the descent by which the throng flooded down, would not suffer his men to pursue except with their fire, and the enemy, finding cover from the rifle-balls of our people in the fall of the ground, dropped quickly out of their reach; but panic then took up the chase and made the retreat a sheer flight. . . . If here once again the thousands gave way to the hundreds, it must be remembered in excuse for these Taroutine and Borodino regiments that they were troops somewhat shaken in confidence by their experience of defeat on the Alma; that now on the Inkerman day they had adventured almost at random across the ravines and ridges having no artillery with them; that they had been left to guess at their duty without the guidance of any general officer; that from the first, they had, as it were, the sensation of being astray, and that plainly in the hour of trial there was no fit commander to lead them.

The fatal defect of Kinglake, from the artistic point of view, is his prolixity and his want of the sense of proportion. He tells everything in the fullest detail, with the result that, though 'The Invasion of the Crimea' is a delightful book to turn to for a few pages, or a chapter or two, at a time, it is wearisome to read through. The whole history, indeed, is overdone. Looking back at the Crimean War, with our minds informed by the greater conflicts which have followed, we see that it was by no means the stupendous

campaign which it seemed to Englishmen at the time when Kinglake solemnly sat down and dedicated the remainder of his life to writing the epic of Sebastopol and Lord Raglan. We cannot help wishing that an historian so richly endowed, so devoted, and resolutely industrious, had found a greater hero and a better theme. In spite of the occasional splendid exhibitions of British valour and resource in the field, the Crimean muddle, with its bad politics and its bad generalship, is not a chapter in their annals which Englishmen will cherish too affectionately. Kinglake treats it as if every pebble on that wind-swept beach were too precious to be lost. Take the Inkerman case. A solid volume of over 500 pages in the edition of 1875 is given up to this engagement, and that would surely be an excessive allowance for a Waterloo or a Leipzig, or one of those conflicts which have changed the face of history. And Inkerman was, after all, rather a second-rate affair—one in which less than 8000 British troops were engaged, and which led to no very decisive or monumental results. But never was combat in human memory recorded with more elaborate detail. Sixty close-packed pages deal with the 'First Period' of one hour and three-quarters; another hundred and fifty carry us slowly over the next hour; and so we gradually wear through the day. The proceedings of every regiment, every company, almost every officer, are described, discussed, estimated, commented on. The bearing, the conduct, the very thoughts of any personage of distinction are made the subject of elaborate analysis. Of General Pennefather we read that 'the camp was his; the ground was his—he knew it every foot—and, because of the hordes of trespassers, he was not the less in his seigniory. When his horse was shot under him, and he had to struggle some moments before he could extricate himself from its overthrown trunk, the emotion he disclosed was sheer rage, as though the enemy's gunners, who had dared to go and kill his first charger, were guilty of some lawless outrage for which they must speedily suffer, and in the meantime be damned.' It is a striking picture, this, of the irascible staunch old gentleman, cursing at the Russians, for having the impudence to come upon the ground occupied by his pickets, and actually presuming to kill his own horse. But it is blotted out of the mind as you go on reading: there are too many of these scenes and episodes for most of them to produce their full impression. If Kinglake had left out half we should have thought more of the rest. Nevertheless, the historian of the Crimea is one of the first great masters of the modern impressionistic method of handling battles and the operations of war.

Of that method, in its later development towards an uncompromising realism, we have examples enough in contemporary literature. No one would charge our present fashionable word-painters with being under the bondage of lifeless or conventional

formulæ. Writers like Mr. Stephen Crane have made the incidents and emotions of the campaign and the march as vivid as they are in the grim pictures of Verestchagin. And if the minor impressionists have sometimes written as if a battle consisted of nothing but these incidents and emotions—as if the really important thing were the feeling of the private soldier, not the fate of the army or the nation—the criticism cannot be levelled at a greater genius. Tolstoy's account of Borodino in 'War and Peace' is a matchless piece of work—superb in its proportions, in its atmosphere, in the gloom of its tragedy, in its strange irony, in the skill with which the parts and the whole are kept in due harmony. From Napoleon and his marshals to the *mujiks* carrying away the wounded, all the figures are as round and solid as those of Shakspeare or Scott. The movement of the great columns, the hordes of infantry, the trains of guns, are given: the battery in action, the battalion of infantry waiting stolidly to be ploughed to pieces with shell, and the field hospital at work. You have seen the soldiers fighting, wounded, killed; and you have also seen the battle as a whole, and you know how it was planned, or not planned, and what happened, and what were its successes and its failures, which things you would certainly not have seen and known if you had been anywhere in the lines, or even riding with the Emperor and his Staff. And Tolstoy sums up the whole matter in a few of his pregnant sentences:

> The moral force of the French attacking army was exhausted. Victory is not that which is signalised by the fastening of certain strips of cloth called flags to poles, nor by the space on which troops have stood or are standing; but victory is moral, when the one side has been persuaded as to the moral superiority of the other and of its own weakness; and such a victory was won by the Russians over the French at Borodino. The invading army, like an exasperated beast of prey, having received as it ran a mortal wound, became conscious that it was doomed; but it could not halt any more than the Russian army, which was not half so strong, could help giving way. After the shock which had been given the French army was still able to crawl to Moscow; but there, without any new efforts on the part of the Russian troops, it was doomed to perish, bleeding to death from the mortal wound received at Borodino. The direct consequence of the battle of Borodino was Napoleon's causeless flight from Moscow, the return along the old Smolensk highway, the ruin of the five hundred thousand men of the invading army, and the destruction of Napoleonic France, on which at Borodino was for the first time laid the hand of an opponent stronger by force of spirit!

Such is Tolstoy's philosophy of war, and I do not think the most scientific of modern strategists would dissent from the conclusions of the novelist.

MARY OF LORRAINE

Marie de Guise-Lorraine
Queen of Scotland

From the painting attributed to Clouet in the National Portrait Gallery

MARY OF LORRAINE

MATRE pulchrâ filia pulchrior! These words of the Roman poet convey, no doubt, the general sentiment of posterity with regard to Mary, Queen of Scots, and her mother, Mary of Lorraine. Yet a dispassionate observer of their portraits might readily doubt whether this be a well-founded judgment, or rather, if the contest be one of personal beauty, the palm should not be awarded to the mother.

Mary of Guise-Lorraine played an important part in the political history of England, Scotland and France, more important, perhaps, than historians have recognised. Those who fail, as she did, in their main object, even if the fault be not theirs, a[illegible] by their shortcomings rather than by their general [illegible] Mary came to Scotland in 1538, as the queen of the [illegible] In reality she was at the moment little more than a [illegible] in the game of that astute and unscrupulous churchman, Cardinal Beaton. Her father Claude, Duc de Guise, was son of the [illegible] and her mother was a Bourbon. Among her brothers were the famous François de Guise, *le Balafré*, and Charles, Cardinal Lorraine, who were so conspicuous in the French history of their time. Mary had already been wed to the Duc d'Orléans-Longueville, the descendant of the *jeune et brave* Dunois, and was the mother of his heir. She thus represented all that was influential in France next to the actual reigning dynasty.

As a widow she was sought in marriage by Henry VIII. after the death of Jane Seymour, and, but for her troth to James of Scotland, she would probably have imperilled herself in the dangerous position of consort to that royal Blue-Beard. During her second marriage two baby boys came and went, before the little [illegible] came into the world, the Mary, Queen of [illegible] So much does history depend [illegible]

Latterly as queen-[illegible] daughter's infancy, is a [illegible] politician, Mary of [illegible] bonds between Scotland [illegible] She lived to see this [illegible] daughter to the dauphin [illegible] was spared by a time [illegible] plans were frustrated by [illegible]

That Mary of Lo[illegible] reproduced will testify. [illegible] her daughter. Contemporary [illegible] bewtiful lady,' and speak highly [illegible] of a man of war.' It is, moreover [illegible] that John Knox, with his usual [illegible] been moved to compare her to 'an [illegible]

Her life was full of incident an[illegible]

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MATRE pulchrâ filia pulchrior! These words of the Roman poet convey, no doubt, the general sentiment of posterity with regard to Mary, Queen of Scots, and her mother, Mary of Lorraine. Yet a dispassionate observer of their portraits might readily doubt whether this be a well-founded judgment, or rather, if the contest be one of personal beauty, the palm should not be awarded to the mother.

Mary of Guise-Lorraine played an important part in the political history of England, Scotland and France, more important, perhaps, than historians have recognised. Those who fail, as she did, in their main object, even if the fault be not theirs, are ever judged by their shortcomings rather than by their general worth and merit. Mary came to Scotland in 1538, as the queen of the fickle James V. In reality she was at the moment little more than an important piece in the game of that astute and unscrupulous churchman, Cardinal Beaton. Her father Claude, Duc de Guise, was son of the Duc de Lorraine, and her mother was a Bourbon. Among her brothers were the famous François de Guise, *le Balafré*, and Charles, Cardinal Lorraine, who were so conspicuous in the French history of their time. Mary had already been wed to the Duc d'Orléans-Longueville, the descendant of the *jeune et brave* Dunois, and was the mother of his heir. She thus represented all that was influential in France next to the actual reigning dynasty.

As a widow she was sought in marriage by Henry VIII. after the death of Jane Seymour, and, but for her troth to James of Scotland, she would probably have imperilled herself in the dangerous position of consort to that royal Blue-Beard. During her second marriage two baby boys came and went, before the little daughter came into the world, the Mary, Queen of Scots, of imperishable fame. So much does history depend upon babes and their infantile complaints.

Latterly as queen-dowager, as regent of Scotland during her daughter's infancy, as a mother, a devoted Catholic, and a busy politician, Mary of Lorraine devoted her life to tightening the bonds between Scotland and France as common enemies of England. She lived to see this apparently secured by the marriage of her daughter to the dauphin, afterwards François II. of France, but she was spared by a timely death from knowing how completely her plans were frustrated by the young king's premature decease.

That Mary of Lorraine was 'passing fair,' the portrait here reproduced will testify. For many years it passed as the portrait of her daughter. Contemporary writers describe her as a 'werrey bewtiful lady,' and speak highly of her 'queenly mind' and 'heart of a man of war.' It is, moreover, by no means to her discredit that John Knox, with his usual politeness of language, should have been moved to compare her to 'ane unruly kow.'

Her life was full of incident and is worth studying.

IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS

THE closing months of 1899 will not be effaced from the memory of Englishmen of this generation, any more than the Crimean or the Mutiny year will be forgotten by those who lived through them, if only as spectators. It is strange how slowly time passes in these periods of great national crisis. We have grown accustomed to war already, and hear of the sailing of transports, the shipping of battalions and brigades, the mobilising of Divisions, as if they were part of the normal incidents of life; and yet it is barely three months since episodes like these seemed things rather to read about than to see with our eyes. When the autumn number of the ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW was passing through the press, we could speak of war as possible and perhaps imminent, but not yet as an actual fact. It was hovering close upon the horizon, and many of us were already beginning to reconcile ourselves to the idea that it must come; but yet most people, up to the issue of the Boer Ultimatum, declined to take it quite seriously. Nine Englishmen out of ten believed that somehow or other it would be avoided at the last moment. Now that it has been with us these past weeks or so, we are beginning to feel as if we had known, for months and years, that it was impending; and indeed the stock argument for political writers and speakers is that the Boer policy had rendered war inevitable long ago, so that its certainty might have been foreseen. But one has only to make the effort of imagination necessary to transport oneself into the state of feeling which existed a few months back, to see that this was by no means the current opinion before last autumn. It seems quite a matter of course now that we should have by far the largest army ever sent abroad by Great Britain engaged in the task of overcoming the Boers of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. But would the acutest of political prophets in December 1898 have ventured the prediction that, before twelve months were out, we should have ordered over 100,000 soldiers to South Africa: that we should have asked thousands of the volunteers to go on active service, and called upon the civilian population for thousands more fighting men: that we should have in the field a force compared with which that commanded by Wellington at Waterloo seems small: that we should have been in the midst of a campaign, in the first six weeks of which nearly half of one colony and large slices of another had been occupied by invaders: that by the same date no less than three British detachments, including one of about 10,000 men of all arms, should be closely besieged by the levies of the two Dutch Republics: worst of all, that over 2000 British soldiers would have been taken prisoner and carried away in captivity to President Kruger's capital? How many of us, even three months since, genuinely contemplated

that our Christmas would be spent with some of our best and bravest eating their hearts out in captivity in Pretoria, or tossing on their beds of pain at the Cape Town hospitals, or lying stiff and cold under the turf of Griqualand and Natal? The character of the operations, when we look upon the forecasts that were formed, is enough to make us despair of human sagacity as applied to public events. Not more than three years ago a distinguished statesman, who has as much responsibility for the existing state of affairs as any man living, expressed the opinion that a war with the Transvaal would be 'a long and bitter' war, and might even require the despatch of an army of 20,000 troops from this country. Twenty thousand troops! Alas! there have been pretty nearly that number locked up or held powerless in Natal, before the real business of the campaign, so far as our offensive is concerned, was supposed to have begun. One recollects that in the summer of this year, in club and smoking-room and lobby, when the possibility of coercing Mr. Kruger was concerned, people talked of it vaguely as a big thing, that might perhaps not be quite easy; but they would have laughed if they had been told that Christmas would have found us with 100,000 troops in Africa or on the way, and preparations in hand for sending 50,000 more. And even now many critics, at home or abroad, are telling us that the numbers are still too few, and that we may have to find yet more men somehow before we have got through with the business.

It looks very much as if it were not merely the public that had been taken by surprise. Her Majesty's Ministers have practically admitted that, though they may have contemplated the employment of force as a final alternative, in case the Transvaal Government declined to give way, they were certainly not ready for the sudden outbreak of war, coming when it did. In fact, the Boer Ultimatum, in spite of all the warlike talk which had been echoing through the Press for months, caught us by surprise. Looking back on events, it is clear that Great Britain has had some narrow escapes during the past few weeks; we have been within an ace of really serious disaster more than once. This, no doubt, as Lord Rosebery not long ago took occasion to observe, is quite according to precedent. As he says, we generally begin our wars very badly and in a decidedly inferior position, and we muddle through somehow in the end; but the process is often rather costly in life and money, and so it has proved in this instance. This is not the time or place to enter upon controversial politics, which are better laid on one side until the fighting is done with; but no doubt in due course some explanation will be required of the circumstances under which it happened that we were in so dangerous a situation when the military operations opened. There is a very singular passage in a letter from

the well-informed correspondent of the *Times*, written from Newcastle, Natal, on October 27. According to this writer, the Ultimatum was in fact hastened by our own sudden forward movement; since the Boers, whether they had or had not definitely decided upon hostilities, were still reluctant to take the offensive until the march of General Symons's column to Glencoe and Dundee. This is what the correspondent says:

> About five weeks ago South Africa was startled by the announcement that a force consisting of two battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and two field batteries had been moved forward with great celerity and secrecy to occupy Dundee, an important coal-mining centre forty-eight miles north-east of Ladysmith, which was then, as it is now again, our advanced post. The movement, whatever its strategic import, proved at once of considerable political importance. The diplomatic situation at the moment was highly critical, and it was known that the Boers were considering the advisibility of taking the initiative and striking a sudden blow before the reinforcements from India arrived. The forward novement on our side, entirely legitimate as it was, as it still left us seventy miles from Charlestown, afforded to the war party in Pretoria the excuse they desired, and large commandos were at once assembled around the frontier of the northern angle of Natal and the situation created which immediately afterwards resulted in war. . . . Strategically the movement is open to criticism. . . . Moreover, at the time of the occupation of Dundee, it was by no means certain that the Free State would be a party to the approaching conflict; and with the Free State neutral, the position both of Dundee, and of its supporting base Ladysmith, would have been incomparably stronger.—*Times*, Nov. 18, 1899.

Clearly, therefore, if this witness is correct in his judgment of the facts, the Boer Ultimatum and the sudden attack upon Natal, together with the participation of the Free State in the movement, were due to Symons's manœuvre, which produced at Pretoria and Bloemfontein the impression that the English themselves were preparing to invade the Republics, and that any chances which the Boers might have might disappear if the opportunity were not seized at once. The *Times'* correspondent evidently thinks that this advance to Dundee was a mistake, strategically as well as politically; the latter, because it hurried on the rupture while our warlike preparations were still only beginning, and the former, because, as events proved, it exposed a small isolated column to an attack from an overwhelming force of the enemy. Indeed, when one reviews the military conditions which existed in Natal in the beginning of October, one can only thank God for the luck and pluck which carried England through some moments of the most genuine peril which she has had to encounter during our generation. If the Boers had struck a fortnight earlier, before the Indian reinforcements had arrived, they might have swept Natal down to the sea almost without resistance. As it was, if the attack on Symons's camp had been deferred for a couple of days, so as to enable Joubert's force to attack simultaneously with Lucas Meyer's, it seems impossible that the brigade could have escaped; and even

after the mistimed Boer onslaught had been temporarily checked by the bravery of some of our regiments at Talana Hill, the position of the force was in the highest degree precarious. If the Boer mounted infantry had displayed the alertness in movement, which they had often enough exhibited elsewhere, they would have seized the mountain passes behind the town, and so have cut off the retreat of General Yule's column, and compelled it either to surrender, or to force its way through, with perhaps the loss of half its troops. The whole incident is characteristic of the fashion in which our statesmen, rather than our generals, embarked, with a light heart, on what has turned out to be the largest military enterprise we have had to undertake during the century. As Mr. Spenser Wilkinson points out elsewhere in this REVIEW, we had not mastered the Art of Going to War. We had not made up our mind as to when we meant to fight, or how we would fight, or indeed whether it was really necessary for us to fight at all. The Boers were in no such uncertainty. They had resolved that, in certain circumstances, they would fight; and so when the anticipated critical moment arrived, they set to work at once and with no hesitation. The result was that they won all the opening moves of the game; and in war so much depends upon the beginning, that our Generals have had to spend arduous weeks vainly trying to make up for the evil effects of a radically bad start. Some unfortunate tactical mistakes have been made in nearly all parts of the field of war, and it may turn out that a thorough revision of our whole method of training our officers will be required; but it ought to be remembered that Commanders were compelled, not by their own fault, to begin the war in a position of strategical and numerical inferiority, which they were naturally in haste—perhaps in undue haste—to modify in their favour.

One of the fundamental errors, for which certainly our military men in South Africa ought not to be adjudged more responsible than the rest of us, was the utter miscalculation as to the strength and warlike capacity of the enemy. It is not merely that we did not know (though the War Office should have known, and perhaps did know) how many Krupp and Creusot guns, and what store of modern ammunition, the forts and arsenals of Pretoria contained. The blunder went deeper than that. The British Government, followed no doubt by the majority of the nation, entirely underrated and misconceived the antagonists with whom we have had to deal. We had been persistently taught that they were fools and cowards, who neither could, nor would, be able to stand up against the disciplined troops of a civilised race. We have found that they are exceedingly intelligent, and that they are brave and tenacious, though extremely cautious, fighters. If we had realised in due time

that these farmers had chiefs, or, at any rate, advisers, who could give lessons to many of our generals in strategy and tactics, and that the rank and file had many of the most valuable acquirements of modern soldiers, we should have arranged matters differently. But the qualities and character of the Boers have proved something of a revelation to our people, and apparently to our politicians also. It is rather singular, when one comes to think about it, that it should be so. We have not made the acquaintance of the Dutch farmer of South Africa yesterday, either in war or in peace. We have had a good deal to do with him any time in these last ninety years or so; and yet a good many of us have hardly begun to understand him till within the past few weeks. One has heard any number of persons, more or less acquainted with South Africa, who would assure you that, whatever happened, the Boer was not going to face British soldiers on the battle-field. They told us that he had no stomach to fight for President Kruger and his 'dopper' gang; and, moreover, that he did not want to fight at all because he had far too much regard for his own skin. The belief of the South African Englishman in the cowardice of the Boer is curious and, in some respects, unaccountable; but of its existence there can be very little doubt. The same predictions which were current last September were made by people, who were supposed to have had considerable experience of the country, previous to the Boer War of 1880-81. Sir Owen Lanyon, for instance, who was at the time the British Governor of the Transvaal, persistently scoffed at the warnings that the Boers would ever take overt steps against the Imperial Government. He urged the High Commissioner not to be alarmed because, as he maintained, the Boers were too cowardly to fight, and too suspicious and unintelligent to act in combination. This, be it remembered, was on the very eve of the massacre of Bronckhorst Spruit and within a few weeks of Majuba; and yet, with these instructive experiences behind us, the popular opinion in this country, up to the beginning of the present campaign, was that the Boers would make no serious stand!

It is the commonplace of public discussion just now to say that we made the mistake of underrating the power of the enemy. We console ourselves, not very effectively, by suggesting that this is our common experience—we usually begin our wars under some such delusion. There is also visible a tendency to explain away this misunderstanding by putting it on the shoulders of one or other professional person, who might have been more accurately and amply informed. Why did not the Intelligence Department ascertain precisely how many guns the Boers could put into the field? Why should not the War Office have considered that the heavy siege-pieces from Pretoria and Johannesburg would be hoisted up to the

ridges of the Natal hills, and so have provided our Generals with the proper ordnance to meet them? What were our strategists about to have proposed fighting a nation of mounted infantry with an army mainly composed of foot soldiers? These questions must be asked, and they will need to be answered in due course. But it is only fair for us all to remember that the fundamental miscalculation went below these military strategic details, and that it was not the Ministry alone which misconceived the elements of the problem. The country as a whole, public speakers, the Press, even Opposition politicians who opposed the war, did not understand the kind of force—moral force as well as physical—with which we had to contend. We thought we had only to trample down Mr. Kruger and his oligarchy, backed by a certain number of ignorant, unwilling, semi-barbarous Boers, fighting reluctantly and half-heartedly for a cause they scarcely understood and did not like. And we assumed that under such circumstances the resistance would collapse about as easily as that of the Chinese when they found themselves opposed to the youthful vigour and Western energy of Japan. Would the Dutch farmer die that Hollander clerks in Pretoria might fill their pockets with stolen gold? It seemed absurd on the face of it; and all the South African 'experts' told us that it *was* absurd, and that a very little taste of war would be enough to send the burghers trooping home in disgust.

But then we did not quite grasp the Boer character, nor did the 'experts,' whether they were at Johannesburg, Cape Town, or Downing Street. We have learnt something that has opened our eyes in the troubled later months of 1899. The ANGLO-SAXON REVIEW may be permitted to quote from one who has seen the burgher levies at closer quarters than most of his countrymen, or at least at closer quarters than any other who has so far been able to record his experiences. Writing from Pretoria on November 20, and describing his impressions in the Boer camp during the night after his capture, Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill says:

> What men they were, these Boers! I thought of them as I had seen them in the morning riding forward through the rain—thousands of independent riflemen, thinking for themselves, possessed of beautiful weapons, led with skill, living as they rode without commissariat or transport or ammunition column, moving like the wind, and supported by iron constitutions and a stern, hard Old Testament God who should surely smite the Amalekites hip and thigh. And then, above the rain storm that beat loudly on the corrugated iron, I heard the sound of a chaunt. The Boers were singing their evening psalm, and the menacing notes—more full of indignant war than love and mercy—struck a chill into my heart, so that I thought after all that the war was unjust, that the Boers were better men than we, that Heaven was against us, that Ladysmith, Mafeking, and Kimberley would fall, that the Estcourt garrison would perish, that foreign Powers would intervene, that we should lose South Africa, and that that would be the beginning of the end. So for the time I despaired of the

Empire, nor was it till the morning sun—all the brighter after the rain storms, all the warmer after the chills—struck in through the windows that things reassumed their true colours and proportions.

Needless to add that Mr. Churchill does not mean his passing thoughts, during that perturbed night, to be taken as his deliberate opinion on the political question. He has stated, with the utmost emphasis, that whatever may be the character of the Boers, and whatever the views with which they began the war, there is a clear and single duty before Britain, which is that of restoring peace, good order, and political equality to South Africa, after our military superiority has been established. But Mr. Churchill's words give expression to a thought that has been fermenting in many minds lately. When we began the war we did not know 'what men they were, these Boers.' We had to find out for ourselves in various expensive and disagreeable ways.

We scarcely believed that half an Army Corps would be required to break down the resistance of the burghers. Yet history, if we had read it aright, might have taught us differently. We might have considered that some forty or fifty thousand of Cromwell's Ironsides, armed with the best of modern rifles and artillery, would prove tolerably formidable foes to encounter. That the Boers have displayed, in many cases, a courage and determination worthy of their Batavian ancestors, is undoubted. One sometimes wonders now, with the wisdom born after the event, how we could have doubted it, seeing that in the veins of these men flows the blood of that indomitable little people, who baffled the whole might of Rome and Spain, and who have been further toughened by two centuries of grim struggle with African nature and the African savage. In fact, we are realising, though the conviction only came to us after the fighting began, that, for the first time in our history, since the 'embattled farmers' defied us in New England, we are contending against a nation in arms. Right or wrong, whether in sheer obstinacy or deluded by an arrogant dream of supremacy, or in mere fanatical patriotism, the dour little people have put their backs to the wall with the same grim resolution with which their forefathers defied Alva and Philip II. Luckily for us, though a nation, it is a small one. We are bound to win, of course, if only by the sheer weight of numbers and the wealth of warlike appliances which we can bring to bear. But the contest is far fiercer and more bitter than would have been anticipated a few months ago, and it has given us some lessons which, it may be, will be profitable to us on other fields than South Africa.

But if the Briton did not altogether understand the Boer, there was probably a similar lack of comprehension on the other side. The calculation at Pretoria and Bloemfontein is said to have been

that a few defeats would so far discourage Great Britain from the prosecution of the enterprise that it would be possible to obtain peace on easy terms. Some of our foreign critics seem to have cherished the same expectation. Those who reason thus do not know the English character. We have a way of beginning badly, in a somewhat negligent, desultory fashion, without any complete mastery of the problem we have taken in hand. Then, when we have been rendered wiser by some costly failures, we pull ourselves together, make all necessary sacrifices, and by great exertions win success in the end. In this case, we started on the war in our usual blustering careless mood, thinking little of the gravity of the issues. But the shock of the first reverses sobered us; and when the Government practically acknowledged that the Army was inadequate to the task before it, and appealed to the patriotism of the civilian population and of the Empire at large, the response was all that could be expected. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the manner in which the self-governing Colonies came to the assistance of the mother country in a moment of stress and danger, unless it was the way in which Englishmen at home hastened to offer their services to the national cause. Those who feared that self-indulgence and material prosperity had sapped the manhood either of the aristocracy or the industrial classes had to admit that their apprehensions were unfounded. Young noblemen—and some noblemen no longer young—country squires, hunting men, members of Parliament, came forward to join the mounted force as readily as clerks and working men offered themselves for the selected companies of volunteer infantry. The City of London Imperial Volunteer Corps had to turn away many more candidates than it accepted; the Imperial Yeomanry, at the time of writing, has practically raised its ten thousand men, and could have thirty thousand if it wanted them. Our military system may have its defects, and these have been remorselessly revealed in the light of the first campaign undertaken under the modern conditions of warfare; but the spirit which inspires military as well as other kinds of national greatness is, happily, not exhausted. Those foreigners, who somewhat hastily concluded that the British Empire was beginning to show signs of senile decay, should have seen reason to revise their estimate. Our faults are not those of senility: if anything they are those of an over-ardent, impulsive, adventurous, and uninstructed youth—a youth which scoffs at the results of experience and observation, and acts better than it thinks. It is a tendency that stands in need of amendment and restraint; but it is at least an error that does not point to any lack of energetic vitality, or hint at the chilling approach of national decrepitude.

Of the campaign itself there is nothing that can be said with profit, at the moment, in these pages. War is so full of startling

changes and surprises that it may be the whole course of the operations will have turned before this REVIEW is in print. At any rate, the last year of the century opens, as the first did, in the midst of war, and with all branches of the Anglo-Saxon world actively concerned in military movements and preparations. While England is still only beginning her campaign in South Africa, the United States is by no means finished with its troublesome operations in the Asiatic archipelago. From the Philippines to New Zealand, from British Columbia to Cape Town, Englishmen, Americans, Canadians, Australasians, and South Africans are fighting or making ready to fight. Let us hope that the Temple of Janus may be closed, for all our Continents and Islands, before the Twentieth Century begins.

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